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highest Respect and Esteem.

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To His Royal Highness the Prince Albert.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND ESSAYS

OF

ROBERT BIGSBY, K.T.F., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.,

MEMBRE HONORAIRE DE LA SOCIETE FRANCAISE DE STATISTIQUE UNIVERSELLE; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, ETC. ETC.

REPTON CHURCH AND SCHOOL.
Vide p. 68.

" Seat of my youth! thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy:
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still."—BYRON.

Χέλυς καὶ χορδαὶ θυμὸν ἀδυρόμενον τέρπουσι.
Oblectant animum doloribus irretitum chelys et fides.

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TO

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FRANCIS ALBERT AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMANUEL,

DUKE OF SAXONY, PRINCE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA,

DUKE OF JULIERS, CLEVES, AND BERG, AND ALSO OF D'ENGIEN AND WESTPHALIA, LANDGRAVE OF THURINGIA, MARGRAVE OF MISNIA, PRINCE AND COUNT OF HENNEBERG, COUNT OF THE MARCK AND OF RAVENSBERG, LORD OF RAVENSTEIN AND OF TONNA, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE MOST HONOURABLE MILITARY ORDER OF THE BATH, KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, &c. &c. &c., COLONEL OF THE ELEVENTH (OR PRINCE ALBERT'S OWN) HUSSARS, HONORARY DOCTOR OF THE CIVIL LAW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, AND ALSO OF BONN, FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, &c. &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

I have now the privilege of recording your Royal Highness's gracious permission, that the present Work should appear before the Public under the sanction of your Illustrious Name; an Honour rendered still more valuable and gratifying by the kind and condescending manner in which your Royal

Highness was pleased to bestow it; and the recollection of which must ever be associated with feelings of the [illegible]

There is, however, [illegible] of regret, to which, amidst the satisfaction I thus experience, I cannot but refer—namely, the conviction, most sincerely and deeply entertained, that the very humble pretensions to literary ability displayed in the following pages, are in every respect unworthy of the exalted patronage so beneficently conferred upon them; yet, perhaps, SIR, I may venture to acknowledge, that the pain arising from a consciousness of this inferiority of desert, is alleviated by a confidence in your Royal Highness's generous acceptance of an offering, which, however valueless in itself, will nevertheless constitute a faithful record of my earnest, though imperfect endeavour, to justify, in some degree, the indulgence and favour that your Royal Highness has accorded to it.

Cherishing a most anxious desire for the

unceasing prosperity of all those great and venerable Institutions, which, under the peculiar sanction of an Almighty Ruler, have instrumentally contributed to " the safety, honour, and welfare, of Our Sovereign and Her dominions," it is with fervent admiration that I behold, in the possessor of your Royal Highness's august station, those rare endowments, and high qualities, of mind and heart, which, whilst in a private sphere they would confer lustre on the humblest individual, are yet calculated to impart an elevation of dignity to the most exalted; and to invest the prerogatives of Rank with that deep moral influence, which, amidst all the splendour and weight of authority, can *alone* lay claim to the most grateful of all homage—the suffrage of the HEART and of the JUDGMENT.

That your Royal Highness may long enjoy the inestimable happiness of " doing good to others"—*the noblest privilege of* POWER!—

and of considering, in the language of the Poet,—

> " every day
> A little life—a blank to be inscribed
> With gentle deeds, such as in after-time
> Console, rejoice, whene'er You turn the leaf
> To read them,"—

Is the grateful and heartfelt prayer with which I most humbly subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Very obliged and devoted Servant,

ROBERT BIGSBY.

Repton, January 22, 1842.

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PREFACE.

THE Author will not detain the reader by any lengthened observations on the subject of the following pages. The Poem entitled "Repton; or, Hours of Rural Solitude," took its rise from the writer's temporary residence amidst the scenes of his early schoolboy recollections. In the intervals of graver literary occupation, he found no mode of relief from the pressure of study more pleasurable, than engaging his pen in the occasional effort to perpetuate the associations of the past, as revived by the long-remembered objects around him. To this habituated recurrence of thought, awakening, in all their glowing freshness, the earlier feelings and impressions of Youth, and contrasting the enjoyments and tranquillity of mind, so characteristic of that happy period, with the cares and disappointments of life's after-hours, may be ascribed also much of the sentiment that pervades the Minor Pieces.

Attached to the Poem are copious Notes, wherein will be traced an endeavour to collect as much varied information relevant to the subject of the text, as the Author's immediate resources could supply. He trusts that the result of his labours will meet with the indulgence of the Reptonian, to whom, on addressing his volume for perusal, he would quote, by way of welcome, the accompanying lines from one of the old School Prologues :—

> " And last to those, who, on this well-known floor,
> Now stand spectators, where they trod before,
> From these blest seats though now for ever flown,
> Repton still hails, as scions of her own :—
> Who that loved name still cherish and revere,
> To one and all a *brother's* welcome here !"

" The Triumph of Drake" was written, as " the Old Sailor," * in an admirable review of the work, observes—" to display the Dawn of England's Naval Power, and the season embraced is the return of Drake from his perilous undertaking. The scene chosen by Dr. Bigsby is the period when Queen Elizabeth came to a correct decision rela-

---

* M. H. Barker, Esq., author of " Topsail Sheet Blocks," " Tough Yarns," " Land and Sea Tales," " Greenwich Hospital," " Hamilton King," and other talented works.

tive to Drake, and, instead of condemning him as an outlaw, Her Majesty honoured him as a brave and faithful subject, by visiting his vessel, and conferring upon him a proud distinction amongst his compeers." It is somewhat remarkable, that, in a maritime country like England, an event of such singular importance, in the annals of naval history, as the circumnavigation of the globe, should not earlier have met with poetic commemoration. If we except the doggrel effusions of Fitzgeoffrey, there is not a line on the subject of Sir Francis's exploits.

The " Observations on the Portraits, Personal Relics, and other Memorials of Illustrious Characters, with a view to the Establishment of a National Museum, or Temple of British Fame," and the article entitled " Poetry and Poets: a paper designed to show the Claim of Literary Genius to Encouragement and Reward from the State," are the only remaining portions of the Work requiring comment. In these essays the Author has endeavoured to direct the attention of the Government to the melancholy and nationally-degrading fact, that, (as D'Israeli in his " Curiosities of Literature" well remarks,) " even in these enlightened times,

men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers. To mention those who left nothing behind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task." The Author has also drawn attention to the general absence of posthumous, as well as immediate reward; and suggests the commemoration of deceased merit by a national grant of a portrait, or statue, to be deposited in an institution on the plan of a Temple of Fame.

He now begs to offer his sincere thanks for the liberality and kindness with which his present undertaking has been supported.

Repton, January 22, 1842.

The Author must not omit to acknowledge that he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Richard Allen, of Nottingham, for the use of the beautifully-executed wood-block, engraved by Branston, which forms the vignette on the title-page.

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ERRATA.

Page 91, line 23, *for* life *read* light.
— 146, — 29, *for* fufill *read* fulfil.
— 170, — 9, *for* Tunis *read* Tanis.
— 182, — 8, *for* caldron *read* cauldron.
— 231, — 16, *dele* inverted comma *before* or.
— 392, — 6, *for* locks *read* lochs.

Author's subsequent corrections:—

— 37, — 4, *for* Lincolnshire *read* Leicestershire.
— 103, — 26, *for* 1818 *read* 1829.

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

A Poem in Four Parts.

" For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved."

AKENSIDE.

" But when mild Morn, in saffron stole,
First issues from the Eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face,
Illumined, smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear.
Oh! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle, roused to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew."

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

PART I.

MORNING.

" Luciferi primo cum sidere, frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ est."

VIRG.

" Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source."

The Pleasures of Memory.

'TIS morn,—and the fair earth once more awakes
From slumber's shadowy spell. The lark is soaring
High in the sunny depths of the blue sky,
Thrilling the ear with ceaseless melody.
Seek we the upland, while the glittering dews
Tremble, like diamonds, on each verdant spray,
And the glad vale flings up her golden mists
To greet the sunbeam. Sweeter now the odours
That flow from the rich orchards' breathing stores,
Or from the new-waked flowers just lifting up

Their balmy smiles to welcome the young Day.
Not yet the dull, harsh sounds of busy life
Blend their discordance with fair Nature's tones
Of spirit harmony. The breeze but tells
Of mirth and music. Toil is still at rest;
And many an idle spell of fevered fancy
Twines round the pallid sluggard's dreamy couch.
—Come, let us, like the lark, climb higher still,
And gaze upon the wide-spread bliss below.

MORNING.

—"What envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis sweet to watch the silent morn
Her dewy rays unfold;
While slowly the dull moonbeams fade,
And night's cold shadows die:
One pale soft ray of misty light
First hangs upon the Eastern barrier's crest,
Trembling with timid lustre, as afraid
To oppose its weakness to the threatening gloom:
But soon its pallid hue is lost
In lucid amber, deepening still,
And glowing with fast-strengthened power.
Meantime doth LUCIFER's bright lamp decay,
And the dim shadows of the sky
Slow gather to the West.
And now that amber streak enrobes,
Far as the eye extends, the East,—
The groves pour forth their minstrelsie,
The sky-lark trills his song.
And now a thousand rosy beams

Spring upwards, lighting the pale clouds
That dimly slept in the o'er-arching gray,
With tints of joy. The landscape yet
Lies veiled in shade; and dark the hills
That rear their peaks against the orient blaze,
Contrasting with the still fast-strengthening day.
Slow rise the mists, like vapours of pure gold,
Mantling the flowery vale;—each moment now
Glows with access of light—and now
Bursts forth the broad Sun, in his flaming pomp,
And wakes the slumbering world!

It is the Poet's privilege to speak
Of scenes himself hath loved—of themes that lie
Entreasured in the depths of his own heart,
Twining their fond remembrance with the past
In many a hallowed bond of soft delight.
And oh! for him, how rich the trophied hours!
How bright the spell that wakes each slumbering
string!
Yes—'tis his glorious privilege to search
The cavern-halls of wizard Memory,
And from their long, dim sleep recall ideas
And feelings blended with the twilight past.
For, albeit, he speaketh of his lute,
Yet is his heart the sole, fair instrument
On which he doth discourse; his thoughts the strings
That yield it utterance—those thoughts deriving
Their tone or colour from the voice or hue
Of things around him in the past or present.
The tower may crumble, and the tree decay;
The mountain-cliff from its rude height descend
In hoary ruin; and the streamlet die;

But *his* mind yields not aught it loves to honour:
Clothed in the immortality of Song
They yet survive with added radiancy.
Thus, many a scene of fairest beauty lost
To the world's eye, through Time's injurious spoils,
Still weaves its hallowed charms with fresh delight;
And many a form by Death's pale arrow struck,
Endeared by ties of loftier claim than beauty,
Still lives and breathes on his enchanted page
In the bright, vernal hues of changeless bliss.

From yon dark-tufted hill (1) yet clothed in shade,
Which, like a giant helm with its black plumes,
Frowns o'er the velvet seat of its repose,
We may behold, in many a shining bend,
The silver TRENT, slow wandering, on and on,
Till it is lost amid the far-off vales,
Still robed in fleecy shadows of dim purple.
—There shall our morning-prayer be offered up—
There, in the noblest temple of our choice!

MORNING PRAYER.

"Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies."

YOUNG.

O THOU! Eternal Sire! Sole Sovereign
Of Heaven and Earth! Lord of the Universe!
Dread Prince of Men and Angels! Spirit-Chief!
Creator and Preserver of all Space!
Arch-Ruler of the Destinies of Man!
Jehovah! GOD! All-Infinite "*I Am!*"

To Thee, as to the governor and judge
Of this wide earth, and all that therein is,
Do I, Thine humble creature, prostrate bow,
Trembling with awful reverence and love!
Thine be the praise of all created things:
Thrice hallowed be Thy Name, now and for Ever!
Lo! at Thy radiant throne, with rapturous joy,
Millions of angel-ministers attend,
Clothed in eternal glory: and wilt Thou,
O God supreme! Sole Essence of all Power!
Look from Thy dazzling seat of ærial pomp,
(Creation's throne!) to note this humble prayer?
Thou wilt!—Oh, wondrous goodness! matchless grace!—
Thou, Lord! hast said it—for Thy dear Son's sake:
Again, thrice-hallowed be Thy Holy Name!

Hear me, Great Judge, and All-Wise Arbiter!
By the Blest Name of Him who rules with Thee,
And with the Holy Spirit—hear, I pray!
Be Thou to me a refuge and defence
From all mine enemies; yet most from him
Who, as a roaring lion, goeth forth,
Seeking whom he may slay: nor me alone,
But those endeared by Nature's holiest ties,
Wife—children—kindred—friends, do Thou, O God!
Keep and defend! Thy blessing be on all men!
Give me an heart to love mine enemies,
And turn them from their wrath! Be theirs, as mine,
O blessed Lord! the will to love and serve Thee,
According to Thy Word! Amen! Amen!

Now gaze around you—lo! what scenes of beauty
Spread their gay flood of transport on the eye,
And from the eye spring rapturous to the heart!
Cold, deadly cold, must be that dark-hued spirit
That *burns* not with delight at Nature's charms,

With grace luxuriant fraught, and softest bliss,—
Thus decked with smiles of passionate tenderness,
As if appealing to his heart's best love!

There is the village-church (2), serenely seated
Amidst its shadowy elms,—its lofty spire
Tapering majestic 'mid the azure skies.
Now doth a snowy cloud of gorgeous lustre
Throw its dark outline clearly on the eye;
And we may trace the starling's wheeling flight
Round each small ventage of that slender steeple.
Near it, still shadowed in deep foliage,
A mingled grove of elms, and limes, and chestnuts,
The antique Priory-Hall, with its gray chimneys,
Telling of other days, rears its broad pile,
Reflected in the sleeping lake below.
Peace to its hallowed roof! the circling years
Evolved by busy Time from his deep stores,
Since from those walls I passed into the world,
Have lapsed not with the sweet and gentle flight
Of those I shared within its quiet rest!
Then life was but a dream of varied bliss,
In which gay Fancy wove her brightest colours—
The world, with its dark truths, a thing unknown!

REPTON PRIORY.

"And dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot!"

BYRON.

How beautiful art thou,
Fair REPTON! in thy Summer hues of bliss;
When not the faintest image of a cloud

Floats through the calm, sweet heaven :
While on the azure depths of thy clear stream
Lingers the sunbeam's spell ;
Save where, through rook-clad elms,
Thy gray, worn battlements
Fling their soft shadows o'er the sleeping tide :
How beautiful art thou !

Scene of my boyhood's home !
How do I love each varied haunt to trace,
Made pleasant by the memories of yore—
The *hopes* of *other* days !
When life was as a faëry mirror bright
With the rich hues of Heaven ;
Wherein would each pale cloud
That dimmed our morning hour,
Soft melt,—or, like the rainbow's kindling arch,
Glow with ethereal light !

Yes ! beautiful art thou !
And still thine image shall for ever be
A talisman of love, and hope, and joy,
When care's dark shadows gloom ;
While o'er each balmier portion of my fate,
Like some fair beacon lamp
Soft-shining o'er the main,
Thy memoried light shall steal,
Recalling each bright vision of the past :
Scene of my boyhood's home !

Oh, yet that mirthful hour, when June's sweet skies
Brought back the glad relief from school-boy cares,
(Cares, such as cling not to the heart or brow !)
And the gay " Annual Play " (3) called forth the strife

Of beating hearts to mingle with its pomp,—
Starts fresh before the memory's smiling gaze
In all the fond reality of yore!
Still doth mine ear recall those peals of praise
That cheered each effort, through the spell-fraught scenes
Of wild MACBETH! (4)—Alas! how many hearts,
With loving friends in social converse knit,
Then bright and joyous as that festive time,
Now share the dull, cold slumber of the grave!
And, sadder still, how many yet survive
To mourn their treasures buried with the past!

Seest thou beyond, amid that azure range
Of low-browed hills receding to the West,
The crumbling towers of ancient TUTBURY,
Once the stern prison of the Scottish Queen! (5)
Around, for many a mile, the forest-shades
Of Royal NEEDWOOD spread their dusky pomp;
Now, like that hoary ruin, stript and bare;—
Yet smiling, with their majesty of yore,
As in contempt of Time's oppressive hate! (6)

Nor miss those nearer towers, of kindred grace,
Soft-rising o'er yon green hill's wooded crest;
Reared by a hand that grouped, with skilful aim,
The frowning shadows of the feudal past
With the gay sunbeams of more modern Art: (7)
Fair, pastoral NEWTON,—TRENT's embosomed pride!
Abode of hospitality and worth!

Still shall the hours of unreturning mirth
Oft shared, of old, amid thy festive bowers,
Live, brightly registered on Memory's page!
Now gaze upon those cottage-roofs below, (8)
From whose embowered chimneys the blue smoke
Slowly up-curls: the day is now begun;
The cock's shrill clarion hath at length aroused
Man to his varied task of customed labour.
It is a scene of soft, sequestered beauty;
Gently our eye descends a sunny slope
Of brightest verdure, bounded by rich meads,
Through which a silvery trout-stream rippling winds;
The hedge-rows garnished with tall, spreading elms,
Whose dark and massive foliage well contrasts
With the light poplars ranged along the brook.
Lo! many an antique gable courts the eye,
O'erspread with vines; and many a cloistered nook
Of sweetest shade. No habitation there
But hath its well-stored orchard, or fair *croft*,
Descending, in its quiet solitude,
To the clear rill that murmurs at its feet.
The hill beyond, which crowns this fairy vision,
Is one wide range of sylvan loveliness—
Groves—orchards—mingling in confused delight!
Once, as I stood upon this very spot,
Gazing, as now, on the fair lineaments
Of the bright vale beneath,—then lighted up
With the soft lustre of the setting sun,—
A soldier, with his knapsack slung behind,
Seeming on furlough from some distant quarters,

Struck by my rapt attention, paused awhile,
And as his eye, like mine, surveyed the prospect—
"*A noble spot,*" he cried, "*for a field-battery!*"
Briefly I frowned reply—yet could but pity
The wretch that, looking on a scene of beauty,
Like thine, dear REPTON! in thy Summer bliss,
Could breathe a thought so worthy of a DEMON!

Oh! who that gazed upon this smiling earth,
Clad in her Summer garb of festal beauty,
And lighted by the rays of blushing morn,—
Or robed in Spring's first flowers, or Autumn's fruits,
Reflecting the soft, tranquil glow of eve,—
Would deem that, in a world so framed for bliss,
Should Sin, or Sorrow, hold their dark abode!*
Yet thousands daily loathe the sun's fair light,
Which beams but to restore their darkening toil;
And when night's shadows veil the landscape's pride,
And, once again, they seek their scanty rest,
Are thankful that another day hath fled,
And they are *nearer* DEATH! 'Tis theirs to suffer
The ceaseless burthen of fatigue and want;
To know no blessing that endears the soul
To its dark lot: the smiles of home and kindred—
The voice of friendship—and, still more than all,
The peaceful balm Religion's aid affords,
Are banished from their hearth. Awhile, in vain,

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* "Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this!"
COLERIDGE.

They struggle with the misery of their fate—
Seeking the consolation Sin holds forth—
Then die unheeded, victims still in death,—
That death they sued for as a glad release,
That death—but MERCY shield the blow of *Justice!*
Oh! worthiest object of a patriot's care
To search the dreary homes of Poverty,—
To staunch the bleeding sorrows that o'erflow
From spirits blighted by long suffering;
To pour the precious balsam of the soul
Upon the festering wounds of hapless Guilt,
And call the sinner back to hope and peace!*

Nor is dark Vice the only sufferer here:
Lo! Virtue mourns!—O GOD! if this dark earth
Were the sole heritance Thy children claimed,
The very beasts that range the desert wild
Were happier in their fate! *They* weep not here
The cold and desolate tears of brooding anguish,—
Feel not the scorching fever of despair,
That—as the lightning rives the gnarled oak—
Rends, with its withering blast, the tortured frame:
They mourn not the decay of hollow friendship,
With all its mockery of broken ties!
Not *theirs* the evils of chill poverty—
The rich man's scorn—the poor man's abject pity;

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* —"So many are
The sufferings that no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can!"

COLERIDGE.

The varied pangs of complicate disease—
The dark temptations that assault the spirit :
The self-delusions born of envious hope,
That, like that sin which feeds the eternal fires,
Is both the aliment and curse of being !
Far worthier then were Instinct than proud Reason,
If aught might strip it of its crowning boast—
The deathless glories of a bright Hereafter !
Oh ! balm for suffering Virtue ! 'tis this high
Enduring consciousness of future bliss
Ineffable—*eternal*—that supports
The aching bosom through its trials here ;
That robs life's gloomy waste of all its horrors,
And, 'mid the toils and dangers of our fate,
Spreads an ethereal calm within the breast,
That lifts it buoyant o'er the waves of Time ! *
Yes ! envy not the careless hearts which bask
In life's glad sunbeam, sunk in dreams of joy :
It is a hollow world, and happiest they
To whom misfortune shows its treachery—
That they may *feel* its *nothingness*, nor give
Their hopes immortal to a mortal sphere !
Say, what hath earth of beautiful or bright
To woo the heaven-born soul from its own home—
The palace of its GOD—eternal seat

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* " Religion ! Providence ! an After-State !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock !
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

YOUNG.

Of purity and joy? Strip we this globe
Of its gay covering—its painted surface,
With the glad-seeming piles of mimic art,
That blend their treacherous beauty with the scene,
And, lo! a drear, impenetrable vast
Glooms, heart-oppressive, on the shrinking eye;
We cannot call it *home!* 'Tis but a shadow
Veiling eternal joys, that makes it seem,
E'en for a moment, the abode of bliss!
Oh! let us chase that shadow from our souls,
And feast our upward eye with visioned charms,
Drawn from a world, in whose comparison,
A million earths are as a grain of sand!
Let us behold, in rapture's truth-fraught dream,
A clime of glorified spirits, still athirst
For joy—still wrapt in measureless delight!
Then may we Nature view, as sons of GOD,
Rejoicing in our Father's works, ordained
To love and serve Him in this lowly sphere;
Still gaining knowledge of ourselves and Him,
As in a school, where Virtue's rules are taught,
To fit us for our future destiny:
And drawing still from His revealed Word
Those mighty truths by Nature left untold!
Thrice-happy he, to whom the All-glorious GOD,
Who rules the spacious universe, hath given
A soul to comprehend Creation's scheme,
And learn its *just importance* in the scale
Of Being: he alone may truly feel
How vain the honours, riches, pleasures,—aims,
That men with such unwearied zeal pursue,—

Deeming all others that reject their path
Madmen or fools—themselves, alas! how blind!
Go—worldling! look into thyself, and read
The transcript of the past—or gaze upon
The thoughts and feelings of the present hour—
The hopes that paint the future's unfilled void:
Thou canst but sighing mark how dull the cheat,
Which Time still puts upon each captive sense;
Leading thee darkling through a mazy path
Tricked with gay flowers, and eye-attractive charms,
While Truth's bright blazing sun gigantic hurls
His glorious beams in vain, and Reason sinks
A slave fast-bound in Error's gilded chains!
"Oh! looke at last up to that Soveraine light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of GOD; which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and those gay-seeming things,
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest." *
Oh! fairest task the poet's lute may claim
To pour upon the ear of careless mirth
The chastening strain which breathes of prouder hopes
Than earth may boast of;—to beguile the woes
That wrap the pilgrim in the shades of night,
And point to bright Eternity's near day!
To prompt the generous and high-minded wish
That makes *another's* grief *its own*, and yearns

* Spenser.

To shed its solace on a brother's wrongs !
Lo ! this ALONE it is, which makes life worthy ;
That shows the spirit to be GOD's *own bright image!*
Speak not of aught that creeds or morals teach,
If CHARITY, the Bond of Heaven, be void ! (9)
It is the touchstone of our Faith—the stamp
That speaks the soul of Him who rules above, (10)
And who shall judge us by *this one* GREAT STANDARD !
—On all hath He bestowed or more or less,
To be expended rightly in His service,
And we are but His stewards : happy they
Who deem not wealth their own, but His who gave it !
So shall he claim from Genius its full tribute ;
And wretched he who prostitutes the powers
Of a great mind to base, ignoble ends,
Regardless of that worthiest gift of GOD :
The basest ingrate *he*—most loathed of Heaven !

—Now let us homeward turn ; not by the path
Which led us hither, but through yon rude stile
That opens on a lane of steep declivity,
O'erhung with moss-grown trees ; its shelving banks
Rich with ground-ivy and wild creeping plants :
Oft doth it wind, immersed in deepening shadow,
As you descend ; e'en at noon-day, its aspect
Flings o'er the mind a sense of loneliness
Allied to pleasing awe ! (11) I will remember me
Of some old legend to beguile the way.

THE LEGEND OF THE LADY OF LOSEBY.

FOUNDED ON A TRADITION IN THE BURDETT FAMILY OF FOREMARK.

— "I do love
These old remembrances—they are to me
The heart's best intercourse; I love to feel
The griefs, the happiness, the wayward fates
Of those that have been, for these memories
Hallow the spot whereon they linger, and
Waken our kindliest sympathies."

L. E. L.

It is a morn of summer's prime,
And softly steals the matin-chime,
Its silvery echoes blending
With the shrill lark's rejoicing notes,
As, poised on quivering wings, he floats,
To viewless heights ascending.
Nor hushed the woodlands' choral hymn,
Though still their depths are cold and dim,
Each dewy branch slow-waving,
As lightly by the zephyr kissed,—
While, on the lake yet veiled with mist,
His plumes the swan is laving.

Breathes the fresh loveliness of flowers,
From rich parterres and stately bowers,
With urns and statues crowned;
Around, are temples, grottoes gay,
And fountains, lit with diamond ray,
Whose murmured sighs resound,
Soft-mingling with the hum of bees,
Or lighter whisper of the trees—
That pensive calm revealing,
Which melts the dreamy heart to love,
And bids the spell-rapt bosom prove
Each depth of tenderest feeling.

Low-seated 'neath a shadowy range
Of wooded hills of lofty height,
From whose dark brows a wild cascade
Bursts foaming on the captive sight,
And sheltered by tall trees that throw
A cooling freshness on the air,
A stately mansion greets the view,
With groves and gardens stretching fair.
A lawn of brightest verdure steals
With velvet knolls, on either side,
Enriched with cedars, and fair shrubs,
That spread their perfumed branches wide.

Its garden-front is clustered o'er
With the broad vine's luxuriant store,
Enriched by roses softly twined
With the pale jasmine's tender braid,—
And 'neath its trellised, cool arcade,
Are groups of rarest flowers enshrined.
And many a gilt balcony graced
With myrtle-vases courts the eye;
While, on the verdant lawn beneath,
Huge urns the acacia's wealth supply.

And on that grassy slope was seen
A youthful page of noble mien,
In garb of azure silk arrayed,
With mantle of a deeper shade.
From his white cap, with sapphires bound,
A snowy plume, soft-waving, hung;
While round his neck, with careless ease,
A chain of fretted gold was flung.
'Neath a rich draperied oriel's space,
That well the inmate's rank bespoke,
He stood,—and from his light guitar
A strain impassioned woke.

SERENADE.

Wake, lady, wake! the fair sun is spreading
His beams o'er tower and tree;
The red rose her dewy light is shedding,
And Nature asks for thee!
The zephyr hath culled from each waking flower
The freshest of odours to waft o'er thy bower;
And the blue lake is beaming in glassy rest,
To mirror thy form on its glowing breast!

Break, lady, break the dark spell of thy slumbers,
The skies are cloudless fair;
And the gay lark is singing his own wild numbers,
High in the Summer air.
The blackbird is pouring his rich, free note,
And a thousand woodland-echoes float;
While the distant abbey's cloistered peal
Is telling thine ear how the moments steal!

Wake, lady, wake from thy dreamy rest,
Uprise in thy beauty rare;
For dark and cold is fond Nature's breast
Without thine image fair!
Then ope those slumbering eyes so bright,
And unveil that soft cheek's tender light,
That the fountain may yield its diamond ray,
And the rose and the lily resign their sway!

Paused the fair youth,—his eager eye
Cast on the vine-clad oriel near,
Whence might his watchful glance espy
That guerdon to his soul most dear—
His mistress' treasured smile!—and now,
The broidered curtains drawn aside,
A hand of soft, transparent snow
The scutcheoned casement opened wide.
Oh! ne'er did lovelier vision break
On eyes, or sleeping, or awake,
Than that which claimed the view;

Though from that cheek the sunny bloom
Was chased by sorrow's lengthened gloom,
  And fled the diamond hue,
Which 'mid that eye's dark lustre shone
  With never-ceasing ray;
And from that lip the smiles were gone
  That would like sunbeams play!
Black, clustering ringlets floated o'er
  Each radiant shoulder's rounded charm,
Spreading their dark and glossy store
  In rich luxuriance: her fair arm
Soft tapering to the slender wrist
  Might dim the marble's polished glow;
Her hand, but moulded to be kissed,
  Seemed melting in its own white snow!
She spoke—the lute's bright spell alone
  A charm thus sweet impassioned lends,—
So silvery clear each liquid tone,
  That from her balmy lip descends.
"Thanks, gentle BERTRAM,—there be few
  Whose zeal of office equals thine;
Thy task the latest moonbeam knew,
  Yet claims the orient morn's first shine!
I may not count the lingering hours
  Of dark suspense, and anxious care,
Through which thy glad lute's soothing powers
  Have wiled away my past despair.
Yes! from thy legend, or thy lay,
  Would themes of varied solace flow,
That buoyed my sinking heart—the prey
  Of ceaseless, unavailing woe!
But hence, all memories of grief,
  Save those such grateful ties retain;
For on this blest, auspicious day,
  My long-lost lord his home shall gain!"

Oh! what delight is hers to trace,
  Along the distant mountain-side,

The banner of her warrior's race,
  Disporting in its golden pride:
To list the bugle-notes that thrill
  Tumultuous through the sleeping vale;
Whilst echo, from each wood-crowned hill,
  Repeats their summons to the gale.
And now, how blest her grateful eye,
  As, straining still, 'neath hope and fear,
It doth that well-known form descry,
  'Mid the bright gleam of helm and spear!
His charger, fired with proud disdain,
  Bounds wildly o'er the rugged steep,
While scarce, it seems, his anxious train
  Can pace with his impatience keep.
Oh! sweetly throbs her yearning heart—
  Each pulse is thrilled with boundless joy,
As thanks for Heaven's loved care impart
  To those brief moments meet employ.
"O Thou, blest Being! Source of all
  The bliss Thine erring children share,
Still hear me, as on Thee I call,
  In heart-breathed tones of grateful prayer!
Long through the hours of lonely night,
  While every eye, save mine, hath slept,
Have I besought Thy guardian might
  For him Thy sacred cause yet kept
Far from his loved, his cherished home,
  Roving 'mid fields of crimson strife:
And through each dark day's saddened doom,
  With pangs of varied suffering rife,
My constant heart hath breathed to Thee
  Its humblest vows of love and praise,
Conscious, that, in Thy clemency,
  Thou wouldst its trusting hopes upraise:
That when the Crescent-standard fell
  Beneath the Cross' triumphant sign,
Thou wouldst Thy warrior's bark impel
  In safety towards his home's loved shrine!

And now I view his red plumes nod
  High o'er the towering lion-crest;
Oh! million thanks, thrice-blessed God!
  Soon shall I clasp my husband's breast!"

Onward, with breathless speed, she passed,
  As nearer still the chieftain drew,
And, from his open helm, at last,
  She might those long-lost features view!
He comes—he checks his courser now,
  Foaming beneath its task of toil;—
But whence, alas! that lowering brow?
  What bodes that fierce and livid smile?
Red glares his wildly-frowning eye
  With one fixed glance of withering scorn,—
The glow of transport tremblingly
  Fades from her sinking breast forlorn!
"And is it thus, dear Lord, we meet,
  These heavy hours of absence o'er?
Oh! let my fondest prayers entreat
  The cause which wrecks our bosom's store?"
No look of answering love replies,—
  That frowning brow grew darker still;
While the clenched teeth, and flashing eyes,
  Her awe-struck, fainting bosom thrill:
In wild entrancement fixed she stood,
  A statue formed of sunless snow,—
Mute—motionless—nor sigh, nor tear
  Told of her heart's deep, torturous woe!
His sword he bared, with phrenzied ire,
  The while his flushed cheek paler grew;-
High rose in air the gleaming blade,
  Tinged with the sunset's *prophet hue!*
Then, while, to stay his rash intent,
  Feebly her tender arm endeavoured,
At one fierce, fiend-directed blow,
  The trembling, delicate hand was severed!

Like some pale snowdrop, which the blast
  Hath riven from its parent store,
It fell—the while, with beauteous grace,
  She drooping sank—to rise no more!

On—on he spurred his weary steed,
  Far from the towers his soul had sought
With such high hope, and transport sweet,
  Ere yet arose the poisonous thought,
(Breathed on his ear by one deep sunk
  In reckless guilt,) that she whose love
Was as a dream of heavenliest bliss,
  Should faithless to his honour prove!
The tale believed—what wild despair
  Would, withering, each dark thought employ!
How stern the gloom that gathering spread,
  Where all was late impassioned joy!
At length, his frantic vengeance o'er,
  He learnt—oh, food for madness' flame!—
That demon-tongue had lied to shroud
  Its own base, treacherous act of shame!
Yes! he—that steward, long deemed so just—
Had foully sought to stain his trust;
And lest his Lady's virtuous tongue
Should now impeach his daring wrong,
Had issued forth, with fell deceit,
His master's injured ear to greet!

—Long days in deepening gloom passed o'er,—
That pilgrim-warrior smiled no more;
In lengthened fast, and vigil-rite,
Slow waned the lingering hours of night:
By alms and penance long he sought
To calm the pangs of restless thought—
In vain! still memory's busy spell
Spread darker shadows o'er his cell;

Ne'er might that dreadful scene be hid
From Conscience' ever-watchful lid :
He died—*her* name the last fond word
That from his failing lips was heard !
Yet, ere in dust his form reclined,
A stately pile her tomb enshrined ;
That might to distant ages prove
A record of ATONING LOVE ! (12)

NOTES TO PART I.

(1) Askew Hill, near Repton. A wooded eminence of traditional notoriety as the site of an extensive engagement during one of the numerous wars of the Heptarchy; and probably deriving its name from Eska, a Mercian prince, buried at Repton. Two considerable barrows, hitherto undisturbed by the Antiquary, afford additional evidence of the connection of the spot with one of the sanguinary contests of that period. The similarity of its wooded crest to the plumes of "a giant helm," is not so remarkable as formerly, several of the larger trees having been, at various periods, destroyed. It still, however, forms a conspicuous and very beautiful object in the surrounding scenery; while, from its summit, the neighbouring valley of the Trent, with its diversified succession of meadows, pastures, and corn-fields, enriched with an occasional villa, or church-spire, embosomed in trees—the distant ruins of Tutbury Castle—the nearer towers of Bladon Wood—and the widely-extended range of Peak Hills, soaring majestically away in the extreme verge of the landscape—constitute a scene of varied and unequalled loveliness, worthy of the pencil of a Claude or a Gainsborough.

(2) It may be noticed here, that, beneath the chancel of Repton Church, is "an ancient crypt, discovered of late years, which is supported by two rows of round Saxon wreathed pillars, with passages at each corner of the West end, leading into the church, and another on the North. In appearance it resembles the crypt under the church of St. Peter's in the East, at Oxford, which was supposed to have been erected by Grymbald, one of the first professors at Oxford, in Alfred's reign. Now, as Grymbald's crypt, and that under Canterbury Cathedral, resemble this at Repton in many respects, it may be fairly concluded to be of the same antiquity."—*MS. from Dr. Sleath, Master of the Grammar-school at Repton.*

It is traditionally reported, that a subterranean communication

exists between this crypt and Anchor Church; the distance between the two places being about two miles. Probability certainly appears against such a belief; yet I cannot but regret that no attempts have been made to discover the truth or fallacy of the report. A trench of a few yards depth on the Southern and Eastern sides of the crypt would at once decide the question.

Under this note may also be introduced the following very interesting account of a human skeleton, of extraordinary size, which was found at Repton, near the site of the old church, about the year 1687. Sir Simon Degge, in the year 1727, collected as many circumstances respecting this discovery as he could, and communicated them to the Royal Society. "Having viewed," says he, "the ruins at Repton, al. Repindon on the Trent, and enquiring for antiquities, the inhabitants brought us Thomas Walker, a labourer, eighty-eight years old, who gave us the following account:—About forty years since, cutting hillocks near the surface, he met with an old stone wall; when, clearing further, he found it to be a square enclosure of fifteen feet. It had been covered; but the top was decayed and fallen in, being only supported by wooden joysts. In this he found a stone coffin; and, with difficulty removing the cover, saw the skeleton of a human body NINE feet long, and round it *one hundred* skeletons of the ordinary size, laid with the feet pointing to the stone coffin! The head of the great skeleton he gave to Mr. Bowes, master of the free-school. I enquired of his son, one of the present masters, concerning it; but it is lost; yet he says, he remembers the skull in his father's closet, and that he had often heard his father mention this gigantic corpse, and thinks that the skull was in proportion to a body of that stature. The bottom of this dormitory was covered with broad flat stones, and in the wall was a door-case with steps to go down to it, whose entrance was forty yards nearer the church and river. The steps and stone were much worn. 'Tis in a close on the North side of the church; and over this repository grows a sycamore tree, planted by the old man, when he filled in the earth. The present owner will not suffer it to be opened, the lady of the manor having forbidden it. This was attested to us by several old persons, who had seen and measured the skeleton."

(3) As this volume will fall into the hands of many old Reptonians, I shall beg pardon of the general reader for transcribing into the present note the farewell address to Repton School, written and

spoken by W. H. Marriott, as an Epilogue to the Tragedy of "Barbarossa," in which he sustained the character of "Selim":—

EPILOGUE.

—Not yet—not yet—one little moment stay;
Nor scorn to listen to this votive lay:
Sovereign no more, but suppliant I stand;
And SELIM begs, where late he might command.
Like PROSPER'S, sung by AVON'S tuneful bard,
My arts now fail—the crescent and the sword!
Nature supreme bids exultation bow,
And tells my heart, "I am no Actor now!"

Yet shall the pleasures of the mimic scene
Now cease to be, as if they ne'er had been,
Leave no glad feeling on the raptured mind,
But melt in air, and leave no wreck behind,
Like sick men's dreams, dispelled by reason's power—
The flitting visions of the passing hour?
Ah, no! while Memory holds her pristine seat,
And, true to nature, inborn passions beat,
Yet shall this night, in glad recurrence, rise,
And Fancy give thee, REPTON! to mine eyes.
Thus, though the rose deplore its blushes fled,
Th' ambrosial odour yet survives it dead!
Though GRANTA spread her fairest, brightest charms,
And *Alma-Mater* take me to her arms,—
Should she (and oh! forgive Hope's sally wild!)
Entwine one wreath for REPTON'S humblest child,
Still shall fair TRENT retain remembrance due,
Nor CAM alone roll beauteous to my view.
Still should I joy to think, with pleasing fear,
How once I sung, nor you disdained to hear!

CONGENIAL SPIRITS! haply *here* such stand,
Who, on this stage, erst led the scenic band:
Well can *you* tell, with what impressive art,
All-powerful Fancy stamps the yielding heart;
How the "mind's eye" yet views Youth's jocund day,
When *you* here played the part which *we* now play!

—More would I sing,—but Nature checks the song;
Melts the fond heart, and binds the faltering tongue.
When MELIBŒUS quits his MANTUA'S plain,
The grove grows vocal to the tuneful strain;
When, far from ALBION, HAROLD speeds his flight,
How sweet the lay—"My native Land! good night!"
With equal strains would I fain leave these bowers,
But adverse PHŒBUS grants not equal powers!
—Then let one line our every feeling tell—
Ye fair, ye brave, ye learned, all farewell!

It would have afforded me very great pleasure to have added an Appendix to the Notes on this Poem, presenting to the reader a complete series of the Prologues and Epilogues of the Repton annual Plays, many of which possess very considerable talent, and would interest the general reader, as specimens of the particular class of composition to which they refer; while others, if of less literary value, are yet remarkable for the affectionate attachment they breathe towards the seat of early school-boy reminiscences, and tend to cherish that feeling of deep personal interest in the prosperity of the school, which should ever powerfully recommend them to the notice of the Reptonian. I am sorry to say that I was alone prevented from executing this part of my plan by some demur, through diffidence, on the part of one of the most talented of their authors, and whose productions are also the most numerous.—The following are the most recent of the Plays enacted at Repton:—"The Siege of Damascus;" "Cato;" "Julius Cæsar;" "Barbarossa;" "Tamerlane;" "The Orphan of China;" "Macbeth;" "Virginius;" and "Douglas."

(4) An account of this performance appears in the "Derby Mercury," July 4, 1821, which, as it would extend this note to an inconvenient length, I shall not venture to transcribe. The following lines on the same subject will, however, occupy less space, and are additionally recommended by the talent of the fair writer:—

ON SEEING THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH
REPRESENTED BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF REPTON SCHOOL.
(JUNE 28, 1821.)
BY A LADY.

To act those parts in which a SIDDONS shone,
And KEMBLE stands unrivalled and alone,

How hard a task for youth's unpractised years
We felt—and all our hopes were lost in fears:
But when the bold essayer ventured on,
Fear fled like hovering mist before the sun,
And Hope, triumphant in that splendid hour,
Rose at the magic of a gifted *Power;*
Who the dark Hero faithfully pourtrayed,
And, true to nature, gave that light and shade,
Which marks the slave of stern ambitious pride,
Macbeth the base, the bold, the dignified;
Nor yielded Thou * the laurel in that scene
When goading conscience roused the blood-stained Queen,
In midnight wanderings and disquietude,
Her powers and soul's dark passions all subdued;
When peace and hope were fled, and left behind
Nought save the ruin of a guilty mind.
Was it, indeed, that the Weird Sisters' spell
Had bound our hearts, and charmed our eyes as well,
Which made them linger on each passing scene,
As though the like before they ne'er had seen?
We know not—but we felt our minds enriched,
Our ears delighted, and ourselves *bewitched.*

Derby Mercury, July 4, 1821.

(5) There was very lately in my possession a superb carved chair, which formed part of the furniture in use, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots, at Tutbury Castle. It belonged, at a subsequent period, to the celebrated William Burton, the antiquary, (brother of the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy,") who purchased it at the sale of effects, made by the High Sheriff, under an order from the Crown, on the removal of that monarch to Fotheringay Castle—the scene of her final release from suffering! I had also a very curious ecclesiastical chair of a much earlier period, which formerly belonged to the Priory of Tutbury, and which also became the property of Burton, and was retained at his seat, Falde Hall, adjacent to Tutbury, till the alienation of that property by his family successor. A very fine original portrait of this distinguished antiquary came into my possession about the same time, and now forms one of the most valued pictures in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries, to whom I had the pleasure of presenting it, in 1837.

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* Bigsby.

It was painted in 1604, when he was in his twenty-ninth year. The portrait which forms the frontispiece to his History, and of which there are copies in Richardson's Illustrations of Granger, and in Nichols's Leicestershire, was taken eighteen years after, when the historian was in his forty-seventh year. See the Monthly Report of the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1837.

I subjoin, with much pleasure, the following beautiful Lines on the former of these interesting relics :—

ON A CHAIR

FORMERLY BELONGING TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, DURING HER CONFINEMENT AT TUTBURY CASTLE.

Could'st thou, mute relic of departed years,
Reveal those scenes passed in thy days of state,
When SCOTLAND's captive Queen, all bathed in tears,
Looked on that cipher and fair coronet,
Or, throned on thee, in pensive musings sate—
What time ill-fated BABINGTON conspired
To avenge her wrongs ;—He with proud hope elate,
With passion warm, and high ambition fired,
More than his life, her liberty and praise desired.

Perhaps on thee was the low-whispered prayer—
The mournful breathings of her soul poured forth,
That Heaven would make her desperate cause its care,
And raise her broken sceptre from the earth,
And give her to the kingdom of her birth ;
That she might shed her grace and bounty on
Those friends of tried fidelity and worth—
" Last, though not least," the generous BABINGTON,
Whose fortune, fame, and life, were risked for *her* alone !

Vain hope—vain prayer !—yet thou surviv'dst the shock,
Mute relic !—and the last black, bloody scene,
Which rendered to the hangman and the block
The young Conspirator and injured Queen !—
Ah ! little now hast thou to do, I ween,
With thrones and kingdoms, or proud day of state :
Lonely thou stand'st, unnoticed and scarce seen,

Far from the courtly throng—the high-born great—
For humbler eyes to view, and hearts to meditate!

MARIA HARRISON.

Ash House, Derbyshire.

The Babington family had a house in Derby, called Babington Hall, the last remains of which were pulled down a few years ago. In the panels of one of the chief apartments, all of which were richly wainscotted, was introduced the rebus of Babington, *viz.*—a *baboon* and *tun*. One of these panels, elaborately carved, and in high preservation, was shown to me, a year or two ago, by the late John Holmes, Esq., F.S.A., of East Retford, Nottinghamshire. There was in my own possession a spacious cabinet, constructed of other fragments of this ancient carving.

(6) The disafforestment of Needwood affords the subject of a very elegant and well-known poem, entitled "The Fall of Needwood," which will long commemorate the talents and virtues of its amiable and justly esteemed Author—the late Francis Noel Clarke Mundy, Esq. of Markeaton Hall, near Derby. This gentleman was educated at Repton School.

(7) "This Gothic mansion, during its former state used as a prospect building, was erected by Abraham Hoskins, Esq. of Newton Solney. It stands on the confines of Bladon Wood, whose dark foliage affords shelter, and adds a fine relief to the outline and colouring of the structure. The site is well chosen, being an elevation which commands very extensive prospects,—that towards the north having in its foreground the junction of the Dove and Trent."—*Edwards's Tour of the Dove.*

(8) "Repton, though now but a small village, was once a considerable town. Some historians say, that it was an ancient colony of the Romans, called *Repandunum*, but this assertion cannot be proved by any authentic memorials. The earliest account we have of Repton, goes so far back as the year 660, previous to which, "a noble monastery of religious men and women, under the government of an abbess,* was established here; but the Danes, on their arrival in Eng-

* Edburga filia Adulphi regis Orientalium Anglorum Abbatissa in Reopendune. Lib. Elinsis. MS. lib. 1. c. 9.

land destroyed it. Repton was called by the Saxons, *Hreopandune*, and, in ancient deeds, is written, *Reppendune*, *Repandon*, *Repindon*, &c. It is celebrated by antiquarians, as the principal city in the Saxon kingdom of Mercia, and as the burial place of many of the kings of that nation. About the year 750, Ethelbald, king of the Mercians, after an attempt to march into Wessex, in which he was opposed by Euthred, with all his forces, and driven back to Sceadune, near Tamworth, where the Mercians were routed, after a decisive battle, was slain by one of his own chieftains, and buried in the cemetery belonging to the above-mentioned monastery. Merewala, another Mercian sovereign, and Kynechardus, brother of Sigebert, king of the West Saxons, were likewise interred there. About the year 873, Burrhed, king of Mercia, and brother-in-law to the immortal Alfred, after having, in conjunction with that great man, conquered the Danes, induced them to settle at Lindesey, in Lincolnshire: but they, finding no object in that place either for their rapine or violence, suddenly turned back upon Mercia, and fixing their station at Repton, they laid the whole country desolate, with fire and sword.* After these barbarous people had ravaged his kingdom, laid his palace and the priory in ruins, they obliged Burrhed himself, after a reign of twenty years, to abdicate his crown, and abandon his kingdom; and flying to Rome, this last king of the Mercians took shelter in a cloister.† In the year 1172, Matilda, wife of Ralph, Earl of Chester, rebuilt the monastery destroyed by the Danes, and founded a priory of Canons Regular of the Order of St. Austin,‡ and dedicated it to the honour of God, the Blessed Mary, and the Holy Trinity. To support her new priory, Matilda, and her religious successors and friends, endowed it (besides the property of the priory of Calke, which was transferred to that of Repton,) with "nine shillings a year from a mill at Repton; a messuage with its appurtenances in Wadington; the advowson of the church of Badewetune; two ox-gangs of land in Repton; the privilege of fishing in the river Dee, near Chester, with a messuage at the same place; five ox-gangs of land in Berve (perhaps Barrow), with all their appurtenances within and without the village; liberty of fishing in the river below their own house as far as their lands extend towards Potlac; a spring called Pukewell, with a free road to it; a toft of land in Willington; an acre of land near Lethorne; and one in Witeflat; an acre of land in a great meadow

* Hume, vol. i. p. 78.
† Chron. Sax. p. 82. Ethelward, Lib. 4. cap. 4.
‡ Gibson, in his Camden, p. 496.

bordering upon one belonging to the canons; an acre below Pehald; and eight acres of land in an island betwixt Repton and Willington; an acre of land in Tonestall; an acre in Huverefern; an acre in Nitherferne; an acre in Breth; and an acre in Wynnes; the mills at Willington, with all their appurtenances; two tofts of land in the same village; five acres of land, with their appurtenances, in the liberty of Willington; an acre in Pilardescroft, together with pasture for one horse, three cows, and their calves till they are two years old; all their water, with the whole fishery in the river Trent from the divisions of the water of Newenton (Newton Solney,) as far as below Willington;* the impropriate rectory and advowson of the vicarage of Great Baddow, and the advowson of the church of Little Baddow, in Essex;† the advowson of the church of Leke, in Nottinghamshire;‡ free warren in Repton, Calke, Ingleby, and Ticknal, in Derbyshire, and Gransdon M. in Huntingdonshire;§ and a fourth part of the manor of Repton.‖

This religious house continued until the Dissolution. At the time of the compilation of Domesday, *Repandune* was the property of the king; soon after, however, it appears from the above, to have passed to the Earl of Chester. In the thirty-second of Henry VIII., the Priory, and its possessions at Repton, were vested in Thomas Thacker, Esq., who was servant to that monarch. When Mr. Thacker was put in possession of the fabric, there remained four bells unsold. At first he neglected taking the church down, but being alarmed by a report that Queen Mary would re-establish abbeys, he hired, on a *Sunday*, all the carpenters and masons of the neighbouring country, and in a single day pulled down the most beautiful church; saying, he would destroy the nest, lest the birds should settle there again.¶ In the family of the Thackers, the possessions continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when the property was divided between two co-heiresses; the elder of whom conveyed her share to the Stanhopes of Elvaston; but the younger, at her death in 1728, devised her part to Sir Robert Burdett, Bart., of Foremark, whose grandson, Sir Francis, is now the proprietor. The site of the Priory and Mansion, now used as the house of the head master of Repton School, are included in the possession of the latter.**

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* All these grants are recited in and confirmed by a charter of Hen. III.

† Morant's Essex, vol. ii. pp. 20, 25.

‡ 8 Edw. I. vol. 1.

§ Cart. 25 Edw. I. w. 15.

‖ Pat. 1. Hen. V.

¶ Fuller's Church History, Book 6, p. 358.

** That part of the manor of Repton, which was not vested in the Priory, descended through the families of Lord Segrave, and Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, to the Finderns,

Mr. Gibson says,* that "since the Dissolution, Sir John Port, of Etwall, in this county, by his last will, ordered a Free-school to be erected at Repton, appointing certain lands in the counties of Derby and Lancaster for its maintenance." In pursuance of this will the school was founded. This gentleman was, by a grant of Henry VIII., possessed of several estates belonging to the Priory at Repton, which, in 1556, he devised for the support of a Grammar-school there, and for the foundation of an hospital at Etwall. His executors purchased of Gilbert Thacker, Esq., part of the Priory, and fitted it up for the reception of the scholars, and residence of a master and usher. By James the First, the master and poor men of Etwall Hospital, with the school-master, ushers, and poor scholars of Repton, were incorporated; and the appointments, and hereditary government of these foundations, were vested in the families of the Earls of Chesterfield and Moira, and — Gerard, Bart.—*Davies's Historical and Descriptive View of Derbyshire.*

(9) When I have gazed on the massive folios of Divinity, which sometimes load the shelves of a wealthy churchman, I have half-unconsciously smiled, as the thought would occur, that after all which has been said and written by controversialists in each succeeding age, the whole system of Theology—its very spirit or essence—lies in the brief compass of one little word! Yes! *Charitas*, or LOVE, includes all the principles and duties of the Christian life. And, whenever I hear a multiplicity of learned reasoning on doctrinal points, with all its array of subtly-contrived arguments, coupled with loud professions of faith and zeal in holy matters, I am apt to measure the eloquent debater by this ready standard—"Does he love his neighbour as himself?" If he does not, neither does he love GOD; for this is one of the most positive duties of a Christian. "I would as willingly," says Baxter, "be a martyr for charity as for faith!"

"It is notorious," observes a late writer, "that 'love to the brethren' is not even *professed* as it ought to be. It is professed timidly

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of whom, John de Findern was possessed of an estate at Repton, in the first of Henry V. This, by the marriage of the only daughter of Thomas Findern with Sir Richard Harpur, Judge of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII., was conveyed into that family, in which it still remains. The manor-house of the Findern and Harpur estates, was pleasantly situated a little above the town, where they had, till within these few years, a park, now converted into farms.—*England and Wales.* Sir Henry Harpur, the late proprietor of those estates, assumed the name of Crewe, and was succeeded by his son, the present eminently worthy and accomplished baronet; who has for some years represented in parliament the southern division of the county.

* In his Camden, p. 486.

and subordinately, and without heart. Wanting the certainty of a principle, it wants the efficacy of a principle." And again he remarks, "Love—love to GOD as GOD, and love to man for GOD's sake, is the sum and substance—the life and essence—of pure religion, as well as the divinest testimony to its unearthly origin. The deadliest of heresies is the want of love. It is the unloving who are anathema maranatha. Love is the sweetest and grandest power in the universe. GOD is *love;* and to be filled with all His fulness, what is it but to be filled with love? Theories are nothing if they do not lead to love."

(10) "Charity is the abstract and compendium of all other duties, whereby the whole law is fulfilled; the main matter of inquiry in order to our everlasting doom; the condition of mercy or judgment."—*The Rev. Thomas Bigsby.*

It is made by our Divine Lawgiver the mark and characteristic of our profession. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." "Love," observes a recent author, "consistently with the whole tenor of GOD's dealings with us, and particularly so with the character of Jesus, is superior both to faith and hope. Charity is the greatest, because she embodies in herself the attributes of the other two cardinal graces. She believeth all things; she hopeth all things. She loves GOD, and is loved of Him; and, eager to imitate His benevolence and beneficence, her love is diffused with ungrudging liberality over all his creatures."

"Were I now addressing myself to kings, princes, and nobles of the earth," remarked a late writer, "I would tell them with the boldness of John the Baptist to Herod, or the firmness of Saint Paul before Agrippa, 'recollect that what makes the glory of our church and state, what Jesus will commend at the last day, what will comfort you on your death-bed, will not be the rich furniture that shines in your houses, the elegant equipages that attend you, the exquisite dishes that pamper you; but the pious establishments you have made, the families you have saved from starving, the broken minds you have restored to reason; these, these will be your felicity and glory on the day of final consummation of all things!'" *

(11) The march of improvement has dealt rigorously with the wild

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* "A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Beeston, 17th of June, 1810, for the Benefit of the Nottingham Lunatic Asylum. By the Rev. Thomas Bigsby, A.M., Vicar of Beeston, and of Burton Joyce, cum Bulcote, and Incumbent of Shelford, Nottinghamshire. Nottingham: G. Stretton. 1810."

and picturesque beauties of this sequestered situation. Its ancient trees have disappeared, and the hedge-rows and banks have been trimmed with an edifying formularity.

(12) "William Burdett, Lord of Loseby, in Lincolnshire, who lived in the time of Henry II., founded the Priory of Aucote, near Seckingdon, Warwickshire, to expiate the murder of his wife, whom he had slain on his return from the Holy Land."—*Davies's Historical and Descriptive View of Derbyshire.* The particulars connected with the death of this lady, as set forth in the poem, are presented to the reader in the precise manner in which they were related to me by an old retainer of the family. As regards the descriptive treatment of the story, it is necessary to observe that I have been guided merely by the dictates of fancy.

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

A Poem in Four Parts.

— " Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus."

VIRG.

" O let me haunt the peaceful shade,
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power."

SHENSTONE.

" O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;
Do not rashly deeme amysse
Of him, that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
Which o'er each careless lymbe he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffes the lympid springs.

Forgive him if at eve or dawne
Devoid of wordlye cark he stray;
Or all beside some flowerye lawne,
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see,
For faults there beene in busye life,
From which these peaceful glennes are free."

SHENSTONE.

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

PART II.

NOON.

" The path that led me, leading through a wood,
A fairy wilderness of fruits and flowers,
And by a brook;—* * * * * *
— when a glade,
Far, far within, sunned only at noon-day,
Suddenly opened."

ROGERS's *Italy*.

IT is the hour of noon,—and we will wander,
Amid the twilight orchards, where the trees
Most closely interweave their verdant boughs
Laden with luscious fruits; while on the breeze
Floats the rich perfume of their ripened stores.
There the dark damson, and the purple plum
Wanton in bloomy freshness, and the filbert
Clusters in ruddy knots: the golden pear
And crimson apple, as their twining branches
Seek, in o'erteeming plenty, for support,
Luxuriant mingle their gay, varied colours,
Like the bright screen of gemmed embroidery

Wrought by some fair Sultana.—Let us seek
Yon moss-clad walk, deep-winding through the gloom,
And as we note the sunbeam's broader trace
'Mid the dark intervals of cloistered shade,
Our grateful lyre shall breathe its welcome thither
In tones responsive to its own bright joy.

THE SUN.

" O thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the Western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?"—Ossian.

Oh! glorious to the fair, green earth
Is the Sun in his noontide power;
He lights up her mountain halls in mirth,
And gladdens each forest bower.
The sea his wide-stretched mirror is,
And he laughs at his dancing rays,
As they sport, in the pride of their purple bliss,
O'er old Ocean's foam-clad ways.
Then let others boast of the mimic Moon,
With her feeble and borrowed light;
But I will sing of the mid-day Sun,
Full-robed in his splendour bright!

The night's pale host in his rays are lost,
And the chilly moonbeams die;—
Oh! he sitteth alone, like a king on his throne,
And filleth the boundless sky!
The lord of all bright things is he,
From the rainbow's fleeting pride,
To the comets which trace their fiery race
Through the realms of Creation wide.

Then let others praise the moon's dull rays,
  Or the dim stars' twinkling light;
But I will sing of the giant Sun,
  In the strength of his wondrous might!*

Oh! the sweetest joys which our bliss bespeak,
  Through his generous care we prove;
He plants the rich rose in the virgin's cheek,
  And moves her young heart to love!
He ripens the stores of the vintage bowers,—
  Then blest be his beam divine!
For love gilds the flow of life's darkest hours,
  And the brightest are cheered by wine!
Then let others boast of the starry host,
  Or the dim-robed Queen of Night;
But I will sing of the Day's proud King,
  In the blaze of his glory bright!

Thread we yon cloistered alley. We will visit
My favourite seat beneath a spreading pear-tree,
Round which the woodbine long hath twined herself
In crimson folds, enriching its glad fruit
With added fragrance. There the honey-bee
His murmured music flings from hour to hour,
Again and oft returning to his hive.
And there the redbreast and the gentle wren
Pour forth their answering notes in rivalry.
The moonlight there hath a peculiar charm—

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* The Sun is thus beautifully apostrophised by Gay:—

"Parent of light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year!"

Gliding in chequered gleams of palest lustre
Amid the dreamy, forest-like repose
Of that wide-arching tree of stateliest beauty!
Not far off is a brook, whose crystal waters,
Though veiled by brake and thicket from the eye,
Yet bid their lonely echoes softly steal
With many a plaintive gush of melody;
But when the breeze is stirring, their light strain
Is hushed in the black poplars' rushing sound,
Far-echoing—like the billows of the sea!

There oft when evening spreads her balmy skies,
Pensive I sit; while haply the sweet bells
Of the near village-church (just seen amidst
A tangled glade of straggling orchard-wilds—
Its tall vane gilded by the setting sun;)
Discourse, as with the voice of long-lost friends
Or dead or distant, (that soft, dream-like voice!)
On many a theme of the forgotten past,
Till I could fancy that I lived once more
In the bright dawn of youth, or early childhood!

—At such an hour, when I awake again
To the dull, cold realities of life,
Weary and sad, my spirit oft doth long
For the calm quiet of the peaceful graves
That lie, in gentle neighbourhood, beneath
That lonely spire, with its dark, spreading elms!
Springs for a moment only the vain wish,
Prompted by retrospection of the cares
And disappointments of life's gloomier hours.

Soon chastening thoughts arise—far sweeter, dearer,
That they do follow those of darker hue!
And many a spell of pleasant phantasy
Will breathe its soft enchantment o'er the mind—
The *hope* of future *fame*, clothed in rich visions
Of glowing triumph; cheating the rapt eye
With splendid shadows of ideal beauty!
And, mingled with the dreams of soothing fancy,
Will rise the frequent prayer for those whose hearts
Are bound to mine by ties of holiest love!

WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Bright links in a sunny chain of love
Binding the soul to its hopes above!

"When I hear of a man who has noble parks, splendid palaces, and every luxury in life, I always inquire whom he has to love; and, if I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—in the midst of all his grandeur I pronounce him a being in deep adversity."—ANON.

O THOU, fair beacon of life's main!
Sweet planet, throned above,
To guide from dark affliction's pain
To scenes of light and love!
Blest haven of my weary heart!
Affection's noblest shrine!
How doth thy smile's enlivening art
With each dull care entwine!

Emblem of Charity's soft grace,
Thy mingling virtues give
A radiance to life's gloomy space,
That bids each blossom live,
With which the heart, in early hours,
Adorned its Eden gay;
And, 'neath that sunny spell's bright powers,
They mock rude Time's decay!

—Ye little portions of my heart!
Twin treasures from above!
Two close-leagued islands, scarce apart,
Locked in a sea of love!
Of Faith and Hope joint emblems meet,
As on my path ye smile;
Cheering with fond affection sweet
Life's darkening hours of toil!

Long may your rival virtues know
A mutual blest control,—
Fair streams from kindred source that flow—
Bound for the same bright goal:
'Tis mine with anxious care to watch
Your souls expanding shine;
And each pure ray expressive catch
That marks their home divine.

Oh! through long years of changeless love
Still onward may we stray,
And Time's fair course rejoicing prove
Like one sweet Summer's day!
And when to life's receding joys
Death's last dark stroke is given,
Still may our souls exulting rise,
And blend their love in Heaven!

And oh! how sweet, at such an hour, to lift
Our yearning soul in gratitude to GOD;
From whose omnipotent and gracious hand
The tide of human blessings daily flows!
How sweet, with him of ISRAEL's Royal race,
To seize the slumbering lyre, and wake its chords
To boldest melody, in His high praise!

PSALM 107.

" Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis."

Hor.

Praise the Lord, O my soul! O Lord my God!
Thou art become exceeding glorious:
With majesty and honour art Thou clothed.
Thou deck'st Thyself with light as with a garment,
And, like a curtain, spreadest out the heavens!
Who in the waters layeth the bright beams
Of His fair chambers: maketh clouds His chariot:
And walketh on the wings of the fleet wind:
Making His angels spirits: and His ministers
A flaming fire!

He laid the earth's foundations,
That it should never move. Thou covered'st it
With the broad deep, as with a spacious garment!
The waters stood in the surrounding hills,
At Thy rebuke they flee: lo! at the voice
Of Thy dread thunder are they sore afraid.
High as the hills they go, and to the vales
Descend—e'en to the place Thou hast appointed!
Thou, Lord! hast set them bounds they shall not pass,
Nor turn again to cover the fair earth.
The springs into the rivers doth He send,
Which run among the hills; all beasts of the field
There drink, and the wild asses quench their thirst.
Beside them shall the fowls of the air inhabit,
And sing among the branches. He doth water
The green hills from above. The earth is filled
With the rich store of Thy resplendent works!

Lo! He doth bring forth grass for the glad cattle,
And green herb for the sustenance of men;
That He may bring forth food out of the earth,
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to give a cheerful countenance,
And bread to strengthen man's rejoicing heart.
The trees of God are also full of sap;
Even the cedars of Mount Libanus,
Which He hath planted, wherein do the birds
Exulting make their nests, and hourly sing.
The fir-trees are a dwelling for the stork,
The high hills for the wild goats are a refuge,
And for the conies the rude stony rocks.
The moon for certain seasons He appointed;
And the bright sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, that it may be night;
Wherein the creatures of the forest move.
The lions, roaring in their quest of prey,
Do seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth,
And they together get themselves away,
And lay them down in their dark, hidden dens.
Man to his work goes forth, and to his labour,
Until the evening. Lord! how manifold
Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all!
The earth is filled with Thy wondrous riches;
So, also, is the great and wide-spread sea:
Wherein are things creeping innumerable.
There go the ships, and there is the Leviathan,
Whom Thou hast made to take his sport therein.
These all upon Thee wait, that Thou may'st give them
Meat in due season. When Thou giv'st it them,
They gather it; and when Thine hand Thou openest,
Are filled with good. When Thou dost hide Thy face,
They are sore troubled: when Thou tak'st away
Their breath, they die—are turned again to dust!
When Thou dost let Thy breath go forth, they shall

Be made: and Thou, too, shalt renew the earth's
Wide-spreading face!

The glorious majesty
Of the Creator shall endure for ever!
The Lord shall in His mighty works rejoice!
If He but touch the mountains, they shall smoke!
Oh! I will sing unto the Lord as long
As I do live: and while I have my being
Will praise my GOD: and so shall my words please Him.
My joy shall be in GOD! Lo! as for sinners,
Out of the earth shall they consumed be;
And to an end shall the ungodly come.
Praise thou the Lord, my soul! Oh! praise the Lord!

It is a scene of rudest, simplest beauty
That greets our ranging eye—an orchard slope
Of brief extent; yet showing not its bounds
'Mid the wild curvature of varied paths
That track its devious shade. A free, bold grace
Dwells in each cloistered nook, congenial
To high, impassioned thought, and solemn fancy.
Around, rich, spacious fields, with lofty hedge-rows
Teeming with stately oaks, and bowery elms,
Court the fair sunbeam with rejoicing smiles;
Forming a contrast with the dim repose,
And depth of solitude, that gird us here!
A stranger-eye might not confess its beauty;
For habit, circumstance, and moods of thought
Peculiar, oft bestow a visioned light
Of spell-fraught loveliness that charms the sense—
Robing a scene of peasant lowliness
With more than wealth-directed art might yield

Of joy-inspiring beauty, classic grace.*
And yet how sweet the calm that breathes around—
How musical the murmur of the breeze,
Oft blending with the melancholy plaint
Of the wild brooklet, 'mid the tangled brake!
And hark—how thrillingly the minstrel thrush
Pours her full song of tenderness and joy;
Nor miss the blackbird's note, at intervals,
Telling of sunny vales, and twilight groves,
Beyond—soft-melting in the distance wild!
And lo! the hum of bees—the breath of flowers—
Yield a fresh, growing loveliness that fills
The spirit with delight, if aught may charm
That speaks of Nature in her lonelier mood.
To *me* they bring the PAST! Yon old gray steeple,
And yon dark, wood-crowned height,† give back sweet thoughts
Of days long fled—too bright for earth's cold sphere!
The days of Spring-tide Youth! when souls, whose joy
Was as a dream of Heaven, flashed upon mine
The magic of their wealth; and life seemed bathed
In one rich, purple flood of gay delight,
O'er which the bark of Pleasure longed to steer!

---

* So great is the power of Fancy:—

"Nymph of our soul, and brightener of our being;
She makes the common waters musical—
Binds the rude night-winds in a silver thrall,
Bids HYBLA's thyme, and TEMPE's violet dwell
Round the green marge of her moon-haunted cell."

ANON.

† Askew Hill.

Love dwelt upon the breeze; and each new day
Hope spread her wings in bolder, wilder flight;
Soaring to far-off regions—beautiful
As Fancy's spell could deem!—proud, bannered towers,
And groves of stateliest pomp, majestic rose—
Seeming to claim dominion o'er the skies!
—And even now fond Memory loves to trace,
Though dim the hues that garb each vanished dream,
Those early moments of the spirit's bliss!

YOUTH.

"Roll back, ye hasty suns, and bring again
Those days of gold; then stand for ever still!
Ere through my frame had passed the shafts of pain,
Ere my warm spirits care had learned to chill."

Oh, for the wild, enchanted dreams
That sprang from their burning seat,
Gay with young Fancy's magic beams,
With Hope's bright promise sweet:
When the heart was as a sunny lamp
That smiled away life's gloom;
And as yet no withering care might damp
The spirit's opening bloom!

Then, Time! how fleet thy bounding wing—
How blest each moment's stay:
While fairer gifts would Pleasure bring
To greet the coming day!
We looked on Childhood's smiling track,
So bright with careless mirth;
Yet wished not that sweet season back—
Still loftier joys had earth!

And soon to life's young bliss was given
A prouder, nobler theme;
When Rapture mingled earth and Heaven
In one delicious dream
Of HER who in our spirit dwelt
Enthroned in joy divine;
While every hope ecstatic knelt
Before that blessed shrine!

And oh! the sunny hours that flew
In Friendship's warm embrace!
When each fair hope, and feeling new,
Claimed kindred resting-place:
And in that spirit-league of love,
With fond enjoyment rife,
Our happy hearts claimed nought above—
Earth had an angel life!

But soon the world's dark truths rushed in,
And Fancy's visions died;
That Eden of gay wealth within
Became a sterile void!
Hope's syren colours charmed no more,
Romance' bright hues did flee;
Our heart was as some desert shore,
Beat by the lonely sea!

—The flowers that decked life's morning path
By GOD'S sweet love were given,
To image forth the bliss He hath
Prepared for us in Heaven:
And oh, the same blest Mercy planned
The wreck of their bright store—
That we might seek *that better land*,
Where joy is EVERMORE!

Here oft I sit, from the fierce, noon-tide heat
Sheltered by verdant boughs of closest shade,
Lulled by sweet melodies that steal unbid,
And ask no sordid recompense; the air
Is redolent of mirth, and mirth *unhired*—
The LARGESSE of free Nature's liberal mind!
Far from the stir and smoke of towns, she pours
Her rich, rejoicing stores of open wealth
For hearts that own no other spell than hers—
That sigh not for the darkling hoards of gain,
The pomp and glare of costly equipage;
And the mean, tricky nothingness that gives
The show of Pleasure, while the heart is cold!
Give *me* this old moss-seat, and HOMER'S page,
The world may bask herself in tinsel dreams
Of dull, self-cheating pomp, nor shall my mind
Feel aught of envy for her fancied bliss:
The halls of ceremony suit not souls
Deep-throbbing with the sympathies which Song
Pours through the yielding heart, 'mid Nature's scenes
Of placid loveliness, and chaste repose.
Dim is the ray of splendour which but tells
Of new-born gladness perishing with the hour:
Your gay processions, and proud, lighted halls
Flash, for cold interval, their pageant mirth,
Then darkness and desertion claim the scene!
Not so the pleasures of the rural shade,
Which, sweetly varied by the Seasons' change,
And breathing calm delight, and hallowed rest,

Spread through the bosom, with their charms inspired,
New, varied transports of unfading joy!*

THE COUNTRY.

—"Sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth!"

BYRON.

"Innocuas amo delicias, doctamque quietem!"

"O quid solutis beatius curis?
Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."

CATULLUS.

AT length, a tedious space of turmoil o'er,
The city's clamorous din I leave afar;
Care's grovelling plaint, and Pride's vain boast no more
Assail my bosom with conflicting jar.
Congenial scenes each wearied sense restore;
Stifling the thoughts tranquillity would mar:
Nature within resumes her genial power,
And pensive quiet rules each blissful hour!

Once more I climb fair ASKEW's wood-crowned height,
Tracing the silver TRENT's majestic sweep;
Again sweet NEWTON's dells my step invite,
Where robed in silvan peace, fresh orchards sleep.

---

* —"Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms; upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her fair beginning lies."

BRYANT.

Pausing, I mark the rooks' oft-eddying flight
  O'er FORREMARK'S stately lawns, and woodlands deep: (1)
Or view thy stream, old BARTRY! (2) gleaming wide,
Where roves "the springing trout, in speckled pride."

How pitiable they, that toil for *wealth*,
  Immured in some low, dungeon room, each day;
Making an eager sacrifice of health,
  In hopes that fortune will its loss o'erpay:
That desecrate the Sabbath morn by stealth,
  Nor e'er a blessing on their labours pray.
The charms of Nature yield them no delight!
The joys of Heaven no anxious hopes excite!

Oh! be it ever mine, in cloistered bowers,
  To lead a life of solitude and rest;
To view the greensward bright with teeming flowers,
  And the soft clouds in radiant sunshine drest:
To hear the birds' light carol note the hours;
  To gaze upon the rill's pellucid breast;
And when the gathering shades of eve draw nigh,
To watch the faint stars brightening through the sky.

Yet not alone 'mid Summer's leafy reign,
  Whilst languid zephyrs softly fan the air,
And through the grove the gentle stock-doves plain,
  And earth and sky their brightest vesture wear,
Do I so love each rural haunt: in vain
  O'er the dark woods, deserted oft, and bare,
The blustering winds of stormy Winter beat—
They but endear to me my lone retreat!

Far from the whirl of Fashion's idle train,
  The Court's dull grandeur, and the Camp's parade,
Free from Ambition's ties, I scorn the vain
  Or sordid court to Wealth and Honours paid:

Surrounded by my books*—the verdant plain
Yields ample stores my every wish to aid:
I ask nor curious wines, nor costly fare,
Wisdom alone, and Health, content to share!

Let the stern despot prize his lofty state,
The ruthless victor count his fields of slain;
The statesman view his schemes, with pride elate,
The merchant ponder o'er his rising gain;
I envy not the joys that pomp await—
The thirst of gold excites my deep disdain:
All pleasures, honours, I alike resign,
Save those which Solitude and Song combine!

Yet when, dear friend, I speak of solitude,
I mean not to denote the ungenial state
Of the stern anchorite in cavern rude,
Whom no fond ties of mutual love await,—
Who the soft charms of friendship doth exclude,
Viewing with cheerless apathy his fate:
Ah, no! a faithful friend and tender wife
Confer the highest bliss that sweetens life.†

Hail, blest Retirement! man's primeval right,
Till mad Ambition spurned the genial tie;
Whose calm abodes young Innocence invite
From the false world's delusive scenes to fly:

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* "Among his books,
Among the Great of every age and clime!"
ROGERS.

† "But though from towns and crowds I fly,
No humourist, nor cynic I.
Amidst sequestered shades I prize
The friendships of the good and wise."
COTTON.

Thrice happy they, who share the soft delight
Thy glad retreats each varied hour supply:
That humbly thank their GOD for blessings given,
And look on Death but as the Gate to Heaven!

Last—best-loved relic of life's happier hours,
My treasured lute! thy cherished chords have flung
A veil of splendour o'er Fate's darkling wreck,
Lifting the soul above the clouds of care,
That blend their shadow with the future's gloom.
'Neath the soft influence of thy balmy spell,
Have I from thorns still plucked enjoyment's rose,
Life's light maintained, 'mid hours of deepening woe,
In unabated lustre—watching still
With patient hope, and joy-felt gratitude,
Those cheering rays which gild the verge of time,
With hues that die but in the blaze of Heaven!
Lo! GOD hath made us for His glorious self,*
And earth's vain treasures are beneath our care,
In Him alone our hearts can find true rest;
For He hath given us a noble soul
To His own image made, which cannot draw
Its happiness from time-worn, faded things!
No! whatsoe'er is less than Him is still
Unworthy of the high, immortal soul;
Which hath an understanding and a will
Framed, by His gracious care, to contemplate
The sovereign beauty, and majestic truth,
Of the supreme and infinitely GOOD!

* "Thou hast made us, O Lord! for Thyself; and our hearts cannot rest till they rest in Thee!"—*St. Augustine* (*Confes.* lib. 1, c. 50).

VIRTUE.

—"Vivit post funera Virtus!"

VIRG.

"Virtue alone abandoneth us never!"

DRAYTON.

VAIN *Grandeur!* doff the broidered star
That gems thine ermined robe of pride,
And fling the treacherous toy afar,
Whose empty gleams thy brow deride!
That knightly star but shines to tell
Where glory's fevered visions dwell;
That orbed diadem to show
How dark the cares that lurk below!

Pale *Avarice!* give the deep thy store,
That the vile dross may cheat no more:
Oh! turn thee from "a painted clod"
To the blue heavens that breathe of GOD!

Beauty! thy softest spell is vain!
Too soon shall Time its lustre stain:
Nay, e'en amid thy freshest bloom,
Thou art but as the gilded tomb,
Shrining a loathly skeleton—
Where darkness reigns o'er dust alone!

Wealth—honour—beauty—challenge not
The grave's imperious doom:
'Tis VIRTUE's sole, superior lot
To triumph o'er the tomb.

NOTES TO PART II.

(1) Foremark Hall, near Repton, the seat of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. M.P. "The pleasure ground is very beautiful. A winding walk leads from the house through a wood of very fine oaks, down a falling valley to the banks of the Trent, and turns up a cliff of rock and wood, which is one of the greatest curiosities of the country; the river has no where so bold and romantic a shore. The rocks are perpendicular, and of a good height, and the intermixture of woods extremely romantic; hanging over the cliffs in some places in a striking manner, and almost overshadowing the water. Beneath, at a great depth, the Trent makes a very bold sweep, and winding through the valley, all richly inclosed, and of a fine verdure, it appears at different spots in the most pleasing manner. To the left you command a fine bend of it, which leads to a village with a white church rising from the midst of it:* and at some distance beyond, it again is caught among the inclosures, beautifully fringed with trees and hedgerows. You also look back on the rocky steep of wood, rising picturesquely from the water's edge. There are few views finer than this; from hence the plantations unite with others that conduct you again to the house."—*A New Display of the Beauties of England.*

In the midst of the pleasing wilderness alluded to in the foregoing extract, where the rock projects, and is most naked and precipitous, is a doorway, rudely fashioned out of the rock, leading into several excavations, or cells, which communicate with each other, and in which a hermit is said to have formerly resided, from which circumstance it obtained the name of Anchor Church. This tradition derives increased probability from the fact that human bones have been dug up on the spot; and the faint traces of a figure, somewhat sepulchral, are yet left beneath the rock. The romantic interest attaching to this wild, secluded spot, is heightened by the strange subterranean com-

* Twyford.

munication it is traditionally recorded to possess, with the ancient Saxon crypt beneath the chancel of Repton Church, two miles distant. As many of my readers are acquainted with this beautiful and interesting locality, I shall make no apology for inserting in this place the following elegant, and I believe unpublished, poem, from the pen of that polite scholar and accomplished gentleman, the late Rev. John Bagshaw Stevens, D.D., formerly Head Master of Repton School; a copy of whose epitaph, with a poetical inscription by the celebrated Miss Seward, is introduced in the Notes to Part III.

IDYLL.

WRITTEN AT ANCHOR CHURCH.

ROMANTIC cliff, in superstition's day,
Whose chambered rock was scooped by holy hand;
Where, lost to earth, (as cloister-legends say,)
His church and cell some woe-worn Anchorite planned:
Yet chose he not a drear, ungenial site;
See, o'er that smooth expanse of pastures green,
What giant-mountains * heave their distant height,
While glitters, as he winds, bright TRENT between.
Those lone and rifted towers, † that awe the West,
See, frowning still o'er MARY'S regal woes!
And mark that graceful spire, ‡ above the crest
Of yon fair hill, § where MERCIA'S kings repose.
Religious Cliff! forgive, with other view,
With vow less holy, if our pilgrim-train
Short sojourn sweet in thy recess renew;—
Nor deem gay Pleasure's festal rites profane,
When Beauty's smile divine illumes thy rural reign!

Since writing the above, I am favoured by a friend with a copy of another poetical piece by Dr. Stevens on the same subject, which I readily introduce to the reader.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A HERMITAGE BELONGING TO SIR ROBERT BURDETT, BART.

O THOU who to this wild retreat
Shalt lead, by choice, thy wandering feet,
To trace the dark woods waving o'er
This rocky cell, and sainted floor:

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* The Peak of Derbyshire.
† Tutbury Castle.
‡ Repton Church.
§ Askew Hill.

If here thou bring a gentle mind,
That shuns, by fits, yet loves mankind;
That leaves the schools, and in this wood
Learns the best science—to be good:
Then soft as o'er the deeps below
Yon oaks their silent umbrage throw,
Peace to thy mind, by Virtue brought,
Pilgrim! shall bless thy hallowed thought.

Dr. Stevens was the author of a volume entitled "Retirement, and other Poems," which he dedicated to his friend and patron, Sir Robert Burdett. It is a thin demy quarto, with a vignette on the title-page, representing Anchor Church; in the foreground of which are introduced several allegorical figures, allusive to the main poem. It was published, if I remember right, by J. Dodsley.

"Foremark Hall is a large oblong house; the corners projecting enough to form bow windows, and are domed: in the centre of the principal front, is a portico supported by four Ionic pillars. It commands an extensive prospect over the vale through which the Trent runs; and, being well united with some fine woods, has a good effect. The back front, which is very light and handsome, looks on some hanging hills crowned by distant plantations. The hall is 52 feet by 26. It opens on one side into the principal apartments; consisting of a dining-room, 30 by 21; a drawing-room, 28 by 21; and another, 34 by 21: on this side of the hall is likewise the great staircase. These rooms are handsomely fitted up, and the chimney-pieces are very elegant. On the other side, the hall opens into the common parlour, and that into the library. Here is a very good picture of the Holy Family, of the school of Raphael; the colours are brilliant, the group good, and the hair of the old man's head fine. Also some Dutch pieces; the attitudes in which are very natural. It communicates with the bed-chamber, and that opens into the lady's dressing-room, united on the other side to the hall by an ante-room, adjoining to which is another staircase. The family apartment is therefore distinct on one side the hall, and perfectly well contrived for convenience; and the principal suite of rooms on the other. The height of all the floors 16 feet: over it are eight bed-chambers, 28 feet square." —*A New Display of the Beauties of England.*

(2) Bretby Park, near Repton, the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield. The present mansion, which is extremely spacious and magnificent,

is of modern erection, having been built upon the site of the venerable and ancient edifice, of which mention is made, as the residence of the beautiful Countess of Chesterfield, in the interesting "Memoirs of the Count de Grammont." A view of this preceding structure appears in the background of a picture, by Wootton, representing two favourite hunters of the celebrated Earl; and which is now in the possession of Dr. Sleath. There is also "a bird's eye view" of it in *Les Delices de Grande Bretagne*, a work published in Holland.* It is to be regretted that this fine old seat was taken down by the late Earl, under a mistaken apprehension that it was in a dangerous state of decay. The contrary, however, soon appeared, though not sufficiently early to arrest the process of demolition; and some idea of its durability may be gathered from the fact, that it eventually became necessary to employ the agency of gunpowder to accomplish the destruction of its ancient walls. Some derangement of one of the main supports of the building, or a partial defect in some portion of the foundation, appears to have created the impression of its general insecurity.—It presented an elegant style of architecture; while the gardens were disposed after the plan of those at Versailles, with terraces, statues, and fountains. There was also an extensive orangery, the soil of which, it is said, was imported from Italy.

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* I am informed that another view of it appears in the "Topographer," a work published by the late Rev. Stebbing Shaw, B.D., the Historian of Staffordshire. In this publication are also to be found several poetical contributions from the pen of Dr. Stevens.—The names of both these gentlemen occur in the list of eminent persons connected with Repton School, in Dr. Nicholas Carlisle's well-known work on *Endowed Schools*; an extract from which is given in the Notes to the Third Part of the present Poem.

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

A Poem in Four Parts.

" Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers."

ROGERS.

— " Hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui."

MART.

" But there are moments which he calls his own,
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him ; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still—
That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy!"

ROGERS.

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

PART III.

EVENING.

" The glorious Heaven its golden tinting throws
On young flowers filled with dew;
The joyous landscape's trembling image glows
Through waves of clearest blue."

ANON.

—SINKS the proud, wide-orbed sun, with countless train
Of stateliest clouds attended, like a King
Surrounded by his nobles and fair hosts,
Bound for some distant scene of crimson strife—
Bidding his realms with lingering gaze farewell.
And as the trumpet's stirring peal rings forth,
When streams the bannered pomp of War's array,
So, from each mead, and grove, and grassy dell,
In one wild chorus, bursts a thrilling lay
Of ærial sweetness, as his orb descends.
But oh! not martial clangours may compare
With the enraptured tones of that rich strain,

Breathed in the very soul of love and bliss!
All Nature, in one wide, impassioned voice,
Seems to proclaim the triumph of blest Peace.

THE EVENING HOUR.

— "Eve on the waters falls
Crimson and calm;
Winds in sweet slumber lie,
Dew-dipped, the blossoms sigh,
All breathing balm."

ANON.

"O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listening to every wildly-warbled note,
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain."

WARTON.

'Tis eve,—the sun's red beams are straying
O'er meadows clothed in verdure bright;
And stream and woodland—hill and valley,
Glow with a soft, delicious light.
Upon the gentle breeze is stealing
The silvery sound of distant bells;
Oh! dear to age, and youthful feeling,
The tale that dream-like music tells!
Let others vaunt the blaze of noon—
The charms of morning's earliest ray;
Or dip their pencil deep in gloom,
And paint the ebon night's dark sway:
My Muse her sweetest strain shall weave
For tender, smiling, pensive eve.
—Oh! not 'mid earth's bright hours of bliss
Is one so pure—so blest as this!

The garish glare of noon is over;
The dim-browed twilight not yet come:
Now speeds the fond, impatient lover
To gain his fair one's cherished home.

The feathered choir's soft notes are breathing
Their tenderest spell through bower and grove;
The woodbine's trellised flowers are wreathing
A perfumed roof for happy love!
Let others boast the noon-tide blaze—
The blush of morning's earliest rays;
Or bid their Muse, in gloom arrayed,
Depict cold midnight's solemn shade:
But let them to *my* pencil leave
Fair, balmy, kind, soul-witching eve.
—Oh! 'mid earth's softest hours of bliss
Is none so calm—so sweet as this!

The brows that morn's dark cares had shaded,
Now glow with fresh and cheerful light;
The gloom of life's dull toil has faded,
And peaceful charms each heart invite:
The cottage-children seek their dwelling—
Severed, alas! throughout the day:
And hark! from many a roof is swelling
The vesper-hymn's soul-cheering lay!
Let others boast the morn's first rays—
The noon-tide's fierce impetuous blaze—
The deep-stained shadows of the night,
Or its fair stars of crystal light:
My strains thy loftier praise shall weave,
Soft, love-inviting, heaven-souled eve!
Oh! Nature hath no hour of bliss
So sweet—so dear—so blest as this!

Now, where bright TRENT his earlier tide (1) displays,
The Muse, with grateful wing, her flight sustains;
To thy dear scenes, fair REPTON, (2) memoried still
In aught that claims enjoyment from the past:

—Trace we, with lingering joy, thine hallowed seat
Of Youth's gay happiness and bosom-rest.

Far o'er sweet vales with teeming plenty crowned,
And many a wood-clad steep of verdant shade,
Soars yon glad steeple (3) with light buoyant grace,
Slow-tapering to a fine, aërial point,
As it would melt into the summer sky!
And lo! those stately elms of ancient growth,
Whose breadth of shadow darkens into night
The calmly-eddying waves that glide beneath;
While the hoarse, dreamy murmur of the rooks,
Blent with the rippling current's silvery voice,
A spell of haunted quiet breathes around.
Meadows and orchards mingle with the wilds
Of cool, delicious gardens, clothed with bowers
Of softest fragrance; and dim battlements,
And gray, sequestered walls, peep through the shade,
Half clad in sunbeams—half in deep repose.

Behold yon pointed ARCH, (4) which proudly boasts
The Norman for its founder: lo! that CROSS, (5)
Of distant days the record, when each street,
Now sunk in idle rest, was still the mart
Of busy Commerce: that fair CHURCH (6) survey,
Claiming its date from the Third EDWARD's reign,
Of matchless glory; and that mouldering pile
Of massive structure, once the stately seat
Of ROME's proud superstition—now devote
To Learning's hallowed rule! (7) The days of Youth
Still hover, in their own fresh beauty, round

Our hearts' rejoicing core, as, once again,
From the world's darkening scenes of toil and gloom
Released, we tread the *Court-yard,* (8) where, of yore,
With many a loving mate—now banished far
From those dear haunts his spirit yet enjoys
In absence' dreary void—we gave the hours
To lingering mirth, nor recked of future cares!

Now bursts upon the eye that well-known pile, (9)
With its old, darkly-featured elms beyond.
Scarred by the strife of years, its reverend front
Points, with a solemn warning, to the past—
The past how full of shadows! A walled court,
Fenced by a ponderous gate, in days gone by,—
Whose high and massive pillars yet remain,
Crowned with huge balls,—is entered by a flight
Of broad, descending steps, of half-moon figure,
Conducting to its pedimented door.
On either side, a few dark laurels grouped
With the white lilac, and the yellow broom,
And flanked by trees of variegated holly,
With their innumerous berries, ever bright,
Break the dull gloom of ivy-mantled walls;
While, 'neath their fostering shade, in covert wild,
The lonely periwinkle loves to dwell.
Across the mansion's amply-windowed front,
An aged, majestic vine spreads gracefully,
Yielding an air of pastoral, quiet bliss
To its else stern, though dignified repose.
Thus, as of yore. (10)—I speak now of the past.

Within, a pictured hall of wide extent
Its sombre pomp displayed ; the wildered eye
Scarce recognizing, in the sudden gloom,
Which met the gaze on entrance, the dim forms
Of dames and cavaliers, (11) and sages grave,
That glanced, with courtly smile, or frown austere,
From the long-faded canvass ; each dark frame,
Rich in the cunning of the carver's skill,
Mouldering beneath the stern neglect of Time !
O'er the high chimney-piece, by some fond hand,
In monkish times, ambitiously designed,—
Haply once treasured 'mid the convent stores (12)
As a proud specimen of triumphant art,—
A spacious picture, blackening in decay,
The glories of the Ascension dimly told :
And daily, for long years, that trophied wreck
Of by-gone splendour met our searching gaze,
In the brief intervals of the mid-day meal.
Still did its dark, mysterious outlines, seen
Through the fixed dust of silent centuries,
Allure the baffled eye : again we sought,
With new and anxious effort, to descry
The Apostles, Angels, partially revealed,
In varied attitudes of praise or wonder :
In vain—the grave was not more resolute
To keep its secrets ; yet long since restored
To pristine lustre by the cleaner's art,
One hurried glance our laboured search repaid !
And thus, in life, how many a coveted end,
With patient perseverance long pursued,
At length, perchance accomplished, mocks our hopes

With other issue than we fondly deemed;
And we behold, in one unlucky hour,
The labours of a life-time thrown away!

Beyond, with broad and graceful sweep, arose
A lofty staircase of majestic oak,
Dim-lighted by an ancient window, filled
With narrow panes of deep-discoloured glass,
That spread a sickly, funeral hue around; (13)
While the dark foliage of wide-branching elms
Its chequered gloom soft waved, at intervals,
As nought save shadows might an entrance claim
Where all bespoke the past! Above there lay
A spacious gallery, where the light scarce told
The difference of the morn or even ray;
Yet crowded thick with portraits, still unseen,
Save by the taper's transitory aid.
—On passing through its lone, deserted void,
A dreamy spell came o'er the coldest mind;
Breathing of lofty times long past, when through
Its shadowy depths the festal lamp threw down
Its midnight radiance on the scene of mirth:
When those fair, jewelled dames, and gallant knights,
Mingled majestic in the stately dance;
The while those reverend sages sate apart,
Blending grave converse with the sprightly hour. (14)
'Twas pleasant, 'mid the labyrinth of thought
Such themes involved, to mark the hoarse, wild notes
Of the dark rooks, that, like some requiem old,
Might seem to chaunt the dim, departing hues

Of once bright splendour, which enwrapt those walls
In luxury and pride! The mind yet loves
To linger 'mid the footsteps of the past;
To blend its sympathies with aught that tells
Of vanished bliss, engulphed by stealthy Time!
That still, with treacherous speed, is hurrying on,
Bearing new trophies to the same abyss!
—Sweet are such solemn musings: and for me
They have a charmed brightness—a fresh tone
Of passionate appeal, that bids the present
Seem as it ne'er had been; and I but live
In an enchanted mirror of the past!
Once more the banner floats—the bugle swells—
And the loud drums, in deep-toned unison,
Their rival echoes wake! the neighing steed,
Champing the foamy bit, impatient paws
The trembling pavement with a proud disdain:
While, from the bartazan, or outer walls,
The last fond farewell prayer is wildly poured
By lips that ever breathed the soul of love!
Anon, the battle-field, o'erpiled with slain,
Reveals its awful wreck; and there with lips
Convulsed in death's last, lingering agony,
Lies the pale, youthful knight, whose cheek that morn
Vied with the rose-streaks of the blushing East!
From the rent mail the streaming life-blood flows—
One word is on his lip—ONE cherished name!
And, with a tremulous sigh, he bids farewell
To life, with all its dreams of love and fame!
Anon, a place of tombs mine eye detains,

Where sleep the noble dead, in scutcheoned pomp,
'Neath sculptured pillars, and proud canopies,—
Angels and cherubs floating o'er their rest!
There, side by side, in cold forgetfulness,
Lost to each blessed tie that lifted earth
Into a sinless rivalry with Heaven,
The ties of passionate love—of transport sweet
Soft-heralding, with its bliss, the joys above!
They lie—that youthful knight, and his fair bride,
Whom Death's harsh summons strove in vain to sever!
Yes—dear to me the path by Fancy traced
Through the lone memories of the silent past;
Clad in their radiant Summer-tints of yore,
By the bright talisman of the heart's fond lyre!

Dim-opening on that dark old gallery,
Was a wide, turretted chamber, panelled rude
With time-stained oak—the Prior's Oratory; (15)
Nor meeter place might seem for sleep or prayer.
No sound the listening ear's attention woke
Within its tomb-like solitude; save when
The giant elms' wild branches, scarcely seen
Through the green, lozenged panes, would creaking join
The rooks' hoarse, murmuring cry: no sight engaged
The eye, save the broad bosom of the stream,
That curled in rippling eddies far beneath.
Beyond were meadows, but, as 'twere a sin
To gaze upon their beauty, they were shrouded
By the vast elms' far-spreading, tangled boughs,

That frowned, in darkness, o'er the river's bank.
—A strange, wild tale is linked with that old
chamber;
And as I oft in youth's half-credulous mood
Of feverish excitement sat alone
Within its dreary precincts, when the night
Poured its dark tide of mingled hail and rain
Against the feeble casements, and the wind
In fitful gusts rushed through the spacious chimney,
Scattering the embers; or when moonlight streamed
In chequered radiance o'er its still repose,
And scarce a sound was heard, save the faint low
Of the far herds,—the rooks' last chorus hushed,—
I shuddered as the story crossed my mind!
For it was said—nor oftener than believed,
In the small circle of a chosen Few,
Lovers of Poetry and Old Romance;—
That, at the midnight hour, a low sweet strain
Of wildest music trembled on the breeze;
And then, as if in mockery, a loud peal
Of shrill-toned laughter, blent with hollow groans
Of strange, unearthly terror, rocked the air!
But you shall hear the Legend, as 'twas told
To me, amid the pauses of a night-storm,
That shook the Prior's Lodging, as we sate.

Legend of the Prior's Chamber.

"'Tis in an ancient record of the House,
And may it make thee tremble, lest thou fall!"—Rogers's *Italy*.

Of all the names, which, on the saintly roll
Of Repton's cloistered sons, conspicuous shone

For deep austerity, unswerving zeal,
And prayers miraculous, and laboured works
Of high-souled charity, with meekness joined;
None might so excellent a lustre claim,
As that of ANTHOLIN, surnamed LE PERE,
The sixteenth Prior of her ancient House.
Nor, in preceding times, as records showed,
Did e'er her coffers, though still richly filled,
Boast of such proud, accumulated wealth,
As crowned their stores, beneath his honoured rule.
Forth from each varied province of the isle,
Laden with sumptuous gifts, fresh pilgrims came
To sue for the rich blessing of his prayers,—
Nay, haply thought their gold well ministered,
If they but touched his garment's sacred hem.
The haughtiest noble felt his frown decay
'Neath the meek glance of his calm, solemn eye;
And, taught new reverence, worshipped at the shrine
In lowly concert with his meanest vassal.
The very bandit, in old NEEDWOOD's wilds,
Oft spared his destined victim in the name
Of holy ANTHOLIN, and deemed the act
Would consecrate each lesser deed of sin!
Thus many a year rolled on, and in its train
But brought fresh laurels for his reverend brow;
While mitred abbots, bishops, cardinals,
Nay, e'en the Sovereign Pontiff, sought his prayers;
Preferment offered; hinted canonization;
And sent new treasures to adorn the shrine
Of REPTON's peerless Saint, the Blessed Virgin.

It was a soft night in the leafy Spring,
The moon was at her full, and stream and tree
Glowed in the mimic blaze of second day;
The very rooks were hushed in deep repose,
So soothing was the calm that breathed around!
The Prior sate within his lonely tower

In wonted vigil, tranced in busy thought;
While the dim silence brooding o'er his cell
Nursed the wild train of shadowy images
That crossed his spirit—torn from customed prayer!
Low sank the unheeded taper, and his horologe
Rang out the midnight hour: starting, he threw
A hurried glance around; then fixed his eye
Upon a paper which had claimed his thoughts—
An autograph letter from His Holiness,
Sealed with the Fisher's Ring, and couched throughout
In blandest phrase of apostolic greeting.
At length he spoke, while on his lofty brow
A stern, disdainful frown, dark-lowering, flung
A wilder shadow o'er his gloomy smile.
" Fool that I am! why should I waste the hours
In this dull course of abstinence and toil,
Robbing my couch of slumber's balmy spell?
For what? a few faint morsels of brief praise!
Why, when fair Nature prompteth to enjoyment,
Shall the vexed frame deny her genial bidding?
The world esteems me *Saint*—is't not enough?
Yes! I will yet redeem the joys of life,
Too long withheld by monkish, air-drawn fetters!"
Scarce had he spoken, when a low-breathed sound
Of distant music rose upon his ear,
So silvery sweet, it seemed not of the earth,
But rather was a strain of mystic rapture
Poured by some viewless wanderer of the air!
Nearer it drew, and as its tremulous notes
Swelled into bolder freedom, or declined
In lingering cadence, melting by degrees;
The Prior, roused from his long, trance-like dream
Of dark, unholy thought, with sudden haste,
His tall-backed chair thrust heavily aside,
And sought the open casement of the turret
Within his chamber. The far oxen's low,
Blent with the pleasing murmur of the river,

Alone disturbed the echoes of the strain.
What might it be? No minstrel's hand would dare,
E'en at noon-day,—still less at midnight-hour,
Sacred to vigil-rite,—with notes like these,
To wake the silence of that lone retreat!
Quick throbbed his pulse with new and vague emotion,
As, on his wondering ear, with deepening thrill,
Spread that strange, night-enchanting melody,
So fraught with passionate luxury of bliss,
So redolent of love's wild, heart-breathed transport!
He listened but to drink those magic tones
With a mysterious joy, unfelt before.
It seemed as in one sweet, impassioned gush
Of that soul-harmony, each banished hope
Of Youth's delicious dreams were now recalled,
And blended, in tumultuous rivalry,
To pour their dizzy raptures on the sense!
A thousand wild emotions, undefined,
Seized the glad heart, and bore it far away,
As to some unknown isle of dreamy rest,
Far from the darkening reach of life's dull cares,—
A world where Beauty's ministering smiles
Their charmed spell prepared, and earth's best joys
Were gathered in one bright, perpetual round!
—Oh! that the "*Miserere's*"* solemn plaint,
Or the grave "*De Profundis*"† had burst forth,
And drowned the syren treachery of that strain!

But lo! what meets his eye? O'er the fair wave,
That danced, in diamond revelry, beneath
The cloudless splendour of the full-orbed moon,
A stately barge approached, whose glancing oars
Harmonious moved in concert with the lay.
From the mid-stream it now slow gained the shore;
And as, with scrutinizing gaze, he marked

* 51st Psalm. † 130th Psalm.

Its passage, he beheld a female form
Robed in a sable mantle, closely masked,
And bearing, in her hand, a gem-wrought lute,
O'er whose light chords her snowy fingers strayed
With soft, enchanting grace; the while her lip
Poured, through its quaint disguise, that thrilling song!
Four armed attendants, uniformly garbed,
Bearing, for cognizance, a Silver Swan,
That, glancing in the moonbeams, caught his eye,—
Formed the equipment of the stranger-barque.

As one who, basking in a pleasant dream,—
Though conscious of its vacant, ærial charm,
Still fears to wake, ere yet the promised bliss
Of its illusive spell hath found its close;
So gazed the Prior on that mystic vessel,
Half doubting 'twas some waking reverie,
That bound his senses in its dreamy thrall,
While its vague wonder he would yet prolong!
But no! that silvery plash of the light oars—
The dulcet warblings of that lute—that lip,—
His own wild pulse, the echo of their sweetness,—
All roused him to the startling consciousness,
That nought of fancy mingled with the scene!

Closing the casement with a hurried hand,
Nor pausing to assume his vacant robe,
He now descended by a private stair
Connected with the turret of his chamber,
And, opening the low portal of the tower,
Accosted, with meet welcome, the fair Stranger.
" Most reverend Sir," the Lady now exclaimed,
" Much do I fear that this presumptuous act
Of late intrusion may excite displeasure;
But circumstances, brooking not delay,
Oblige me to entreat your private ear
For some brief interval—if happily

Your fair devotions may accord the leisure."
Her majesty of form, and grace of mien,
Blent with the tone and accent of her speech,
Gave to such wish the voice of a command;
And with reply of studied courtesy,
And choicest phrase of benison, he led
His unknown Visiter up the winding stair.
—But better far, had tower and battlement
Sunk to their deep foundation, and o'erwhelmed
The hapless Prior in their stern descent;
Ere, 'neath that roof, in dread, unholy hour,
That Stranger-Guest had thus admission gained!

The chamber reached, the Lady threw aside
Her mask, and to the Prior's dazzled eye
Disclosed a face, whose radiant loveliness
Imagination, with her thousand spells
Of grace and beauty, might despair to paint!
And now, her dark-hued mantle falling loose,
Displayed, in all their jewelled elegance,
The chaste, retiring charms soft-veiled beneath.
Not the meek snowdrop of the blushing Spring,
Not clustered lilies on their spiry stalk
Enriched with orient pearls, not the wild steeps
Of JURA's snow-crowned brow, nor, fairer yet,
The sunny cloudlet of the laughing June,
Might image forth the lustre of her form,
Which, in its fresh, transparent beauty, seemed
Sprung from a brighter source than nature's hand;
As though some angel minister of joy
Had left the region of its starry home
For the dim, shadowy waste of earth's dull sphere,
On some rich errand of celestial love!
" Sweet Lady, to what kind, ascendant star
Do I thus owe the charm of this fair greeting?
Yet let me speak my thanks—so richly due
For the soft treasures of thy matchless lay!

Oh! ne'er till now did music's soul reveal
Such blissful stores of fancy to my heart;
Ne'er did these shades such dulcet echoes bless,
As late thy delicate, impassioned skill
Poured on the raptured bosom of the night!"
To which the Lady, with a sigh, replied:—
" Alas! most reverend Father, it is meet
That one who, at this lone, untimely hour,
Disturbs the vigil of earth's saintliest son,
Had cause of deep concern, to plead in pardon:
The feeble efforts of my lute, so graced
By your kind praise, were but the unpractised task
Of one long sunk in sadness' gloomy depths;
Who chose them but as signal of approach,
Deeming no ear save thine might mark the strain,
Since few, save thou, devote night's solemn noon
To meditative watchfulness and prayer!"

At the first glance of her soft, lustrous eye,
The Prior's heart was thrilled with hopes that drew
From a forbidden source their dangerous being:
He trembled, as he gazed, in breathless transport,
On the meek, blushing features, which now strove
To shun his ardent, soul-enraptured look!
Shrinking with timid grace, she gently raised
Her small, fair hand, on whose enjewelled snow
His glance next fell, to veil her lovely brow;
Then, kneeling at his feet, with sudden flow
Of grief, her purposed suit declared she thus:—
" Oh! hear my suffering, and, in mercy, deign
To speak relief to my else breaking heart!
My husband, Sir Guy Wethamstede, the Lord
Of Stanton's near domain, is prisoner held
In strait arrest, as seized in recent arms
'Gainst York's victorious Duke, at red St. Alban's. (16)
The Earl of Warwick is thy friend, good Father;
Or, were he not, so honoured is thy name,

A word from lips like thine would prove his ransom !
Oh ! let thy missive, or thy presence, aid him,
Or my loved Lord (as but this hour I learn)
Will, ere the week's decline, ascend the scaffold !
His life is in thy hands—Oh ! save him, save him ;
And be the Church joint-sharer of his wealth !"
She ceased—yet sobs, unstifled, broke the pause ;
While, with soft, patient tenderness, she clung
Around his knees,—appealing still in prayer !
Silent, as one spell-bound, the Prior stood,
Gazing, with eye enamoured, on the charms
Of the too lovely mourner—lovelier still
'Neath sorrow's chastening gloom !—Her downcast eye,
Fraught with a pearly tear—her downy cheek,
Suffused with glowing modesty—her lip,
Trembling with meek alarm—the plaintive tones
Of her melodious voice—her attitude
Of sweet disorder—all inspired his breast
With fierce, resistless passion : her appeals,
Framed with impressive eloquence, were lost ;
The music of her words alone he heard !
He saw not the dark scaffold at St. Alban's—
Her raven tresses hid it from his eye !
He thought not of the proffered wealth in treaty—
A fairer prize engaged his lip's fond wish,
The snowy hand soft-trembling in his own !
A sudden vow of dire, determined sin
Rushed through his mind, opposing every tie
Of honour, conscience, and monastic faith.
That lip which late, with holy rapture warm,
Poured forth its kindling energy to win
Aspiring votaries to the cause of Heaven,
Now, urged by frenzied aim of deep-dyed guilt,
Aroused its reckless powers of dark persuasion
To lure the innocent from the path of light !
—Pass we the loathed confession of his passion ;
The vile condition of his hollow service ;

The late, heart-wrung compliance of despair!
The cruel triumph of his treacherous baseness.

Slow waned the night, and in the distant East
A cold, faint light foretold returning day:
The moon, obscured by tempest-clouds, sank low,
And mists o'erspread the vale. Uprose, as wont,
The neighbouring fisher to his early toil,
And gazed upon the darkened space around,
Impatient for the reddening glow of morn.
Gathering his nets into the boat, the while
He trolled his customed snatch of ancient song,
He saw, dim-gliding from the Prior's Tower,
Two forms, that sought the river's sloping bank;
Where—until then unseen—lay fixed a boat,
Manned for immediate use: entering they steered
For the mid-current, which they scarce had gained,
When, from the sullen sky, a vivid gleam
Of red-forked lightning plunged across the tide;
And, ere the eye might mark the gloom which followed,
A peal, whose echoing tumults smote the earth,
As with a giant's mace, told the near source
Of its explosive wrath! Then darkness sank
Like the vast covert of some demon-wing,
Whose horror chilled the sense; or as a pall,
Descending o'er fair Nature's coffined waste!
Roused from their deep repose, the startled monks
Thronged the strait windows of their narrow cells,
And looked upon the tempest-void without.
But what may paint the horror of each breast,
When, by the streamy torch of the wild heavens,
They saw the holy Antholin, their Prior,
In a strange barque, against whose feeble sides
The soaring waves oft beat with threatened ruin?
Rushed the fierce winds in loud, appalling gusts,
Bending the massive elms like slender reeds,
And tossing their huge arms in reckless sport!

Flash after flash lit up the pitchy clouds,
That lowering spread above that fated barque,
As the stern hawk still hovers o'er his prey!
But might they trust the sight which met their gaze,
Or was it some illusion of the mind?
Lo! the fair form that shared the Prior's danger,
In one dread moment, while the blackened waves
Burst o'er the shattered helm, and earth and sky
Seemed blent in one fell, undistinguished wreck,
With a shrill cry, which might have waked the dead
Of the near sepulchres from their shrouded rest,
Sank 'neath the fiery bolt: the Prior raised
Her senseless frame in wild, amazed despair;
A gloom such as might veil the tomb of Death,
Succeeded; but the next dread, giant flash
Of the now blue sheet-lightning showed his arms
Reft of their burthen, which now towered aloft
A fierce COLOSSAL FIEND! His sable arms
High-raised in air, as if to clutch his prey,
He stood, with stride majestic, grimly calm,
Amid the roaring wreck; then, with a shriek
Of scornful laughter, on his victim sprung:
"*Slave! thou art mine at last!*" At that wild cry,
Gushed forth the barque in flames; the lightnings streamed
In pallid contrast with its redder fires;
And, while the leaping thunders furious rolled
Their stern, applauding echoes, the black waves
Closed o'er the scene of terror!

Soon they sought
The Prior's chamber, where they hoped to find
That holy man at his accustomed prayers,
Half-deeming that the storm, with its strange sights,
Was but some arch delusion of the fiend!
But on his table was there laid a scroll,
Briefly addressed, as wont, to the Sub-Prior,
When matters of concernment deep might claim

His sudden absence,—hurriedly importing
The Lord of STANTON's capture—purposed death—
And his projected efforts for his ransom;
On the conditioned grant of half his wealth
To aid the service of their ancient House.

—Uprose the morn with smiles of softest beauty,
The azure sky unclouded—the clear wave
Gliding serene, as though the night had told
Of nought but the pale moonlight's sleeping calm:
And passed the Summer months, and yellow Autumn
Came, and gave place to Winter; but still dwelt
The death-groans of the Prior, and the shrieks
Of that wild crew, upon the ear of those
Who watched, that dreaded night: and that fierce cry
Of dark, concluding triumph, heard o'er all—
"SLAVE! THOU ART MINE AT LAST!" (17)

Turn we, forgetful of the frowning gloom
Of cells and galleries, to a garden-nook
Of freshest, sweetest bloom; where light and life
Beamed in a thousand glorious rays of bliss,
Wrapping the spirit in new dreams of joy.
There oft the Muse her happiest flight prolonged;
Or as the page of AVON's tuneful bard,
Or thine, melodious SPENSER! spread its stores,
We drew a richer incense from the strain!
It was a sunny spot of brightest verdure,
The home of the small bird and honey-bee;
There, from young dewy morn's first lustrous streak
To the last lingering glance of the dim West
Slow-darkening into night, the bowery shrubs
Teemed with ne'er ceasing song, and the rude melody

Of the near hives; the while the eye, delighted,
Drank in the charms of bright, delicious flowers,
That with luxuriant grace commingling breathed
Their joyous stores of beauty and perfume.*
Oh! ne'er might life's sweet hours glide softlier on
Than mine, beneath the shade of its glad trees,
At evening's purple close,—lone stretched upon
Its rustic bench, or 'neath an arbour screen
O'erhung with trellised buds, and leafage wild!
Thence would I gaze upon the scene below,—
For on each side, save one, a low gray wall
Of massive structure (remnant of the old
Dark prioral buildings) (18) checked the wandering eye,
And bade it seek the lovelier world beneath—
Lo! that sweet orchard-park, or meadow-grove!
Where the aged, bowery walnut-trees displayed
Their broad, entangled arms, in stately pride;
Shadowing a far green pastoral extent
Of cloistered solitude, serenely wild. (19)
Here rose the velvet knoll, soft-daisied o'er—
There sank the turf in hollows, where the grass
With darkened green its fresher tufts outspread:
And oh! those transient gleams of chequered hue,
Oft-playing with the branches of each tree—
Now, lighting up, as with a silver crown,
The breezy summit of some loftier bough,—

* "Strange perfumes rose, rose as to welcome me,
From flowers that ministered like unseen spirits."
ROGERS.

Anon, with quaint device of magic skill,
Spreading a golden mantle on the stem;
Or, haply, reddening o'er the fish-pond's tide,
That like a burnished mirror, slept beyond. (20)
Oh! never glowed the light of the sweet heavens
With bliss more tender that it streaming sank
Through the mild umbrage of those ancient trees!
And pleasant, too, the calm that soothed the eye,
When, through that vista'd shade, our ranging glance
Caught the far distance in the sunshine bathed,
From tenderest green soft-melting into blue!
It was a scene where sylvan majesty
Was tempered with calm meadows' fairer grace;
Speaking to heart and eye a charmed tale
Of spell-fraught loveliness, and visioned peace.
Such the sweet shades of thy far-storied vale,
Delicious TEMPÈ! peopled with fair nymphs,
That, 'mid thy fountain-glades, at sunny noon,
Robed the glad hours in festal dance and song;
Screened from the fervid sun's intrusive heat
By circling solitudes of dark repose.*
And such the quiet scenes that softly spread
Beneath thy varied pencil—thou, whose spells
Gave many an Eden to the earth's dull waste,
Transcendent RAPHAEL! and such forms as thine
Doth lonely Fancy love to image forth,
As the meet dwellers in a world so fair!

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* —"Viridantia TEMPÈ,
TEMPÈ, quæ sylvæ cingunt super impendentes."

And one who prized, like me, those faëry-depths
Of green seclusion,—long from earth now torn,
And all its ties, so tenderly endeared!—
One whose pure mind, with generous lore replete,
By loftiest taste refined, each subject clothed
With bright, original hues of noblest thought,
There led our fond discourse to Nature's stores
Of infinite enjoyment—her rich wealth
Darkly concealed from the cold, worldly eye,
But to a breast endued with kindred love,
Yielding new transports of sweet-varied bliss!
Her soul was framed in that ethereal mould
Which claims a half-divinity on earth—
Dowered with the gifts which Genius, Virtue blend,
To yield a foretaste of those happier joys
Prepared, by Nature's Lord, in worlds unknown!
By Genius I mean not the inferior flame
That guides to excellence in works of art,
Of learning, or of science; but that high
Soul-seated concentration of the powers
Of mental vision, which, as if endued
With spirit-faculties withdrawn from earth,
Sees and converses, by a spell sublime—
A charm of giant strength—with things that lie
Mysteriously hid from common search:
Treasures of mines aërial! visioned forth
Alone to him who hath the gifted sense
Of their enjoyment! Thus, in Nature's realms,
It dives not, with Philosophy, to learn
The laws of physical support—control,—
The inert powers of matter: these are aims

Open to all—the many, as the few;
But it beholds, mirrored in seraph-hues,
A combination of high, spiritual truths,
And moral evidences, still enwrought,
As gold with meaner substance, in the web
Of her unseen existence; and reserved
In mystical concealment from all hearts
Save his, but born to read her inmost stores!
'Tis this high faculty, which stamps sublime
The Poet's treasured gift—the gift of Heaven!
Key of a fairer World of Bliss below!
Well hath one writ, with this fine truth impressed:—
"'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven with flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts
With all existences, in earth and Heaven;
That meet him in the charm of grace and power!"*
But to return: oh, never to my heart
May those sweet bowers their wonted bliss reveal!
The radiant charms, which blessed my sunny youth!
The shadow of cold Death is on them now;

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* To those thus gifted, and who may justly be accounted the favourites of Heaven—

"The great earth shows her wondrous mind;
And speaks, in tones more sweet, more mild,
Than woman's music to her child,
Her wondrous being's mysteries,
Baring her deep heart to their eyes.
Spirit of hills and streams! my teacher be,
If this high wisdom be foredoomed to me!"

ANON.

Their strains are mournful, and their flowers are
dim.
Oh! might this page, with reverent love, record
All that she was—all that her memory is—
Then might I, with rejoicing pride, confess
The Muse she fostered hath not sung in vain!

Her mind was of that pure, high tempered frame,
That thirsts for objects worthy of itself
To prove its energies; yet deigns to stoop
To the dull narrowness of meaner cares—
Or hopes which less expansive feelings ask
For utterance of their stores. Her heart was full
Of that deep, voiceless tenderness that speaks
More vividly than speech, its fervid love
Of Nature and her GOD! A tear—a sigh—
A look of inexpressible delight—
A word of low-breathed rapture—all proclaimed
The homage of a breast, whose inmost powers
Bent, with impassioned reverence and joy,
To each revealing of that spirit-sense,
Which breathes through Nature's ever-varied mood.
Yet with a soul, thus burningly impressed
With those fine sensibilities which give
A spiritual being, far above
The dull and sensual pleasures of the world,
She did not shroud herself in visioned thoughts
Of her own elevated sphere; but sought
That free and gentle intercourse of hearts,
Where nought, save gratitude, might e'er repay
The priceless obligation of her love!

And mine was of the few whose spirits drank,
As from a fountain of still fresh delight,
The glowing treasures of her teeming mind;
Now, thrilling with the loftiest sentiments
Of adoration to the Power Supreme—
Now, dwelling, with a philosophic gaze,
On Nature's stores occult: anon, the themes
Of by-gone days aroused her versatile powers;
And with the pencil's bright, creative skill,
It imaged forth the scenes of buried time:
The stately banquet in the kingly hall—
(Fit emblem of its own exalted gifts)—
The glorious battle-field—CRECY—POICTIERS—
AGINCOURT—the proud tournament—the bower
Of beauty, weeping for her red-cross lord
Far o'er the purple main—the gorgeous East,
With all its wonders in the Arab tale—
Records of ghosts and fairies—wizard charms—
And "moving accidents by flood and field;"
These, and a thousand passages of life,
In every change of high and adverse fortune,
Gathered from notes authentic, and displayed
With all that eloquence and tact which give
A tenfold interest to the changeful theme,—
Lent to each faculty of heart and mind
Its genial exercise of kindred pleasure.

AGE.

— "He reveres
The brow engraven with the thoughts of years."

ROGERS.

"Sweet is life's setting ray,
While hope stands smiling near,
When the soul muses on the future day,
And through the clouds that shade her homeward way,
Heaven's azure skies appear."

ANON.

OH! a lovely, reverend thing is Age,
Life's purer, better part,—
When kindly impulses engage,
And virtue cheers the heart:
When on the brow no settled frown
Doth Youth's fair joys reprove;
But o'er life's ebbing wave is thrown
A spell of holy love!

An angel-calm! that sinks serene
Into the yearning breast,
Like dews that shed o'er Summer's e'en
A balm of odorous rest.
And as the rose, bereft of bloom,
Falls, leaf by leaf, away;
So gently, 'mid life's deepening gloom,
Doth its sweet life decay.

NOTES TO PART III.

(1) Repton Priory, the residence of the Head Master of Repton School, is situate on the banks of *the Old Trent*, a spacious sheet of water, which formed the earlier channel of the river, and was navigable for vessels of heavy burthen. The stream which connects it, at either extremity, with the main river, is now, in many parts, (through neglect, or with a view to the recovery of the land,) a mere brook; but, even at a recent period, parties were enabled to take boat from the Priory, and visit Anchor Church, an object of curiosity, about two miles distant. The lover of picturesque scenery must regret that the interesting locality of Repton should be deprived of one of its most beautiful features; as it probably will be, in the lapse of a few short years, if means are not taken to prevent it. This old branch of the river is doubly interesting to the antiquary, as the route of Saint Guthlac, on his celebrated voyage to Crowland; when, committing himself to a small boat, without oar or sail, with the solemn determination to abide for the remainder of his days on the spot to which that small vessel might drift by the mere impulse of the current, he at length arrived at the Isle of Crowland, in Lincolnshire.* It may be remarked, that he lies buried in a little stone cottage near the ruins of the Abbey, called Anchor Church House, where was a chapel in which lived a hermit. The spot so designated, near Repton, is traditionally recorded to have been likewise the residence of a recluse.

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* "In the reign of the Mercian sovereign Cenred, a holy man, subsequently denominated St. Guthlac, took refuge in the adjoining marshes from the persecutions of the Pagans, and founded a hermitage on the spot; and there, in the year 716, Ethelbald reared a Benedictine monastery, which he dedicated to the Holy Virgin, to St. Bartholomew, and to the hermit St. Guthlac."—*From an account of Crowland Abbey.*

(2) "Repton is a large village, situated upon the edge of a valley, through which the Trent flows. It consists, principally, of one street of scattered houses, extending from North to South, about a mile in length; and has a brook running through, emptying itself into the Trent."—*Davies's Historical and Descriptive View of Derbyshire.*

(3) The beautiful spire of Repton Church, possessing an elevation of nearly two hundred feet from the base of the tower, is a feature of commanding interest through the widely extended valley of the Trent, and from the distant hills which include its rich and picturesque neighbourhood. Gracefully emerging from a dark and venerable grove of elms, it springs upwards with a lightness and delicacy of outline—a proportion of receding strength so admirably adjusted to its ascent—that it is indeed an object upon which the eye continues to gaze with increasing pleasure. It is supposed to have been erected so early as the reign of Edward the Third.

(4) A large plain pointed arch, or gateway, leading into the priory, or school-yard.

(5) An old stone cross, consisting of eight octagonal steps, terminating in a column.

(6) "At the lower part of the village, pleasantly elevated above the meadows, stands the church, a large handsome structure, ornamented by an elegant spire, sixty-six yards in height. Tradition says, that this is the third church that has stood on the same spot. The present edifice has evidently been erected at two different periods: by the style of the windows and arches, the nave and side aisles seem to be of the reign of Edward the Third; but the chancel appears to be more ancient, and to have been, formerly, higher than at present. The arches, which divide the aisles from the nave, are pointed, excepting the two that adjoin the chancel, which are circular. The church contains a few handsome monuments, and several belonging to the Thacker family, in tolerably good preservation."—*Davies's Historical and Descriptive View of Derbyshire.*

In the chancel is a plain but elegant tablet in memory of the Reverend William Bagshaw Stevens, D.D., formerly Head Master of Repton School. The Epitaph is as follows:—

In Memory of

WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS, D.D.

RECTOR OF SECKINGTON, VICAR OF KINGSBURY,
IN WARWICKSHIRE,
FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,
AND DURING TWENTY-ONE YEARS
MASTER OF THIS SCHOOL.
HE WAS BORN AT ABINGDON,
March 15, 1756,
POSSESSED DISTINGUISHED TALENTS AND ATTAINMENTS,
AND DIED OF APOPLEXY, MOST SINCERELY LAMENTED,
May 28, 1800.
HIS REMAINS WERE INTERRED,
(WITH THOSE OF HIS FAMILY,)
ON THE WEST SIDE OF THIS CEMETERY.

Reader, if thee each sacred worth inspires,
Learning's calm light, and Fancy's ardent fires;
Unsullied Honour; Friendship's generous glow;
Sky-pointing Hope, that smiles on finite woe;
Such STEVENS was,—and thy congenial tear
Drops on the Scholar—Bard—and Christian's bier.

Near the chancel, on a neat mural slab, is the following Inscription, in memory of Dr. Prior, the predecessor of Dr. Stevens in the Head Mastership of the School:—

HIC A LABORIBUS REQUIESCIT,
QUI AB ÆTATE VIRILI INITÂ
AD USQUE SUPREMUM VITÆ TEMPUS
PUERIS VERA RELIGIONE
ET HUMANIORIBUS LITTERIS
INSTITUENDIS
SEDULUS OPERAM IMPENDIT
GULIELMUS PRIOR, S. T. P.
OBIIT VIC^MO. DIE JUNII,
ANNO CHRISTI
MDCCLXXIX.
ÆTATIS SUÆ SEXAGESIMO.

It is intended by the numerous friends and pupils of the late Rev. John Heyrick Macaulay, M.A., Head Master of Repton School, as well as by the parishioners and residents of the neighbourhood generally, to erect a monument to the memory of that lamented gentle-

man; and the very liberal sum of £120 has already been contributed for the purpose. Without detracting from the honourable motives which have called forth this public tribute of respect towards the high character of the deceased, it may, nevertheless, be justly doubted whether, amid the generally prevailing distress of the humbler inhabitants of Repton, of whom he was so unwearied a benefactor, it would not be far more consonant with the philanthropic sentiments and unostentatious character of him who is the subject of this well-deserved eulogium, to appropriate—after providing a handsome yet inexpensive tablet—the remaining portion of the fund, in his name, for the permanent annual relief of the poor,—thus carrying out, even in death, the beneficent objects of their deceased patron,—rather than to devote so large an amount to the futile purpose of raising "a heap of sculptured marble," which, even considered on other grounds, might be reasonably objected to, as an evidence of bad taste, while the remains of such men as Dr. Stevens and his predecessor are indicated by memorials of so simple and unpretending a character.

As the plan of my Poem may not permit a more favourable opportunity of recurring, in the Notes, to the subject of the School, I shall here avail myself of Dr. Carlisle's extensive and valuable work on Endowed Schools, to afford the reader as much information as may appear necessary for the elucidation of a work of limited and partial reference like the present,—directing the attention of those who may require a more detailed view of the subject, to the copious and accurate source from which the following notices are obtained:—

"This is a *Free* Grammar School, without limitation as to *place* or *number* of common Scholars. The present number of Boys upon the Foundation is Eighteen. Foundation Boys are required to be not less than *Seven* nor more than *Twelve* years of age, at the time of their admission. These Boys are entitled to hold their Scholarship for Seven years. The Scholarships appointed by the Charter, are Four in number, and of the annual value of 20*l.* each, and the Scholars may be chosen from *any place*. They are not confined, when they leave school, to any particular College, or either University. The nomination to the Founder's Scholarships belongs to the Governors. There are no Exhibitions founded at present; nor can any allowance be made to the Poor Scholars at the University without the consent and approbation of the King."—Vol. I. p. 234.

"The Endowment, when the Charter was granted, was 35*l.*; but, which, from the improved state of its revenues, is at present about

2500*l.* per annum. There is also a small estate at Ticknall, which was left by Mr. Philip Ward, a former Master, in 1656, for the purchase of *books* for poor scholars."—*Ibidem*, Vol. I. p. 232.

"The following is a List of the Head Masters, from the first Foundation of the School:—Whitham, Spannard, Starkey, Pawlet, Norton, from 1557 to 1589. From that date until the grant of the Charter, no name is recorded. From the year 1621, the date of the Charter, the following gentlemen occur:—

In 1621. Thomas Whitehead, M.A.
1639. Philip Ward, M.A.
1642. William Ullock, M.A.
1667. Joseph Sedgwicke, M.A.
1672. Edward Letherland, M.A.
1681. John Doughty, M.A.
1705. Edward Abbot, M.A.
1714. Thomas Gawton, M.A.
1723. William Dudson, M.A.
1724. George Fletcher, M.A.
1741. William Asteley, M.A.
1767. William Prior, D.D.
1779. William Bagshaw Stevens, D.D.
1800. William Boultbee Sleath, D.D.

Among the eminent men who have been educated and presided at this School, may be enumerated,—

John Lightfoot, D.D., the great Hebrew Scholar, and Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge.
Samuel Shaw, the Divine, in the reign of Charles the First.
Stebbing Shaw, B.D., the Historian of Staffordshire.
Francis Noel Clarke Mundy, Esq., of Markeaton, the Poet.
George Gretton, D.D., the present Dean of Hereford.
Thomas Orme, D.D., the late Master of Oakham and Louth Schools.
William Lillington Lewis, B.A, of Pembroke College, Oxford, the Translator of Statius; First Usher, in 1765.
William Bagshaw Stevens, D.D., an eminent Poet.
Jonathan Scott, the Translator of the Arabian Tales."—*Ibidem*, Vol. I. p. 233, *et seq.*

The reader will also find an able and interesting article on Repton, (from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Sleath, accompanied by an engraved view of the Church and School, from an original drawing by the late

Miss Georgiana Spilsbury, of Willington,) in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1811.

Amongst the numerous pupils of Dr. Sleath who have obtained high university honours, may be more particularly enumerated the following:—

The Rev. William Henry Marriott, M.A., University Scholar, Cambridge, Author of a volume of Sermons.

—— Ashbridge, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Alfred Power, Esq., M.A., University Scholar, Cambridge.

The Rev. Robert Whiston, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The names of the under-mentioned gentlemen also occur in the school-lists:—

His Excellency the Lord Viscount Falkland, son-in-law of His late Majesty.

The Hon. Plantagenet Carey.

Col. The Hon. Richard Cavendish.

The Hon. Frederick Cavendish.

The Hon. and Rev. Augustus Cavendish, M.A.

The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Cavendish, M.A.

The Hon. and Rev. Frederick Curzon, M.A.

The Hon. ——— Curzon.

The Hon. George Denman.

Sir Nigel Gresley, Bart.

Sir William Augustus Hilary, Bart.

Sir John Robert Cave Browne Cave, Bart.

John Parker, Esq., M.P., some time one of the Lords of the Treasury, and late Principal Secretary of the Admiralty.

The following names are taken promiscuously from various periods of the School Registry:—

Abney, Allen, Ashbridge, Bagshawe, Bainbrigge, Barker, Bartlett, Bass, Bateman, Beer, Bewe, Bewes, Bigsby, Bland, Borlase, Bosworth, Boultbee, Bramhall, Brearey, Brereton, Breynton, Briggs, Bristowe, Brittlebank, Brodhurst, Bromehead, Browne, Bruin, Buckland, Buckley, Bulkeley, Burgoyne, Burnaby, Burroughs, Butler, Cade, Campbell, Cantrell, Carey, Carne, Cauty, Cave, Cavendish, Chadwick, Chawner, Cheney, Chetwynd, Clarke, Claughton, Clay, Clayton, Coke, Combe, Copestake, Cox, Coyney, Crooke, Cursham, Curtois, Curzon, Daintree, Dalby, Davenport, Dawson, Denman, Dibdin, Drury, Duesbury, Earle, Eaton, Edwards, Evans, Fitz-

Costa, Flack, Fogo, Formby, Forster, Fowler, Fownes, Fox, Gardom, Gell, Gent, Goodall, Gough, Gould, Greatorex, Greaves, Green, Gresley, Grey, Griffin, Griffiths, Hall, Hanmer, Hannay, Hawkins, Heathcote, Heming, Henslow, Higginbottom, Hilary, Hockin, Holbeche, Holcombe, Holden, Holyoak, Hope, Hoskins, Howard, Jackson, Jebb, Jennings, Kahrs, Kitchenman, Lee, Leeson, Lingard, Lloyd, Lockwood, Macaulay, Macdouall, Madan, Madden, Maddock, Maltby, Mansfield, Marriott, Mason, Massingberd, Measham, Merry, Metcalfe, Meynell, Midgley, Miles, Milnes, Moore, Morgan, Mosley, Mould, Mousley, Mozley, Muckleston, Need, Newling, Nichols, Nicholson, Ogle, Owen, Parker, Parr, Patteson, Peach, Peile, Phillips, Pickford, Porter, Power, Quillewicke, Radford, Rawlins, Raynes, Roberts, Rodes, Roe, Rollestone, Rowland, Russell, Selwyn, Serjeantson, Short, Shilleto, Shuttleworth, Simpson, Sitwell, Sleath, Smedley, Smelt, Smith, Smithard, Smythe, Somers, Spencer, Spilsbury, Spurrier, Stanhope, Stanley, Storey, Sumner, Tabberer, Tailby, Thompson, Thorpe, Vanneck, Vignolles, Waddington, Walker, Walmsley, Walters, Ward, Watson, Wayte, Weatherby, Webster, Weston, Whateley, Whiston, White, Wildbore, Williams, Wilmott, Wilson, Wollaston, Wood, Woolcombe, Worsley, Wragge, Wright.

The present Head Master of Repton School is the Rev. Thomas Williamson Peile, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. This gentleman was for some time an assistant-master in the Royal Free Grammar School, Shrewsbury, under the late Bishop Butler; and subsequently First Tutor in the University of Durham. A handsome and valuable piece of plate has recently been presented to him by his late pupils and others, in testimony of their deep respect and esteem for his character and attainments; and, under his able auspices, it may be confidently anticipated that Repton will maintain its high and well-deserved rank amongst the public schools of England. In expressing my warmest wishes for its prosperity, I am reminded of an excellent remark of the worthy Chairman* of the Anniversary Play Dinner in 1821, who, in proposing the toast "Floreat Repandunum," "felt the highest satisfaction from a persuasion that it was welcome to their feelings as well as his own. That the regard for Repton School acted as a sort of natural instinct in the breasts of old Reptonians, and became every day confirmed by experience, that it is a School which they did not merely admire from traditional reverence,

* Astley Cave, Esq., of Stretton Hall.

or flatter from prejudice and habit, but which they cherished, honoured, and valued, because they knew that it practically secured the benefit and advantage of every boy sent there to be educated, and provided equally to any other public School for those real and valuable ends, which form the only solid foundation, and are the only rational objects of all scholastic education."

I regret to state, that, within the last few years, an attempt has been made to narrow the public right of sending free scholars to Repton School, by confining it to the inhabitants of Repton and Etwall; yet the terms of the Royal Charter of James the First most fully and effectually declare it to be a FREE Grammar School, and the Parliamentary Commissioners for the Inspection of Public Charities have reported it to be "without limitation as to place or number of common scholars."* No inferior power to that of an act of parliament can modify the terms of the Charter; and as no act, having reference to such object, has ever been obtained, any by-law of the Governors, restricting the residents of the *entire neighbourhood* from sending boys to the School as FREE scholars, is subversive of the Founder's intentions, (as expressed in his Will, and confirmed by Royal Charter,) and utterly without legal sanction. In these days, when education is of increased value, it is to be hoped that this ancient and distinguished seat of learning will be rendered more available than ever to the public;† and that the name of its revered Founder will thus become entitled to a wider, though not more deserved, share of the gratitude and veneration of posterity. I cannot close these remarks without expressing the fullest confidence, that, in endeavouring to confine the claims of admission, the Governors have acted with a SOLE view to the *increased efficiency* of the School, by lessening the demand on the labour of the masters, and thereby enabling them to devote a larger portion of their attention to the more limited number of pupils; but, in respect to such mode of proceeding, it may be very fairly urged, that if a proper share of tuition, in the event of the greater number of scholars being received, be incompatible with the present arrangements of the School, it is eligible for the Governors to institute such means as may be in their power (and such means are very obvious) to provide a more competent degree of superintendence, namely, by engaging additional

* See Carlisle's Endowed Schools. The learned author was himself Secretary to the Charity Commissioners, and his work is, on every ground, entitled to be considered of the fullest authority.

† This object would be promoted by the erection of suitable lodging-houses, for boys, in the Village.

masters, or closing the school against all but the "poor" and "common" or free scholars. Under any circumstances, the PUBLIC claim is imperative, so long as salaries are allotted to the masters on the foundation for its support. Nor is there the slightest possible ground of apprehension that the attendance of *free* scholars will ever be inconveniently numerous. Yet, even if there were, the reader may rest assured that no act of parliament will ever be set in array against public rights, and, as before observed, any limitation under a by-law, or other regulation emanating from the Governors alone, is merely of the value of so much waste paper. The public know their power, and will exercise it.

The "poor scholars" of Repton School, until late years, wore a blue cloth gown, (similar to that still worn by the "poor men" of Etwall Hospital,) with the addition of a cap in order to distinguish them from the other scholars—a regulation adopted with the usual wisdom of our forefathers, the object being to deter men of rank and fortune from seeking to place their sons on the Foundation. But this ancient barrier in support of the true intent of the Founder's beneficent provision, was unfortunately removed, although the arms of Sir John Port were still appointed to be worn on the button of the clothing distributed by the Charity. Yet, in course of time, it was again thought advisable to withdraw even this slight mark of separation from the private scholars. And a very proper and consistent arrangement it certainly was, that the "*poor* scholars" were at the same time relieved from that humble designation, and gratified with the more eligible title of FOUNDATION scholars; since the sons of a baronet, and even an embryo member of the House of Peers, had been appointed recipients of Sir John Port's bounty. Now all this being in accordance with the spirit of the age, His late Majesty of "kind-hearted memory," having set the example, by transforming the "Gentlemen *Pensioners*" of bluff Harry's household, into "the honourable Band of Gentlemen at Arms," and the "*Poor* Knights of Windsor" into the "Military" Knights of the same place, no objection can be alleged against it on the principles of TASTE; but as a matter of practical reference to the design and character of a charitable institution, like this of Repton, (as illustrated by some of the appointments under the Charter since the discontinuance of the badge and affix of "poor scholar,") it is deservedly to be regretted by the public.

(7) The half-yearly List of Repton School informs us that it was founded by Sir John Port, of Etwall, *Knight*. Now this is a very

improper description of the illustrious person, to whose beneficence we are indebted for the erection of this ancient seat of learning. It is a fact sufficiently well-established, that Sir John Port was created a Knight of the Bath on no less important and memorable an occasion than the Coronation of King Edward the Sixth, and that, too, in conjunction with a very limited number of the highest personages in the realm; and he was therefore a man of considerable note and dignity. The addition of *Knight*, as the reader well knows, is used only to describe the degree of a Knight-Bachelor, an honour so cheap, in those days, that every gentleman possessed of landed property of the yearly value of forty marks, was liable to be visited with its compulsory infliction.

(8) "On the East side of this inclosure, are the remains of the priory, now converted into the school, with habitations, at each end, for the upper master and first usher. The school-room, as appears from the windows, and other traces, was the refectory, or hall of the priory. This is supported by a row of strong round Saxon pillars, evidently of very ancient date, which formerly extended to the end of the priory; but several were removed a few years ago, when some alterations were made in the house of the first usher. The dormitory was at the North end of the hall; and on the East side, were situated the cloisters, the area of which is converted into a garden for the master. Adjoining to the cloisters, stood the priory church, which, from the remains that have been occasionally laid open, appears to have been an elegant fabric, supported by pillars of alabaster, extending 180 feet, and upwards, from the school building."—*Beauties of England.*

On the West side of the yard, a line of majestic elms and chestnuts extends—with the interruption only of the chancel of the church—from the venerable-looking archway alluded to in the text, to the mansion of the Head Master. The approach is rendered yet more striking by the intervention of two gateways, with pillars, having massive stone balls on their summits.

(9) "At the North end of the priory yard, on the banks of a piece of water, called the Old Trent, is a mansion that was rebuilt by the Thackers about a century ago,* upon the foundation of the prior's

* It was built in the reign of William and Mary, as the dates on various parts of the edifice sufficiently testify.—R. B.

lodging, and which of late years has been appropriated for the residence of the Head Master. This house exhibits, towards the water, a curious brick tower, with battlements, and an ornamental cornice. This is one of the earliest specimens built with such kind of materials now remaining; and is of the date of Henry the Sixth, as the rebus and initial letters of Overton (one of the priors in that reign) evidently point out: the rebus, &c. is in the lower room."—*Beauties of England.*

(10) Since I wrote this passage, the ornamental shrubs to which it refers have been destroyed, and a corresponding nakedness prevails:—thus affording a recent illustration of the remarks which follow on the rapid changes effected by Time.

(11) Amongst these may be noticed the portrait of Gilbert Thacker, Esq., who built the present mansion, and whose monument, with an admirably executed bust, may be seen in the church. Also, that of his brother. These pictures (evidently by Riley, and in his best manner—the armour in which both gentlemen are represented being very finely painted,) are still preserved at Etwall Lodge, in the collection of my old friend Dr. Sleath, F.S.A., formerly Head Master, now Master of Etwall Hospital, (an establishment incorporated with Repton School,) who purchased them, many years ago, at an obscure sale in the neighbourhood. It is strange how little regard is manifested by some persons to the possession of family relics, when even the portraits of those whose estates have enriched their successors are allowed to fall into the hands of strangers, on whose sympathy they often appear to hold a stronger claim, than on theirs, whose pride it ought to be to transmit them, in time-honoured custody, to their remoter descendants. I should be glad if this cursory notice might eventually lead to the deposition of these interesting mementoes of times past in their original and more appropriate resting-place.

(12) Of the personal possessions of the earlier inmates of Repton Priory, nothing, I believe, was transmitted to later times, except a MS. containing the Lives of St. Augustine, St. Guthlac, and others, with various legendary additions, reports of miracles, &c. &c.; and an old oak chest, strongly banded with iron, in which were found the vestments, and some other articles of conventual attire. These were removed to Foremark, by Miss Thacker, the owner of the mansion; but a gold florin, subsequently discovered in a crevice of the chest,

with another piece of coin of a similar kind, was retained in the cabinet of the late Rev. Henry Peach, of Derby.* I had, until very lately, an oval medallion, of brass gilt, on the obverse of which was represented St. Augustine, and, on the reverse, the Virgin Mary, with a legend on either side. Attached to it was a ring by which it might be suspended as a neck ornament. This interesting relic was discovered by a labourer in Dr. Sleath's employ, in 1820, whilst digging in the paddock adjoining to the Hall, on the site of the ancient church, pulled down by Mr. Thacker in the reign of Queen Mary. The Priory of Repton was of Canons Regular of the Order of St. Austin, (Augustine,) and dedicated to the honour of GOD, the blessed Mary, and the Holy Trinity. The priory church was commonly called "The beautiful St. Mary's."

(13) This window has been succeeded by one of modern construction, having the Arms of the Hereditary Governors of Repton School superbly emblazoned on a considerable scale. This splendid addition to the hall of the mansion is ascribable to the taste and liberality of Dr. Sleath; an original portrait of whom, (presented to him by his pupils, with a suitable inscription on a gilt scroll attached to the frame,) is deposited as an heirloom in the Library of the Head Master, adjoining the School, as another proof of the attachment retained by him towards the venerable establishment over which he so long and honourably presided. There is a very fine engraving of this picture, by Charles Turner. It may be here mentioned that a superb silver vase of the value of one hundred and fifty guineas was presented to Dr. Sleath by his pupils, in 1818. It bears the following inscription:—

VAS QUOD VIDES
GULIELMO BOULTBEE SLEATH,
DISCIPULI QUOS OLIM HABUIT
REPANDUNENSIS SCHOLÆ MAGISTER,
DONO DEDERUNT, AMORIS CAUSÂ,
XVII Cal: Februar: A.D. MDCCCXXIX,
QUO DIE VIR EGREGIUS DECIMUM LUSTRUM
PUERIS INSTITUENDIS DEDITUS CLAUSIT,
ÆTATIS
ANNUM SEXAGESIMUM SEPTIMUM.

* Communicated by Dr. Sleath

With the following Arms:—

Quarterly, 1st and 4th, Argent, a chevron, vert; a cinquefoil in base, of the second. For *Sleath*.

3rd and 4th, Argent, on a fess sable three garbs, or. For *Boultbee*.

Crest, a griffin's head, erased, sable.

(14) The generality of these pictures were the property of the tenant, but a considerable number belonged to the house, which, as observed in a former note, was the old seat of the Thackers, and is now the property of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. M.P., into whose family it passed by devise from that of Thacker. The following description of an old country mansion, from the pen of that charming writer and most amiable man, Washington Irving, will remind the local reader in a forcible manner of the scene described in the text:—

"The gloomy galleries of such old family mansions; the stately chambers, adorned with grotesque carvings and faded paintings; the sounds that vaguely echo about them; the moaning of the wind; the cries of rooks and ravens from the trees and chimney tops; all produce a state of mind favourable to superstitious fancies. In one chamber of the Hall, just opposite a door which opens upon a dusky passage, there is a full-length portrait of a warrior in armour. When, on suddenly turning into the passage, I have caught a sight of the portrait, thrown into strong relief by the dark panelling against which it hangs, I have more than once been startled, as though it were a figure advancing towards me. To superstitious minds, therefore, predisposed by the strange and melancholy stories that are connected with family paintings, it needs but little strength of fancy, on a moonlight night, or by the flickering light of a candle, to set the old pictures on the walls in motion, sweeping in their robes and trains about the galleries."

Although I am fully sensible how wide a stretch of imagination would be requisite to connect the impression retained by the reader in association with the old gallery at Repton, with that which may be derived from the same author's description of the picture gallery at *Bracebridge Hall*, yet, as the passage abounds with beautiful imagery and sentiment, and is characterized by that delicacy of pathos so peculiar to the writer, I cannot refrain from subjoining it:—

"The place, however, which abounds most with mementos of past times, is the picture gallery; and there is something strangely pleasing, though melancholy, in considering the long rows of portraits which compose the greater part of the collection. They furnish a kind of narrative of the lives of the family worthies, which I am enabled to read with the assistance of the venerable housekeeper, who is the family chronicler, prompted occasionally

by Master Simon. There is the progress of a fine lady, for instance, through a variety of portraits. One represents her as a little girl, with a long waist and hoop, holding a kitten in her arms, and ogling the spectator out of the corners of her eyes, as if she could not turn her head. In another we find her in the freshness of youth and beauty, when she was a celebrated belle, and so hard-hearted as to cause several unfortunate gentlemen to run desperate, and write bad poetry. In another she is depicted as a stately dame, in the maturity of her charms, next to the portrait of her husband, a gallant colonel, in full-bottomed wig and gold-laced hat, who was killed abroad; and, finally, her monument is in the church, (the spire of which may be seen from the window,) where her effigy is carved in marble, and represents her as a venerable dame of seventy-six.—In like manner I have followed some of the family great men through a series of pictures, from early boyhood to the robe of dignity, or truncheon of command, and so on by degrees, until they were garnered up in the common repository, the neighbouring church. —There is one group that particularly interested me. It consisted of four sisters of nearly the same age, who flourished about a century since, and, if I may judge from their portraits, were extremely beautiful. I can imagine what a scene of gaiety and romance the old mansion must have been, when they were in the heyday of their charms; when they passed like beautiful visions through its halls, or stepped daintily to music in the revels and dances of the cedar gallery; or printed, with delicate feet, the velvet verdure of these lawns. How must they have been looked up to with mingled love, and pride, and reverence, by the old family servants; and followed with almost painful admiration by the aching eyes of rival admirers! How must melody, and song, and tender serenade, have breathed about these courts, and their echoes whispered to the loitering tread of lovers! How must these very turrets have made the hearts of the young galliards thrill, as they first discerned them from afar, rising from among the trees, and pictured to themselves the beauties casketed like gems within these walls! Indeed, I have discovered about the place several faint records of this reign of love and romance, when the Hall was a kind of Court of Beauty. * * * When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think too that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died, and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers; the whole empire of love and pleasure wherein they ruled—'all dead, all buried, all forgotten,' I find a cloud of memory stealing over the present gaieties around me. I was gazing, in a musing mood, this very morning, at the portrait of the lady, whose husband was killed abroad, when the fair Julia entered the gallery, leaning on the arm of the captain. The sun shone through the row of windows on her as she passed along, and she seemed to beam out each time into brightness, and relapse into shade, until the door at the bottom of

the gallery closed after her. I felt a sadness of heart at the idea, that this was an emblem of her lot: a few more years of sunshine and shade, and all this life, and loveliness, and enjoyment, will have ceased, and nothing be left to commemorate this beautiful being but one more perishable portrait; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future loiterer, like myself, when I and my scribblings shall have lived through our brief existence, and been forgotten."

(15) The Prior's Chamber, opening into this gallery, is immediately over the apartment containing the rebus of Overton, and is of the date of Henry the Sixth. And I believe other portions of the edifice, towards the North, to be of more remote date than the main building.

(16) Anno 1455. Temp. Hen. 6.

(17) The preceding legend is related precisely in the manner in which I received it, as regards the main facts; but truth obliges me to acknowledge, that the name and period of office of the prior, with other subordinate details, which appeared necessary to bring out the narrative with effect, are solely attributable to the exercise of the writer's fancy. My informant assured me that the story was to be found in the old MS., alluded to in note 12: and that the exterior of the Prior's Tower, as represented in the illuminated margin, closely corresponded with that portion of the edifice which remains.

(18) "In an adjoining orchard, extending over several acres of ground, are the foundations of the other buildings of the Priory, which may be plainly traced in various directions."—*Beauties of England.*

(19) The hand of Time has borne heavily upon these fine old living records of other days. Like the elms that overshadowed the Prior's Chamber, they are but the wreck of their former selves. Many of their larger branches have been destroyed, or are fast decaying; while several of their fellow-patriarchs have become parcel of "the things that were, and are not!"

(20) This great ornament of my old favourite haunt is no longer in existence. Many a happy hour, in the days of school-boy pleasure, have I enjoyed upon its enchanted borders. But it is gone—its memory alone remains! I may exclaim with the worthy Drayton:—

" And since swift Time so violently preys
Upon those ages which e'en holiest be,
Let me remember those so happy days,
In these sad hours which my vexed eyes do see;
With greater grief to make me to deplore
These, when I think of those that were of yore!"

" Youth lives in the world of imagination and feeling. It invests the most insignificant object with any form it pleases; and sees in it whatever it wishes to see."—*Oehlenslager.*

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

A Poem in Four Parts.

" The man how wise, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierced by vanity's fantastic ray!"

YOUNG.

" I pass, with melancholy state,
By all these solemn heaps of fate:
And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like me, they life possessed;
And time will be, when I shall rest.'"

PARNELL.

" Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth!"

MONTGOMERY.

" Sweet visions then that sleep by day
Thy magic wand hath made mine own,
As brilliant as the clouds that play
Around the sun's descending throne;
And I have striven in many a song
To pay my homage at thy shrine;—
A worthless offering for a throng
Of joys by thee made mine!"

J. S. CLARKE.

REPTON;

OR,

HOURS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

PART IV.

NIGHT.

" 'Twas now the dead of night, and all around
Silence was deep, and darkness was profound,
Save that the moon her borrowed radiance gave,
And shewed her brightness through each trembling wave;
No more wild warbled through the echoing grove
The sprightly notes of harmony and love,
Save the lone nightingale, that, perched on high,
Tuned her sweet pipe to mellowest minstrelsie."

THE REV. THOS. BIGSBY, A. M.*

'Tis night,—and the green earth is veiled in gloom,
The birds are sleeping, and the flowers at rest.
High in the star-gemmed heavens the full-orbed moon
Shines glorious,—like a monarch's golden shield
Seen 'mid the glittering fight. Come, let us seek

* "Marathon and Yaratilda. A Dream. From the Spectator, No. 56. By Thomas Bigsby, A.M., late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Bath: H. Meyler. 1796."

Her fair reflection in the glassy wave,
Where TRENT's majestic tide flows broad and deep
Through meadows curtained in serene repose.
Even the winds are hushed—no sound is heard
Save the far-distant watchdog's guardian voice,
Sinking in murmured softness on the ear.
Our path will through the church-yard shadows lie,
Where sleep the ancient dead in moss-grown graves. (1)
Cast from thee all light thoughts of garish day;
The feverish stir of the vain, busy world
Waketh no spell from that deep solitude!
Once did I linger there till morn's first ray
Stole o'er its hallowed precincts,—lost in thought
On Time and Fate—on the false vanities
Of fleeting Life—on Death's near, final doom,
And on our *present choice* of FUTURE BEING!
Nor passed the hours in loneliness: around
Lay many a form, whose memory cheered the heart,
Like the sweet voice of music in a dream—
Breathing of worlds beyond the strife of earth!
Soft angel-symphonies,—that image forth
Thoughts—feelings, new to our dark being here!
Yes! many a voice, whose tones live in the heart,
Though long its cherished words have passed away,
Would fling its echoes on the spell-bound ear.
Oh! if there be an hour, when the stern bonds
Of the soul's prison-house are e'er unloosed,
While yet life's dull, cold wilderness is ours,
'Tis shared in lonely neighbourhood beside
The graves of those we love!—Now might I yield

To a fond wish to memorize the worth
Of many a faithful heart enshrined around;
But brief the space such record here might claim,
And vain the tribute of this fleeting verse!
Yet pass I not the grave, bedewed with tears,
Where the loved relics of a CHARTRES sleep;
Nor spare one reverent sigh of old regard
For theirs, whom kindred faith in one blest hope
Unite—their spot of rest recorded thus:
"*For them to live was* CHRIST, *and to die* GAIN!"*

IN MEMORY OF HARRIET CHARTRES. (2)

"Strew pious flowers and shed the holy tear."

WHAT though no trophied pile, with blazoned verse,
The aspiring virtues of thy mind rehearse;
No scutcheoned pomp with long-drawn record trace
The just distinctions of thy storied race:†
Lo! these no sense of inward grief betide—
The fleeting pageant of a moment's pride!
A pride that seeks, in dull and empty cost,
Unmindful of the dead, its own vain boast.
But, in their place, above thine hallowed bier,
Shall fond Affection pour the pitying tear,
Still o'er thy dust in rapt devotion bow,
Kiss the pale turf, and breathe the heart-felt vow.
Whilst lowly Gratitude, with artless praise,
Her faithful tribute to thy worth shall raise,
A shrine whose lasting dome shall cleave the sky—
The Blessings of the Poor, that never die!

---

* Philippians, c. 1, v. 21. In memory of John and Jane Harlow.

† Of French original, deriving their patronymic from the town of *Chartres* in the old department of Bresse.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. JOHN HEYRICK MACAULAY, M.A., HEAD MASTER OF REPTON SCHOOL. (3)

" Erant in eo plurimæ literæ, nec eæ vulgares, sed interiores quædam, et reconditæ ; divina memoria, summa verborum et gravitas, et elegantia : atque hæc omnia vitæ decorabat dignitas et integritas."

CICERO, de Lucio Torquato.—*Brutus.*

If learning, genius, eloquence, and worth
Claim, in thy kindred mind, congenial birth :
Learning, that, blended with instruction sage,
Shed new-born lustre on the classic page ;
Genius, whose arts dispensed o'er Learning's wild
Their roseate wealth, and each dark steep beguiled ;
Pure eloquence, whose lofty strains explored
With wisdom's brightest zeal the Sacred Word ;
And worth, that, like a faithful mirror, sought
To blend example with each doctrine taught :
If charms like these a prouder halo cast
O'er life's fair scenes, and gild the treasured past,
Oh ! bid the tear of memoried grief consign
Its added tribute to this humble line ;
That tells once more how Virtue's sacred flame
Decks the loved urn MACAULAY's ashes claim.

Night ! with her starry orbs of living flame !
So tranquil, yet august ! so meekly proud !
How doth her stilly voice, than thousand trumps,
Speak *inward*—rousing from her secret cell
The raptured soul, and from their silent depths
Waking, in blended power, the hidden strength
Of slumbering feelings—passions long restrained !
Yes—Fancy, Memory, with consenting spell,
Clothe her dark halls with countless images

Of fear and love! The beautiful—the *lost*—
Rise in their own, their peerless loveliness,
Like flowers that woo the sunbeam's sweet caress,
When tempests have gone by! Yet soon, alas!
Their rainbow smiles ethereal decay;
And shadows fill the void! Then come the forms
Dim-clothed in hues of grief, or stern regret;
Pointing to hours of sorrow—danger—hopes
Destroyed—affections blighted—joys o'erthrown;
And all is one wild chaös of unrest!
Thrice-happy he, within whose struggling breast,
As from its own dark, troubled waves, springs up
A fount of crystal waters, rising high
Into the Heavens, as they were still its home!
Then, soft-dispersing o'er the fevered heart
The healing balsam of returning peace!
Even the peace of GOD! which ever spreads
Its hallowing balm throughout the wounded mind,
Whose prayer ascends to claim its solace sweet!
Thus, 'mid the lone dark watches of the night,
When, gazing on those planets' varied orbs,
I lift my soul in gratitude and love
To Him whose hand directs their giant course,
And steers the absent sun,—how mean appear
The cares—afflictions—of life's little hour!
The vain, low fears that haunt the pilgrim here!
Oh! let us build our joyful trust on Him
"In whom we live, and move, and have our being!"

PSALM XXIV.

" Qui regit immensam justo moderamine molem,
Quique movet nostros per tot miracula sensus,
Lumina sideribus, qui dat sua semina terris,
Qui pelagus fluitare jubet, consistere montes."

THE earth is GOD's, and all that therein is:
The compass of the world, and all its dwellers.
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And on the floods hath he prepared it.
Who shall ascend into the hill of GOD,
Or who shall rise up in His holy place?
E'en he that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
With mind to vanity not lifted up;
Nor basely sworn his neighbour to deceive.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And wisdom from the GOD of his salvation.
This is the chosen race of them that seek Him,
Even of them that seek thy face, O JACOB.
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be lift up
Ye everlasting doors: and lo! the King
Of glory shall come in. Who is the King
Of glory? 'Tis the Lord, both strong and mighty;
Even the Lord, mighty and strong in battle.
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be lift up,
Ye everlasting doors: and lo! the King
Of glory shall come in. Who is the King
Of glory? E'en the Lord of hosts: He is
The King of glory!

From the lone mansions of the silent dead
Emerging, where a cliff, mantled with elms,*
O'erviews the silver TRENT, a winding path

* The Rookery.

Of chequered gloom invites. Below, the wave
Weaves its light music 'mid the whispered hush
Of the aged trees, that fling their shadows down
The steep descent o'ergrown with brambles wild.
A rude foot-bridge* leads o'er the spacious stream,
Whose sparkling waters steal, with gentle flow,
Through meadows sleeping in the moonlight pale.
Fair are the lilies that adorn its tide,
Calming each dimpled wave with softest spell.
There, on the candock's wide-extended leaves,
Oft basks the careless pike in sunny rest:
And there the dragon-fly, on gleaming wing,
Its elfin sport pursues. Beyond, the stream
Contracts its course, and twining darkly through
Wide beds of leafy osiers, glides serene;
Its surface ruffled not, save by the plash
Of coot, or water-hen, that builds its nest
Amid the reeds or shrubs: or haply there
The lonely otter from his caverned nook
Springs downward 'mid the sedge; or, watching long,
The patient kingfisher, with sudden stoop,
Ensnares her nimble prey. Beside the banks
With flags and rushes thickly girt, are ranged
A line of ancient willows scarce apart,
Their huge, decaying boles (the owl's dark haunt),
With moss o'erclad, and ivy pendent wild.
There, to the listless ear of drowsy noon,
The golden-crested wren mellifluous pours

* Since destroyed, and the path discontinued.

Her artless lay; the while, with curious skill,
The neighbouring reed-sparrow his rival strain
Soft-blending frames in justest harmony.
Ne'er wore the deep-loved TASSO's* magic verse
A prouder spell than mid that pathless waste
Of loneliest solitude, and gloom obscure.
Oft in the long and sunny afternoons
Of early June, beneath the whispering shade
Of the light alder, bordering on the stream,
Below the willows, would I lingering while
The unconscious hours in deep, romantic thought;
Now from the themes of antique Chivalry
Gleaning quaint record of adventure wild—
Now musing o'er the page of some sweet bard,
That raptured sang the chaste delights of Love.
Ne'er gained the Tragic Muse a nobler power
Than 'mid the dim recess of that pale haunt,
Where Nature seemed to scorn the bonds of Art,
And triumph in her free, majestic mood.
Of all the scenes of varied loveliness
Which, in her rich luxuriance, she forms;
Next to the mountains' bold, ethereal grace,
Do I most love that shadowy, lone retreat,
With its wild, tangled depths, and charms remote.†
—Haste, let us linger not, but guided still

---

* "— he whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury."

ROGERS.

† A broad public road now passes over the site of its chief beauties.

By the fair moonlight, seek those open meads *
That bound the wider bosom of the stream.

NIGHT.

" All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;—
All heaven and earth are still."

BYRON.

QUENCHED is the ray of eve: night's shadows spread
Their giant masses o'er the woodlands deep;
Stars, one by one, their brightening lustre shed,
While the pale moon with mild and tranquil sweep
Sails through the cloudless sky, whose azure sleep
Sinks like a solemn dream into the heart,
Thrilling the depths wherein doth Memory keep
Her fondest stores, with sweet, mysterious art,—
While, 'neath its hallowing spell, life's fevered cares depart!

Hushed is the sylvan lay—the bee's faint note,
But softer echoes through the woodland float:
The calm, yet tremulous tones of the near stream,
By distance mellowed to a sweetest dream
Of fairy-music; the low, whispering breeze,
Fraught with the leafy murmur of the trees;
And hark—how gently o'er the far, pale hill,
Bathed in that snowy light—so hushed—so still!
The vague, wild echoes of the distance glide,
And break with soothing spell the night's lone void:
I touch my lute, that breathes a silvery sound
Of peace, soft-blending with the moonlight round.

As, dim-reflecting the pale moonbeam's spell,
Yon reverend battlement serenely smiles,
In wakened contrast with the deeper gloom

* The Swan's Nest and Hall Meadows.

Of the wild elms that veil its cloistered rest,
Come back the starry gleams of ages gone—
The midnight of the past—the dreams of yore,—
And through the lone recesses of the mind
Their radiant mysteries illusive spread.
Lo! the fair bower, where pensive Beauty wept
The lingering absence of her warrior-lord—
The knightly hall enriched with trophied shields,
Echoing the loud acclaim of battle-feat,—
Give their lost scenes of splendour to the eye,
Forgetful of the lapse of clouded time!

The Legend of Count Manfred of Alba,

AN ITALIAN STORY.

" Mid melancholy fancies
His spirit loved to stray;
Back through the mists of hooded Eld,
Lone-wandering far away!" DELTA.

" And, mingled with these thoughts, there came
A tale, just one that memory keeps,—
Forgotten music, till some chance
Vibrate the chord whereon it sleeps." L. E. L.

'TWAS one of those soft, radiant eves
That wake the bosom's tenderest sigh;
When the red sun descending leaves
A flood of glory on the sky,
And clouds of every form and hue
Gorgeously bright, his rays enfold;
Some, like fair isles our boyhood knew,
Ere dimmed the scenes that Fancy drew,—
Others, like seas of liquid gold:*

* Since writing this passage, I have met with the following lines:—

" A thousand clouds in air displayed
Their floating *isles* of light and shade;
The sky, like *ocean's* channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between." MONTGOMERY.

When, melting on the dreamy ear,
  In gushing murmurs, soft and deep,
As from some far, angelic sphere,
  The Vespers' choral voices sweep:
Whilst on the playful breeze recline
  Rich odours, culled from sweetest flowers;
And, fraught with Eden's spell divine,
  Breathes the deep bliss of earth's fair bowers!

And never parting sunbeam threw
  Its splendour o'er a scene more bright,
Than that which, bathed in glittering dew,
  Now blushed beneath eve's tender light.
Teemed the soft, perfumed wealth of flowers
  In wild profusion, far around:
And fountained grots, and myrtle bowers,
  The richly-varied precincts crowned:
Beyond were groves of cloistered shade,
For love's light musings aptly made!
Where oft the nightingale's fond lay
In thrilling cadence died away;
And, save the fountain-murmurs near,
  Or the low whisper of the trees,
Or strain of woodland melody,
Or echo of far minstrelsie,
  No sound awoke the slumbering breeze.
Woods, waters, o'er the distance threw
  Their blended charms to feast the eye;
Whilst, in the landscape's dim decline,
In many a faint, soft-melting line,
  Blue mountains mingled with the sky.

Above the gardens' bright repose,
  High-seated in luxurious pride,
The Castle's stately pile arose,
  With galleried dome, and terrace wide;
And cool arcades, and pillared courts;

Enriched with urns, and sculptures rare:
While floating o'er its scutcheoned gate,
A gorgeous banner fanned the air.
Its glittering folds an Eagle gave—
The pride of ALBA's warrior-line,
Which many a trophied wreath had won
Beneath its glad, triumphant sign.
O'er the green sunny slopes around
The antlered herd majestic strayed:
While, on the lake's transparent bound,
Fair swans their mirrored forms displayed.

Count MANFRED sought a terraced height,
With antique statues nobly graced;
Whence, in the cool soft evening light,
His musing eye now slowly traced
The vast domain that stretched beneath—
Hill, wood, and stream, and town and tower;
All slumbering in the deep repose,
That ushered in the twilight-hour.
He watched the sun's red disk decline
'Neath the mirk pine-woods' fading line,
And eve's dull mists obscure the vale
With lengthening shadows, dim and pale:
"And thus," he thought, "my orb of life
Will wearied sink from earth's dark strife;
And cold oblivion's pall o'erspread
The last faint gleams its glory shed!"

Turned he, in saddened mood, away
From the fair landscape's swift decay,
But as his lingering eye withdrew,
A sudden object fixed its view;
'Twas a dark, moving speck that threw
A shadow o'er the distant plain,
And, while he gazed, still larger grew,
As though it were a lengthened train

Of horse deploying from the hills
That bound the horizon's northern verge.
Slowly it spread—still nearer drew—
Now fleeter seemed its course to urge.
Soon might his straining glance descry
The fitful gleam of helm and spear;
And leaders, riding to and fro,
And bannered horsemen near!
Anon, the forest-depths detained
Their route from his exploring eye:
But he had marked enough to know
That ULRIC, his dark, vengeful foe,
With covert force drew nigh.

With hurried step, and flashing eye,
Count MANFRED sought his bannered hall,
Where, blending mirth and minstrelsie,
Reposed his liegemen all.
Foamed the bright goblet merrily,
While themes of war and chivalry
The song's brief pauses crowned;
But as their chief approached, each eye
Caught from his glance of purpose high,
That, for the harp's light sound,
Should clash of mace on echoing shield,
And rolling drums and cannons yield
A wilder, nobler glee:
And, for the wine-cup's paler beam,
Flash the red tide of battle's stream—
Death's radiant Jubilee!
Up rose, in haste, the seneschal,
And knight and minstrel, one and all,
As on their startled ear
The sudden tidings welcome gushed,
While o'er each gladdened visage rushed
A smile of loftier cheer.

" Now, by my namesake's iron crown!"
Old Luca cried, with zeal elate,
" Ere yet to-morrow's sun go down,
This arm shall yield its past renown,
Or Ulric's head shall grimly frown
High o'er yon cullised gate!"
Then swore a league-bound oath each one
While mail and sword were girded on,
Ne'er, but as victors, to return:
And, seizing each his sounding lyre,
The minstrels swept a chord of fire,
That bade the flood of gathering ire
With new-waked fierceness burn.

THE MINSTRELS' SONG.

Now, up with the banner of blue,
The Eagle of Alba's fair pride!
That crimsoned in triumph, wherever she flew,
The stream of the battle's dark tide!
Bid the trumpets' shrill echoes rejoice—
The drums roll their larum afar;
As we speed with the lord of our choice,
To hurl the bold thunders of war.

Yes—up with the banner of blue,
Noble hearts are its pledge for renown:
O'er each helm's crested height shall those laurels alight,
That outshine the dull rays of a crown!
On—on, where the fight reddest gleams—
On, on, to the cannons' dark jaws:
O'er the wine-cup we'll tell of the heroes that fell,
Ere Victory smiled on our cause!

Then up with the banner of blue,
The Eagle of Alba's fair pride!
That crimsoned in triumph, wherever she flew,
The stream of the battle's dark tide!

Thrice-blest be the blood that is spilt
In defence of our home's dearest ties;
And curst be the hand that shall flinch from the hilt,
While the blade of a foeman defies!

Now entered he the cloistered bower,
Where, musing on the chequered past,
Fair BERTHA whiled away the hour
In loneliness apart: he cast
A look of blended grief and pride
On the sweet form that smiling rose
To greet his coming—whilst a blush
Of tender joy her cheeks disclose.
He took her hand, whose matchless snow
Might tempt fond rapture's endless kiss;
That seemed to scorn each jewel's glow—
More dazzling in its own white bliss!
Well might the circling gems that bound
Those slender fingers' tapering round,
In starry gleams their joy confess:
For ah! 'twere worth a monarch's throne,
With one sweet, melting clasp alone
Their conscious loveliness to press! (5)
Soft-breathing o'er their balmy pride
A lengthened kiss, the warrior cried—
"Too oft, through life's eventful course,
When fairest beams the smile of joy,
And closed, or distant, seems each source,
Whence aught might breed our hearts annoy;
Doth some dark, latent ill arise,
Unseen, till Fate prepares the blow;
And o'er our bright, rejoicing skies,
Descend the gathering shades of woe!
Thus, dearest! as to-night I gazed
From yon fair terrace' lofty height,
Tracing the varied scene beneath,
Clad in the glow of eve's rich light;

Nor deeming, 'mid that glad repose,
  Could aught disturbing greet the eye,—
When soon the unwelcome truth arose,
  That ULRIC's threatening host drew nigh.
Yet cheer thee! for our cause is Heaven's,
  Our warriors' hearts are firm and true;
And well I trust, ere eve once more
  Shall veil these clustering flowers in dew,
The fiend-assassin of thy sire
  Shall close his dark, ill-doomed career;
And with his baffled hate expire
  My cherished BERTHA's latest fear!"

The dawn of to-morrow of strife must tell,
The banner shall float, and the bugle swell;
Horsemen shall spur o'er the dying and dead—
Lances shall shiver, and swords shall be red:
While the cries of the widow and orphan shall soar
With the trumpet's shrill blast, and the cannon's wild roar!

* * * * * * *

Once more the cannon's bursting din,
  And the shrill, wild clash of steel,
Load the faint breeze of trembling eve
  With a fierce and giant peal!
Rings the glad triumph-shout
  On the Victor's throbbing ear,
As the foeman's trampled ensigns gleam
  Beneath his proud career.
Halting, he winds his bugle-call,
  His trusty 'squire appears,
Encased in gory mail, as from
  The last red rush of spears!

The battle-field is won:
  And Count MANFRED turneth home:

He spurs his panting steed to gain,
Ere night's dull shadows veil the plain,
His loved, far-distant dome:
For ah! his grateful fancy sees,
With white hands clasped, and bended knees,
In tear-fraught prayers for his return,
His youthful consort's tender form,
Whose image 'mid the battle's storm,
Had bid his valiant breast with loftier ardour burn!

On—on they speed, in silent haste,
O'er hill and dale, by fort and spire;
Through tangled holt, and trackless waste,
He—and that faithful 'squire.
Still urge they on: and now are seen,
Dark-looming through the twilight pale,
The Castle's stately towers; and hark!
The warder's distant hail.
"Hold—who goes there? Rein hard, Sir Knight!
Or ware the moat!" old CONRAD cried:
"Up with portcullis—down with bridge!"
His master's well-known voice replied.

Now hies he to the Chapel lone
'Twas BERTHA's pious wont to seek;
When war's dark toils engaged her lord,
To bend her knee in suppliance meek.
She is not there; with briefer haste
The stairs—the corridors are past—
Her chamber's height is gained:
Not there: the armoury—the hall
In vain are searched;—his anxious call
Still answerless remained.
At length—oh, dismal chance!—a shriek
Stole on his ear;—the tones were weak,
As issuing from some distant spot:

With speed that mocked the viewless haste
Of the fleet wind, he breathless traced
Each chamber lone—each gallery's waste,—
  He sought—but found her not!

Oh! what might be Count MANFRED's fear,
As pausing 'mid his swift career,
He strain'd his fevered eye and ear,
  To mark if aught might guide his way;
But all around the moonlight kept
Its placid watch—the night-wind slept
And not a sound or shadow swept
  The calm which round him lay!
And now, with frantic hope, he searched
  The far-stretched gardens, smiling fair,
Where many a loveliest shrub and flower
  Cast its soft fragrance on the air:
The nightingale her lay was singing,
The fountain's silvery tones were ringing;
The hoarse cascade's far-distant swell
Upon the lone ear softened fell:
Each temple, obelisk, and grot,
Each turf-clad seat, each bowery spot,
Where oft his own and BERTHA's breast
Had shared the moonlight's peaceful rest
He visited, with loud exclaim,
Of BERTHA's still unanswered name!

But ah! what might that step imply?
  Lo! issuing from a grove's dark shade,
With pallid cheek, and straining eye,
COSMO, her page, with speed drew nigh,
  And oft his cry arose for aid!
Prone at his master's feet he fell,
  Fainting in agony of fear;
While vainly did the Count demand
  What dreadful tidings he might bear!

Swift towards the grove did MANFRED fly,
Whence now arose her maid IGNACIA's cry,
"Speed—speed—*the terrace-court*—the Lady BERTHA
save!"
Another distant shriek of dread,
Whose thrilling tones might wake the dead,
Burst on the ear—then followed
The silence of the grave!

Oh! could he e'er forget how oft
Her step had sought that lonely height
To watch her MANFRED's loved return,
E'en 'mid the shades of night!
With the fierce lightning's meteor-speed
He gained the spot—O GOD! support
His reeling brain! What met his eye
Within that lone, forgotten court?
Alas! dark treachery's ruthless hate
Had spurned the fence of guard and gate!
Lo! bent o'er BERTHA's bleeding clay,
As if to catch the soul's last ray,
His late attendant grimly stood,
With poniard crimsoned in her blood!
One burst of wonder, grief, and rage,
His sword and the dark murderer's meet—
Brief the suspense—the traitor falls
With mortal gashes at his feet.
The beaver raised, what sees he there?
Ah! not young ANSELM's features fair!
But those—wild-lit with fiendish glare—
Of ULRIC, his late conquered foe!
Who, sheathed in the slain squire's mailed garb,
And mounted on his captive Barb,
Had planned that deed of woe!

Sad MANFRED marked the hues of death
Steal o'er his sainted BERTHA's cheek;

One moment more, his dagger's point
Had bid the gushing life-blood speak
His own dark fate! red rolled his eye
On either corse: the death-gasp rose;
—His agony hath passed,—and sealed
Are the fond husband's maniac-woes!

Spreads the wide-bannered pomp
Of victors at the gate;
And the shrill-toned trumpets rend the air
With a peal of joy elate:
Ah! soon is hushed the triumph-shout;
And mute the clarion's breath:
And the Castle-halls are dimly robed
In the sable hues of Death!
The battle-field is won:
But the Victor's pride is o'er:
For he who bade their banners shine,
The last of his heroic line,
May look on them no more!

Behold, how beautiful the midnight hour!
Gaze on the moonlit deep, o'er whose clear wave
The pale swan stilly glides;—lo! where the trees
Their raven foliage fling o'er the glad stream,
Contrasting with the sparkling eddies near.
How solemn is the calm! earth, Heaven seem met
In some great festival of holy joy;
And, as the flight of angel-wings, the breeze
Floats odorous past! From yon dark tower the chimes
Of midnight ring upon the still, soft air.
How thrilling is the echo of each note,
As slowly on the expectant ear it falls!

How doth that peal recall the days gone by,
When oft I wandered through these verdant fields,
Beside this radiant stream; while Youth and Hope
Exulting wove their visions of fair joy.
Fresh on my heart that sunny hour comes back,
When *first* I gazed upon their peaceful charms. (5)
It was a Spring-tide evening *—on the gale
Swelled the light sounds of laughter, and the bells
Pealed merrily aloft. TRENT's verdant bank
Teemed with gay forms, in mirthful converse grouped;
And on the ear the voice of music came
From boats upon the water: † flags made gay
Each tiny vessel on its pageant course.
Here, the lone angler plied his patient toil,
There, spacious nets the finny tribe ensnared,
That, fluttering, strewed with silvery wealth the shore. ‡
It was a scene of festive holiday;
And oft such hours recurred. Not then, as now,
Those classic waters lay neglected, lost

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* In 1818.

† Beneath the bed of "the Old Trent" are supposed to exist the foundations of a portion of the monastery.

"— And now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces."

ROGERS.

‡ "The fishers dragged their net, the fish within
At every heave fluttering and full of life,
At every heave striking their silver fins
'Gainst the dark meshes."

IBID.

To the glad sounds of music and the oar—
Doomed, ere long years, with stagnant, weed-clad
course,
To taint the native freshness of the air;
But scenes of sportive gaiety and mirth
Flashed ever on their clear, rejoicing waves.
No sweeter joys hath Memory to record
Than the fair, fleeting charms of that loved time,
Those *pastimes* of the PAST—for ever fled!
I wander 'mid the haunts of other days,
"Seeking to find the old, familiar faces;"
But all is changed: no change is there *within;*
For if I have ONE pleasure which the world
Can never take away, it is the power
To *feel* as I have *felt* in Youth's gay Spring!

—Now to the curtained shrine of balmy rest,
Ere yet the gray, wild mists o'ergloom the vale.
The moon is westering fast; and the glad rays
Of starry pomp, though brightening, soon shall
fade.
Soon shall ORION's banded choir wax dim,
And CHARLES's glowing *Wain* low sink obscure.
Pale LUNA's wide-retreating hosts shall wane,
While LUCIFER in lonely pride stands forth
Exulting, as the Herald of the Sun.*

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* "Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn."—MILTON.

This planet, distinguished by the astronomer as Venus, formed in the present year (1841) an *evening* star until the 15th of May: it then became, and will continue throughout the year, a *morning* star, as referred to in the poem, which describes the period of Autumn.

Seek we the couch we love, and in soft sleep
The vacant hours beguile. Then, when the MORN
Spreads forth her roseate light upon the hills,
And the lark's vigil-song salutes the sky,
Pleased will we trace old ASKEW's lawny steep,
Chasing the dew-drops from the spangled turf.
Once more, as NOON's broad sunbeam gilds the plain,
The cloistered orchards shall our steps conceal;
While their dim whispers suit the shadowy tales
Of legendary lore, that greet the hour.
And when soft EVE shall bring the voice of bells
In melting murmurs o'er the woodland wilds,
Again, where frowning o'er TRENT's darkened wave,
Yon sculptured towers their elm-clad gloom display,
Our winding path shall steal through velvet meads,
Bathed in the rich effulgence of the West.
Once more, with sweet, beguiling spell endued,
Shall flow the welcome theme of other days—
The days of schoolboy happiness and mirth!
And as the NIGHT descends with shadowy wing,
And the pale moon her chastened orb reveals,
Again, in solemn counsel, will we share
Those treasured moments of the spirit's power.

NOTES TO PART IV.

(1) Near the place where the giant skeleton was discovered, as mentioned in the notes to Part I., was found, in 1740, an ancient gravestone, a notice of which may be interesting to the reader. "It had an inscription upon it; but by exposure to the air, the characters were much defaced, and so imperfect, that they were scarcely legible. The legend appears to have been in verse, as is evident from the Hemistic it bore, *iste tegit tumulatum;* and was undoubtedly ancient, there being a mixture of Saxon characters; but more recent than the Norman Conquest,—probably of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The verse was of the Leonine kind, and the first line read thus—RVDVLPHVM GRATVM *LAP*IS ISTE TVMVLATVM,—by substituting the three letters in italics. The rest was so imperfect, that nothing could be made out of it, though some detached words, such as— * * ABAT IPSVM, and AMABAT, could be read. There seemed also the name of a saint, BADEGES, which is not found in the Calendar. From the fields adjacent to the churchyard, may be traced many foundations of buildings leading to the Northend, and joining to the priory itself."—*Davies's Historical and Descriptive View of Derbyshire.* The churchyard presents nothing remarkable, with the exception of some lines on a gravestone on the South side, which bear record of the untimely fate of Mr. Samuel Marshall, "who unfortunately fell a victim to a barbarous Assassin, on the 4 Feb. 1786," in the 21st year of his age.

By murd'rous hand my thread of life was broke;
Dreadful the hour, and terrible the stroke.
Repent, thou wicked spoiler of my Youth,
Behold me here! consider parents both!
See, from thy bloody hand, what woes arise!
While calls for vengeance pierce the lofty skies:
Thou, too, must suffer, though thou 'scape the laws,
For GOD is just, and will avenge my cause!

Adjoining it, is a grave-stone bearing the name of the father of the young man, who appears to have died in the middle of the following year.

(2) Miss Harriet Chartres, sister-in-law of the Rev. William Boultbee Sleath, D.D., F.S.A., Head Master of Repton School. A lady, whose superior accomplishments, joined with the most amiable sociability and active kindness, justly obtained for her the warm and sympathizing respect of an extensive circle of friends; whilst her name was ever associated, in the minds of the neighbouring poor, with the unwearied exercise of a sterling and unostentatious benevolence. Her family claimed a common descent with that of the Lords Henniker, (see *Playfair's Baronetage*, vol. 2, *Pedigree of Dickson*,) and her mother was a member of a distinguished French family.

(3) Since the publication of these lines, through the medium of the *Derby Mercury*, in January last, (shortly after the melancholy event to which they refer,) the following very classical and elegant poem has appeared on the same subject, and which I subjoin with the greater satisfaction, as its circulation has hitherto been confined to the reader of the half-yearly list of the School, being attached to the programme of the Annual Speeches for Midsummer, 1841.

IN OBITUM VIRI REVERENDI

JOHANNIS H. MACAULAY, A.M.,

SCHOLÆ REPANDUNENSIS DESIDERATISSIMI PRÆCEPTORIS.

Solvite ferali crines heu! solvite luctu
  Perque REPANDUNUM mœnia triste sonet.
Ponite jam citharas, Parnassia turba sororum,
  Nec pudor ob talem sit doluisse virum.
Illi ne pudeat qui munera vestra canebat
  Funereâ, Musæ, cingere fronde rogum.
O! mihi si vivi laudes celebrare liceret!
  At modo quis fuerit, jam memorare decet.
Tuque—O! si spectare pios, venerande, labores
  Nunc juvat, et curæ sunt mea verba tibi,
Si qua beatorum tangunt mortalia sensus—
  Accipe quæ tristes tristia dona ferunt.
Accipe jam dudum tibi debita præmia, mentem
  Instituit primum nam tua cura meam.
Te primum monstrante viam tentare Camœnis

Sum timidis sacrum gressibus ausus iter.
Ausus doctrinæ famam sperare vagabar
Te duce per Latiâ rura sacrata lyrâ;
Graiâ facta ducum Musâ celebrata jubebas
Clarius ereptâ fundere nube jubar.
Pulchra magis veterum per te monumenta nitebant;
Dulcius edebat quæque Camœna melos.
Suavius ore tuo, dederat quodcunque, cadebat,
Pagina divinâ nobilitata manu.
Plausus quid memorem cœtûs pendentis ab ore,
Verbaque Cecropii mella imitata jugi?
Quidve jocos memorem? festoque imbuta lepore
Dicta? quid, ut blando sparseris ore sales?
At quæ dextra inopi largiri plura solebat?
Pauperibus dives, pauper inopeque tibi!
Quis tulit esuriens impastus ab hospite gressus
Limine, difficiles pertimuitve fores?
"Quando parem inveniam?" manibus te candida puris
Exclamat plorans ad tua busta Fides.
Nec Pietas sua dona negat: tegit ecce! cupresso,
Cum roseis nectens tristia serta, rogum.
Heu! tibi quod præter feralia carmina mœstâ
Non alios licuit fundere voce modos.
Phœbeâ lauro, non sunt cingenda cupresso
Tempora, non doctis convenit illa comis.
Sed saxis quid opus? tumulo superaddita famæ
Ignotos aliæ verba perire vetent.
Exoptent alii sacro de marmore vultus,
Exornetque aliis myrtus amata caput.
Mnemosyne in memori sacrat tibi corde sepulchrum,
Quod nunquam poterit diruere ulla dies.
Sit tibi Terra levis! nobis nisi luctus inanis
Nil manet, et sortis mens memor usque tuæ.

E. J. Selwyn.

(4) The works of the old writers, generally so rich in descriptive excellence, abound with copious and highly-fanciful allusions to the beauty of the female hand; while there is scarcely a passage in the literature of our own day, where this eminently attractive feature of personal loveliness is more than slightly noticed. In support of the former portion of this remark, the following extracts from Shakspeare and Drayton will perhaps sufficiently testify:—

—— "her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!"

SHAKSPEARE.

—— "this hand whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here!"

IBID.

—— "those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them."

IBID.

—— "thy hand
Where he may find the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both strange and new!"

DRAYTON.

"Oh! were there paper but neare half so white,
The Gods thereon their sacred laws would write!"

IBID.

"She laid her fingers on his manly cheeke,
The Gods' pure scepters, and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tygre meeke,
Or might great ATLAS from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleeke,
As she had worne a lilly for a glove,
As might beget life, where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone."

IBID.

"That pure congealed white, high TAURUS' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!"

SHAKSPEARE.

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Shewed like an April daisy on the grass."

IBID.

—— " His stubborn buckles
With these your white enchanting fingers touched,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews."

SHAKSPEARE.

" If thou but please to walke into the *Pawne*,
To buy thee cambricke, callico, or lawne,
If thou the whitenesse of the same would'st prove,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy glove;
And those which buy, as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for lawne, lawne for thy hand."

DRAYTON.

" Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if they now but waxed pale for woe."

SHAKSPEARE.

" Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk."

IBID.

—— " ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commit
This sealed up counsel."

IBID.

" Meantime, these papers, by their lord's command,
By me shall kiss thy sweet and daintie hand."

DRAYTON.

" I will overglance the superscript, ' To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline ! ' "—SHAKSPEARE.

" White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee."

IBID.

(5) The following beautiful lines on Repton occur in the Appendix to the School-list for December, 1832, and are from the pen of one of the late Mr. Macaulay's pupils.

REPANDUNUM.

" SEDES OLIM DILECTA CAMŒNIS."

Quæ procul ista sinu latitant convallis amœno
Dulcia, et horrisono longè semota tumultu
Tecta, interfusam domibus referentia sylvam?
Hinc atque hinc leni tellus curvata tumore

Gramineas arces, herbosaque mœnia pago
Erigit impendens, quorum sub tegmine latè
Rustica vesanos rident magalia fastus,
Ridet ager—foliis tum plurima surgit opacis
Arbor, et umbrosos vestit coma frondea colles—

Illic lascivo per rura virentia cursu
Trenta susurrantes, faustæ sacra Lympha Camœnæ,
Fundit aquas, viridi et prætexit arundine ripam—
Phœbo grate amnis, non tu feralia belli
Fulmina, non certâ prægnantes clade carinas,
Martia non placido vidisti signa fluento;
Ripa nec invisâ declivis inhorruit hastâ
Terruit aut mediâ Nymphas tuba rauca choreâ.
At sæpe indigenis loca cum lustrata Camœnis
Præfiueres, suetâ suspirans dulcè querelâ,
Gratius attentam citharæ, Pater, impulit aurem
Murmur, et indoctam testatum carmen avenam
Longos argutâ recreavit voce labores.

Quondam etenim solito fervescens plenius æstro
Plurimus in pratis sinuosum acclinis ad amnem
Lusit amabiliter, veteres tibi fusus ad ulmos
Plurimus infaustos frustrâ plorabat amores,
Mulcebatque suo vitreas Nereidas antro—

Ergone deseruit proprios Pimplæa recessus?
Conticuere fides? nec solas amplius undas
Pervolitant liquidi citharæ tibi Trenta, susurri?
Fugit aquas melos omne tuas, nec, ut ante, volentes
Debita persolvunt tibi vectigalia chordæ?

Haud ita—sed nullâ quanquam comitante Camœnâ
Dudum securo fluitasti ingloria cursu,
Nec nimium longos ruperunt plectra sopores—
Læta tuis iterum florescat laurus in arvis,
Laurus Apollineâ vatem cinctura coronâ,
Et melos Aonium discat resonare viretum.
Tuque nomas aliis vires, animosque Poetis
Sufficias utinam, laticesque benignius urnâ
Castalios, donec non sese jactet alumnis
Ipsa suis Rhedycina magis, doctamque salutet
Sponte Repandunum felix Etona sororem.

DISTINCTIONS

GAINED AT THE UNIVERSITIES DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS, BY REPTONIANS.

Mr. Power, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, Battie's University Scholar, First Class on the Classical Tripos, and Fellow of Downing College.

Mr. Chawner, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, First Class in the Law Examinations, and Fellow of Trinity Hall.

Mr. Green, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, First of his Year in the Law Examinations, and Fellow of Trinity Hall.

Mr. Clarke, of St. John's College, Cambridge, First Class on the Classical Tripos, Senior Optime, Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar of the First Class, and Fellow of St. John's.

Mr. Shilleto, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Scholar of Trinity College, and First Class on the Classical Tripos.

Mr. Whiston, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Senior Optime, Second Class on the Classical Tripos, and Fellow of Trinity College.

Mr. Muckleston, of Worcester College, Oxford, First Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. Claughton, of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, elected Scholar of Brazen Nose College.

Mr. Rawle, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Third Wrangler, and First Class on the Classical Tripos.

Mr. W. H. Ley, Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, First Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. Merry, of Jesus College, Cambridge, Double Prize Man, being first of his Year in Classics, and second in Mathematics.

Mr. Shortland, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, Senior Optime.

Mr. Claughton, Scholar of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, First Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. W. Moore, Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, Second Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. Woollcombe, of Oriel College, Oxford, College Prize for the best Translation into Greek Prose.

Mr. Claughton, Scholar of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, elected Fellow of University College.

Mr. Pridham, of Exeter College, Oxford, Second Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. J. Moore, Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, Second Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. Rawle, elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. W. H. Ley, elected Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

Mr. R. Muckleston, elected Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford.

Mr. Woollcombe, of Oriel College, Oxford, First Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Mr. Claughton, Fellow of University College, Oxford, the University Prize for the best English Essay.

I cannot close these Notes without some apology to the more critical reader for the indirect reference of a large portion of their contents to the text; as well as for the very desultory and inartificial manner in which they are otherwise constructed; but I may perhaps claim some indulgence for this informality, from those who entertain a local interest in all that relates to the subject of the Poem; since they will have found much collateral matter, chiefly derived from original sources, which must have been excluded under a stricter, or more critically-modified arrangement.

POETIC MUSINGS:

A

SERIES OF DETACHED PIECES

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I. Introductory.
II. Early Impressions.
III. Love of Solitude.
IV. Contemplation of Nature.
V. Mountain Scenery.
VI. Early Impressions (*continued*).
VII. Egypt.
VIII. Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton.
IX. Byron and Wordsworth.
X. Love of Fame.
XI. Genius.
XII. The Poet.
XIII. Neglect of Genius.
XIV. Chatterton.
XV. Solace in Adversity.
XVI. L'Envoy.

" And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns,
While contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice and sings."

MONTGOMERY.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

— "But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is from the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms, and winding mossy ways.
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild."

KEATS.

THERE is an orchard nook, obscured with trees
Studded with bending fruits; where oft I sit,
And while away long pleasant hours of thought,
Recalling many a dream the heart loved best,—
High, cherished fancies, nursed by flattering hope,
Too radiant for the dark earth's cold embrace,
And born to perish in their own bright freshness;
Yet living still, immortal, in the soul,
And spreading round it the fair hues of heaven!
I turn me thither from the dull, harsh cares
Of life's inglorious scene—its petty strife—
Its coarse and irksome claims of busy toil;
And with a bliss unknown to all but *him*
Whose spirit glows with GOD'S divinest gift—
The SPELL that rules fair Nature's richest stores—
That lifts man's heart above his portioned lot,
(Though that lot were a throne!) I slake my thirst
In the pure fountains of blest Poësy;
Stretch o'er her flowery turf my wearied limbs,
And cool my fevered mind in dreamy rest.

Oh ! who may tell how bright the forms that glide
Seraphic o'er my slumbers*—the fair scenes
That spread, in gathering pomp, before mine eye—
The chequered mysteries of lore sublime,
Half thought — half vision ! — the deep, stirring
power,
That rules, invisible, that airy world ! †
I gaze upon the buried lapse of ages,
And all things beautiful, or vast, or solemn,
Crowd, at my bidding, as the wand were mine,
That called Creation from its early sleep !
And not alone the stores of art and nature—
The glories of the earth, and its fair skies,
But the wild, trancing bliss of Heaven's bright seat
Flits palpably before me ; though yet veiled
In awful splendours, dazzling the faint eye !
Great God ! I thank Thee, with my spirit's strength,
That Thou has raised me from the herds of men,
Whose thoughts are ever chained to things of death ;
By whom the radiant flowers that deck their path,
Or the bright stars that gem the midnight hour,
Are viewed but as the garniture of Nature,
As a cold part of the appointed whole ;
Destined for nought but commerce with the sense,
Yielding no kindred ray to future glories !

---

* " How nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptured thought ! where Gods
Encounter and embrace me."

YOUNG.

† " A fairer world, where mighty spirits meet and play with him, and give him mighty tasks to fufill." —*Correspondence of Beethoven.*

To *me* they are a study and a worship;
And ever as I gaze on their loved light,
I think me of the radiant things of heaven,
And bow, exulting, to the all-glorious source,
Omnipotent! eternal! and sublime!

II.—EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky!
It was a childish ignorance,—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!"

THOMAS HOOD.

HOURS of life's sunny morn! how bright ye seem,
When, through the long, dim vale of gathering years,
With added care oppressed, my gaze I turn
To the fair, soothing visions of the past!
Those halcyon days, when joyous Hope believed
Each radiant tale that sportive Fancy told;
And, save the tones of sweet Affection's voice,
Or the loved flatteries of domestic praise,
No sound the captive ear's attention woke:
While Pleasure's magic wand seemed ever near,
To conjure up new treasures of delight!
My earliest memories are linked with *books*—
A dim old cell-like room unfurnitured
Save by a giant wilderness of shelves,

Upheaped with dusky records of the past
In many a coveted tome of value rare;
Black-letter treatises, and manuscripts,—
Huge, massive folios, breathing of the times
When Learning plied her labours for the Few!—
Old tracts on Heraldry, with blazoned sculptures,—
Romances—plays—essays on Horsemanship—
Histories of fights and sieges, rich withal
In folding plates—our childhood's dear delight!
Nor yet forgot those deep-loved stores of travel,
With all their wonders and adventures wild!
Oh! to be young again—if but to mount
With daring energy, and hope elate,
The heights yet unexplored of that wide range
Of mystic treasure fraught with unknown spells
Of loftier charm than any yet enjoyed!

CHILDHOOD.

"Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Blest as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone!"

BLAIR.

Oh! Childhood was a happy time,
A feast of love and joy;
A rainbow vision, reared sublime
In Fancy's sparkling sky:
A wealth of sunny words and looks
Dwelt on our spirit then;
Our lore was gleaned from pictured books—
Not from the frowns of men!

Then life was as a garden gay
With fairest fruits and flowers;

Through which the path of Pleasure lay
To ever-blooming bowers:
Where fountains of pure bliss gave back
The sun's rejoicing ray;
And, blent with zephyr's airy track,
Gushed forth Enjoyment's lay.

All objects then seemed born to charm
With ever-new delight;
Breathing sweet hopes, and feelings calm,
To soothe each hour's soft flight.
There was a spell upon the wind—
A magic in the stream,—
A radiancy of soul which twined
Its hues with every beam!

Oh! never to the world-worn heart
May those loved hours return,
Which still its choicest wealth impart
To Memory's treasured urn:
The skies may spread as blue—as bright,
The song as sweet may prove;
But farewell to *the visioned light*
That woke the SPIRIT'S LOVE!

—Yet, blessed thought to those who rove
Through paths of toil and care!
Far brighter scenes of joy and love
Than even Childhood's were,
Bloom, Eden-like, to cheer the soul
Beneath affliction's rod;
When, free from grief's usurped control,
Their hearts shall rest in GOD!

My next-born recollections are of birds
And fruits and flowers—a fair pavilion

With its exotic guests of plumage gay,
That winged their radiant flight 'neath arching
vines—
Its carpet wrought of variegated flowers;
While through its glassy walls the tender green
Of a smooth lawn enriched with blossomed shrubs
Of softest fragrance, spread its delicate hue.
Lone seated in the midst, within a ring
Of chequered crocuses, and snowdrops pale,
(The earliest offerings of the balmy spring,)
An antique sun-dial, of curious form,
Its sculptured pedestal uplifted high.
Its purpose yet I knew not, and still deemed
Its office was, by some strange, latent spell,
To draw the sunbeams to that favoured spot;*
But then, methought, how wayward must they be,
Not to flee thither of their own sweet will:
Since fairer, happier home, I weened, lay not
Beneath the purple span of the broad heavens!
—I have some dim remembrance of the house—
A spacious mansion of the younger CHARLES,
Built by the celebrated Earl of *Clare*,
And long his town abode.† A stately hall

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* The thoughts of childhood abound with poetic sensibility: fancy, undiverted by the cold appeals of judgment, revels in the luxurious indulgence of a thousand beautiful illusions, which, connecting themselves with the exterior objects of sense, spread a charm of limitless enjoyment over the dull realities of the scenes around us; and invest all that is interesting to our early perceptions—whether amid the stores of art or nature—with a lustre and a dignity of colouring, to which our future impressions, corrected by the sober test of experience, can never aspire.

† This mansion was subsequently, and for many years, the residence of the Sherwin family. It is thus alluded to by Blackner, in his History of

With richly-balustered staircase, and a dark
Perplexed intricacy of panelled chambers
Sculptured in high relief—present their features
In that vague form of indistinct repose
Which marks the background of some REMBRANDT
picture.
But one brief record claims my willing pen :
There was a closet in whose deep recess
Affection's hand preserved with pious care
The sad memorials of its late fond hopes—
The blood-stained garments of a son* who fell
In battle's laurelled front. There lay beside
(Companion of their gloom) the cannon-ball

Nottingham. "The ancient family-mansion of the Sherwins, at the north-east end of Pilcher-gate, has long been admired for its commanding appearance. On its becoming the property of Mr. Bigsby, who is a gentleman of taste and literature, he, in 1807, expended a large sum of money in fitting it up anew in the inside, and in stuccoing it without." It extended, at that time, as far as St. Mary's Place, and possessed stabling for fifty horses. The latter are still occupied by an eminent coach proprietor. It is now divided into three or four distinct messuages, of genteel appearance, and the principal one still retains, in some degree, the character of a mansion-house; although, from the diminution of its windows, and the loss of its extensive walled grounds, it has entirely lost its ancient and venerable aspect. I find it thus described in a Nottingham newspaper of May, 1829 :—"The house is delightfully situate on an eminence in Pilcher-gate, commanding two lines of frontage, and a view of the Entrance Road to and from Nottingham, over the Trent Bridge; comprising in front a magnificent Entrance to a spacious Hall, with well-arranged lofty Dining, Drawing, and Breakfast Rooms. The Staircase is of great width, and very splendid, leading to airy and lofty Drawing, Bed, and Dressing Rooms. This Mansion is also replete with fixtures suitable to its structure, consisting of superb marble chimney-pieces, excellent polished stoves, &c. &c."

* Captain Sherwin, who was killed at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, in 1775, whilst serving as Aid-de-camp to Lord Howe.

That closed his fair, high course! And still each
year,
On the dark anniversary of his fate,
That shrine was visited with wakened grief!
Not long the heart which thus impassioned mourned
Its blighted joys—its last lone source of bliss—
Mingled with life's cold scenes: the spell was gone,
That bound the spirit to its earthly cares;
And with a gentle flight it winged its way
To regions stained not with the gloom of Death!
Then came *the stranger*, and with feelings born
In noble hearts alone, that hallowed spot
Remained inviolate—but lest the hand
Of future innovation should destroy,
Its entrance was with skilful art concealed,
And haply thus remains—its site forgotten.
Years rolling brought their changes. That fair pile
Was doomed to mark how, ray by ray, dissolves
The splendour of aught earthly—doomed to yield
Her lone, majestic space, and puissant pride;
Yet not to sink in haughty ruin, crowned
With the dark ivy for her funeral wreath,
A trophied sacrifice to victor Time;
But taught to feel that deep, degrading wrong—
The mean division of her honoured walls
Into small merchant dwellings,—to behold
Her fair proportions quail beneath the arts
Of *the improver*—worst of spoilers vile! *

* The mansion having been *restored* at a very considerable expense, was, in the hands of a subsequent purchaser, subjected to the operations of modern provincial taste! Amongst the improvements thus realized must be

Desertion's ban went forth! She had survived
Each lofty privilege by her birthright claimed,
Ere Time's dark touch had withered her fair strength.
Lo! where the noble feasted 'mid his peers,
Whilst high-born beauty, dignity, and grace,
Flung their presiding splendours o'er the scene,
A sullen gloom o'erspread—the revel strain
Died in its sweetness—chambers, courts grew dim;
The busy tumult of harsh Trade arose,
Filling that "gay serene" with echoes rude;
And murk oblivion her quick shadows lent
To dim the footsteps of the princely past!
—And dark thy fate with years coëval crowned,
The ducal CAVENDISH' majestic home!
That, towering o'er thy lone, peculiar seat
Of wild, precipitous rock in frowning strength,
Flung thy bold glances, with austere disdain,
O'er the tame, level range low-stretched beneath!
Thou standest a black heap of giddy ruin,
Rocked by the sweeping night-blast! Thy proud
cliff
But soars to mark thy desolation now!
As though capricious fortune had ordained
That its Titanic pomp, thy former boast,
Should prove the herald of its darkling wreck!

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classed the erection of a so-called *portico*—a monstrous abortion which could only have been conceived by some unfortunate person labouring under an unusual visitation of the night-mare.

III.—LOVE OF SOLITUDE.

"What feelings created in a city can compare with those that rise so gently and so unbidden within us, when the trees and the waters are our only companions?"—ANON.

EVER from childhood have I loved to flee
From the dull, crowded city's vexed repose—
Its harsh, distempered glare—its notes of strife—
To the green, pathless shadow of the woods:
To list the fitful echoes, wild and strange,
That pierce their dreamy solitudes! the lay
Of their ten thousand choristers, to me
Was as an anthem, from those shrouded skies,
Breathing of Heaven; while on the struggling gleam
Which broke, at intervals, their chequered shade,
I could have deemed an angel form reclined,
Descending to inspire that balmy rest!

And sweet the thronging fancies that would steal
In varied, bright succession through the mind,
When, by the side of some swift-gliding stream,
That wound, through verdant meads, its devious course,
I oft would wander, at the sunset hour.
The silvery gush of bells, from vale remote,
Borne by the limpid wave—the hoarser sound
Of the far city's multitudinous voice,
Sunk to a gentle murmur—the light plash
Of the glad fish, up-leaping in its sport,
Or the dark swallow, dipping her long wings,

In rapid flight,—all blended their soft tones
In pleasing melody ; while on the eye
The wooded cliffs, tinged with the setting sun,
And still repeated in the glassy tide—
The lonely kingfisher's swift, gleaming track
Along the willowy bank's low shelving steep—
The flowery, winding path, that sloped before,
And the soft hills, in azure distance veiled,
Mingled their rich profusion with delight.

And sweet the charms of that lone, silent hour,
When, 'neath the midnight moon's cold zenith beam,
The fevered earth seemed bathed in soft repose,
Whilst a dim smile played o'er her dreamy brow.
Then Fancy lighted up a thousand spells
Of solemn beauty to entrance the mind ;
Thought following thought, in bright, serene array,
Like the fair train of torches that shines forth
To gild the pomp of kingly obsequies.
Oft have I stol'n long hours from childhood's sleep,
To watch, from the broad window next my couch,
The ocean loneness of the azure sky ;
The swift, white moon some winged spirit seeming
Robed in Eternity : while the pale stars
In gorgeous wreaths by giant hand entwined,
Evoked deep phantasies of mystic awe.
Then would I gaze upon the tall gray spire
Of thy dark fane, Saint PETER ! sunk in shade,
And mark how vainly its light, soaring form
Pointed to realms of rest for those below—
Pale sons of traffic, dreaming of their gains,

Or waking but to shape the morrow's schemes.
How deep, heart-searching, was to me the sound
Of the slow, measured peal which told how Time
Stole from the hours of sleep his solemn march,
Hurrying us onward to the strife of death!*
Oft, ere its echoes ceased, a distant strain
Of sprightliest music rose upon the ear,
Changing the current of erratic thought;
And, as it boldly swelled in joyous pride,
Seemed to deride the dulness of the hour!
But soon, in cadence sweet, it died away;
As though the distance which impaired its notes,
But made those tremulous tones more musical,
To mock, in turn, the briefness of their spell!
Showing how soon the vanities of earth
Are past—how like a shadow do they flee,
And leave us trembling on the eternal verge.
Oh! happy they, that note this truth betimes,
And shun the horrors of a second death!

---

* — "Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize."

BLAIR.

IV.—CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE.

— "Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God Himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, act upon His plan,
And form to His, the relish of their souls."

AKENSIDE.

THERE is a voice in the sequestered wild
Ne'er heard in crowded cities; and to him
Who hath the spirit-key of its fair lore,
It yields a mystic treasure of delight—
Teaching the soul on giant wing to soar
Above the cold delusions and false hopes
That shadow its vain dreams of bondage here!
Oft on the breeze it floats—whether, at eve,
Fraught with the odorous wealth of dewy flowers,
Breathing soft whispers of serene repose;
Or o'er the forest, or rude mountain-waste,
What time dark midnight veils the lowering clouds,
Hurling the menace of impending storm.
And oft it rides upon the ocean-main,
Whether his azure tides unruffled flow,
Or mount in foaming billows to the sky.
Alike it speaketh to the eye and ear:
The green bough laden with its joyous fruit—
The sunny corn sheaf in its golden pride—
Or the pure fountain with its diamond stores—
All image forth its tones in faithful hues,
Blending their lustrous beauty with the strain.
Long have I loved to commune with its echoes—

To clothe my yearning spirit with its spell;
Through every varied phase of changeful nature,
Its wise, its solemn counsel still the same!

V.—MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

" Oh, then what soul was his, when, on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light!"

WORDSWORTH.

It is a glorious privilege to breathe
The bliss that springs from Nature's proudest charms—
To enthrone our vision on the mountain brow,
Or glass our form in the fair ocean-sea!
But most I love the Mountains, for they are
The palace-halls wherein she holds her state;
Their roofs, the crags and peaks begirt with clouds,
Gilt by the sunbeam! their gigantic walls
Hung with the antique wealth of verdurous woods
Soft-sweeping to the lake's blue depths below!
How simple, yet majestic, their array!
Tell me what domes or pinnacles may match
With the wide-soaring range of yon bold cliffs?*

* " Those who have never observed our boldest coasts have no idea of their stupendous sublimity. The boasted works of art, the highest towers, and the noblest domes, are but ant-hills, when put in comparison: the single cavity of a rock often exhibits a coping higher than the ceiling of a Gothic cathedral. The face of the shore offers to the view a wall of massive stone ten times higher than our tallest steeples. What should we think of a precipice three quarters of a mile in height? and yet the rocks of St.

Show me the costliest hangings from the loom,
That vie with the rich foliage of those trees?
The brightest mirrors of your proud saloons,
That boast yon crystal lake's clear fervid lustre?
And then, for mirth? what minstrelsie may vie
With the sweet murmur of those rippling waves?
The breezy chime of that far-heard cascade?
Or the deep-echoing bass of the wild thunders
Leaping from cliff to cliff?—Hence, *drivelling* Art!
Back to the pygmy city's laboured pomp:
Rear not thy puny structure 'mid the scene
Where Nature piles her sovereign charms august,
Blending their trophied greatness with the skies!

Kilda are still higher! What must be our awe to approach the edge of that impending height, and to look down on the unfathomable vacuity below; to ponder on the terrors of falling to the bottom, where the waves that swell like mountains are scarcely seen to curl on the surface, and the roar of an ocean a thousand leagues broad appears softer than the murmur of a brook!"—*Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature.*

Smart has a beautiful passage in his poem "On the Immensity of the Supreme Being," in allusion to the LESSER works of the creation:—

"Go bid VITRUVIUS or PALLADIO build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call CORREGGIO, or let TITIAN come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion. Hence, away—
Hence, ye prophane! for GOD Himself is here!"

VI.—EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

(*Continued.*)

" When friends are lost, hopes wither, and our tears
Freeze in their fountains—but a voice breaks through,
Hearts warm, hopes bloom, and eyes weep love anew."

ANON.

RESUME we now the record of those hours
That flung a halo round the early past!
—Then Nature's richest scenes my footstep knew,
And well I loved to trace her beauteous hand
In each soft character of varied bliss
Her magic pencil formed. The spreading lake,
That still reflected lawns of brightest bloom,
Itself most bright and fair,—the sparry grot,
Enriched with costliest trophies of her pride,
With Art's most cunning elegance disposed,—
These were thy charms of yore, dear ARNO VALE! *

---

* Arno Vale, near Nottingham, the residence of the late Rev. Thomas Bigsby, M.A. There is a very interesting artificial grotto at this place, the erection of which cost its late proprietor upwards of one thousand pounds. The hermitage, a picturesque building, contained an elegant tablet, with the following lines of Shenstone:—

" Here in cool grot, and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf with daisies broidered o'er
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor:
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to yon waterfall!"

Arno Vale is now the residence of Henry Frearson, Esq.

In whose glad solitudes my youthful mind
First culled its lesson from fair Nature's stores:
There first I learned to love the murmured bliss
Of the sweet-voiced cascade—the breezy tones
That swell majestic from the leafy grove—
The twilight shadows of each wood-alcove,
Where oft fond Fancy, from the classic page,
Assembled her gay choir of buskined nymphs
With fauns and satyrs joined * in festive groups,
Chasing the light-winged hours with song and mirth.
Or I would linger 'neath the sunny roof
Of VIRGIL's temple, crowning the fair mound,
From whose green steep a lion's jaws gave forth
A stream of sparkling lymph from the blue hills
Above; or seek the hermitage, amidst
Its silvery gloom of antique willows gray,
That flung their moss-grown branches o'er a rill
Spanned by a rustic bridge of simplest structure.
—Ah! should I still the varied beauties paint,
Which spread enchantment o'er that soft retreat,—
Its obelisks and temples—grottos—urns—
Arches Triumphal—richly grouped parterres—
Its velvet lawns, with mounds of rarest flowers
Enamelled—its gay shrubs, and blooming trees,
That wove their sweetest spell of loveliness,
Bidding the mind forget the world without—
No further task my busied pen need claim.

* — "me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves, cum satyris chori,
Secernunt populo."
HOR.

ARNO VALE.

— " Hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida TEMPE,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni."

VIRG.

" In this Elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
And thought's bewildered in delight."

—ERE yet, with lingering heart, I leave
Thy magic solitudes of love,
One farewell strain my lyre would weave—
One last, lone hour of sweetness prove!
I gaze upon thine azure lake,
Thy flowery lawns, and woodlands green;
And deem that, though my step forsake,
Fond Memory still shall haunt the scene.

Still, 'neath her balmy spell, shall rise
The visions of the early past,
And many a lonely hour surprise
With feelings—thoughts—too bright to last!
The hopes—the dreams of passionate Youth,
When life but spoke of joy unbroken;
Ere yet the dark world's shadowy truth
Had robbed it of one sunny token!

Yes! still thine imaged scenes shall wake
The lingering charm of early gladness,—
Shall bid the clouds of sorrow break,
And gild with smiles the heart's lorn sadness.
Again, in Fancy's Eden dream,
Thy varied haunts their bliss reveal;
I see thy calm, transparent stream—
Thy woodland-paths, soft-winding, steal.

Once more, thy grotto's sylph-reared walls,
  Trembling with many a lustrous ray,
As through the gem-wrought dome bright falls
  A varied stream of colours gay,—
Gaze on their mirror, the blue lake,
  That lingering paints their fairy-stores
With mimic splendours, loath to break
  Each pictured charm its wave explores.

Now dimly frowns thine hermit cell,
  As through the tinctured panes, impressed
With themes of antique lore, a spell
  Of mystery veils its noon-day rest:
There doth loved SHENSTONE's artless lay
  The sports of elfin-mirth recall;
And blending dance of "rural fay,"
  We "listen to yon waterfall!"

But sweeter still, 'neath eve's soft shade,
  Thine upland groves to wander through;
And watch the dying sunbeams fade
  Along the wooded distance blue:
To trace the last red ray which falls
  With melting lustre o'er the scene;
While Memory from the past recalls
  Sweet thoughts that blend their hue serene!

And oh! how dear to Fancy's spell,
  Thy lake, beneath the moon's pale ray;
When, echoing through yon leafy dell,
  The nightingale's soft-measured lay,
'Mid the still, breathless pause around,
  Sheds its lone sweetness on the ear;
Waking a blissful awe profound,
  Like music from some angel-sphere!

How have I loved, at such an hour,
To commune with my spirit's store,
And from its depths of charmed power
A strain of song responsive pour:
—Moments of wild enrapturing bliss,
With Youth's sweet, burning hopes enwove,
When, visioned o'er Time's dark abyss,
Still smiled a world of joy and love!

Enough: I would not break the spell
That links me to those treasured hours,
And bids my lute's proud echoes swell
With memory of its former powers:
Farewell! ye hallowed shades and streams!
I tread your sacred haunts no more:
For ah! I would not mar the dreams
That bound you to my heart of yore!

Nor may I e'er forget the rival bliss
Of thy dear joyous scenes, loved SION HILL!*

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* Sion Hill, near Nottingham, a country retreat, and place of occasional residence, belonging to the author's late father. The prospect from the windows of this mansion is one of boundless variety and magnificence. To use the words of the author of the *New Display of the Beauties of England*, while speaking of a neighbouring eminence on which the Castle of Nottingham is situate,—"It exceeds imagination; and the Park, which is below, exhibits such a variety of scenes, as fills the minds of the spectators with wonder and admiration." Through a peculiarity in the site of the gardens, a singular surprise was sometimes communicated to strangers, by introducing the visitor into a small mean-looking cottage, (occupied as the gardener's residence,) where, with the supposed purpose of inspecting some old piece of carving or other curiosity, he was conducted to an *upper* apartment at the back of the house, when, on opening a low door at the extremity of a long dark passage beyond, he was suddenly admitted, as by the spell of enchantment, into an unusually lofty and splendid range of hot-houses, nearly 120

Thy long-drawn vista, where the chequered grapes
In festal pomp their radiant clusters wreathed;
And thy bright wilderness of fruits and flowers,
Gay with pavilions clothed with trellised vines;
Thy baths—thy rustic cells, with their rich stores
Of books and paintings—where, too, the light strain
Of music oft arose to gild the hours
With sweeter mirth! But 'tis not *these* alone
I miss, through the dark spells of changeful Time;
The smiles of fond Affection that endeared
Their loveliness threefold, have perished too!
Oh! could my feeble Muse essay to paint
The lofty mind, replete with manly sense—
Gay, learned, generous, hospitable, just,—
By wit and taste refined—its kindred stores
Of classic wealth and lore antique enriched
With varied science, knowledge of the world;
But, more than all, the indulgence, candour, truth,
That dwelt upon each accent of the lip
Of HIM * whom Nature's ties most closely bound,

---

feet in length. The effect of thus unexpectedly emerging from the dim, confined space previously occupied, into an atmosphere redolent with a thousand delightful odours, and beaming with light, beauty, and luxurious enjoyment, realized, with scarcely any abatement, the impression of pleasing wonder excited by some of the adventures in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

Sion Hill (now called Park Hill) is the residence of William Hannay, Esq.

* Robert Bigsby, Registrar of the Archdeaconry of Nottingham, which office he held for upwards of thirty-one years. When visiting America, in 1787, he had the honour to be strongly recommended to the notice of the illustrious Washington, at whose table, at Mount Vernon, he was a frequent guest. He enjoyed also some degree of intimacy with the celebrated Franklin, then President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania;

Yet less than those of personal worth, to *me!*
Then, too, should HER sweet smile of angel-beauty,
Speaking the deep devotedness of all
Those feelings which inspire a *mother's* breast,
And make her life one holy dream of love,—
Shine forth, recorded in like faithful hues!
But vain the task: too deep for words the thoughts
That lie embalmed 'mid Memory's richest stores,
Treasured with hallowed care;—still lending rays
That chase the shadows of desponding grief,
And brighten each fair hope of FUTURE BLISS!

VII.—EGYPT.

"Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic lore,
Locked up in characters as dark as night?
What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore,
To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;
Again to visit her cold cell of clay,
Charmed with perennial sweets, and smiling at decay?"

ROGERS.

LAND of old miracle and deeds sublime,
And mighty triumphs of mysterious art
Unchronicled—untold—yet leaving wrecks

---

the Hon. Thomas Mifflin, Esq., Speaker of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; the Hon. Richard Morris, Esq., Chief Justice of the State of New York; Gouverneur Morris, Esq., of Philadelphia; Mr. Todd, the distinguished advocate; and many others of leading political or professional eminence.—His favourite pursuit leading to the study of antiquities, he formed a very extensive collection of coins and medals, and numismatic works, which were, on his decease, in 1825, sold by auction by Christie. His law and literary libraries, containing many scarce and valuable works, were consigned to the hammer at Nottingham, in the same year.

Colossal—to betray their giant source!
Illustrious EGYPT! BABYLON's bright Heir!
Fair Learning's Fountain-Stream! Art's Infant-Mine!
Whence sprang those lucid diamonds of the soul
That make life precious; lifting up fall'n man
From his base level with the desert-brutes,
And clothing him with empire as a God!
Yes! thine the Lamp, whose primal rays shot forth
Their broad intelligence to distant climes,
Waking the nations from their midnight sleep
Of savage darkness,—peopling with new life
The desert waste, and bidding Nature smile
Luxuriant as fair EDEN's wilds of yore!
Yet not, as by a spell, was instant caught
The revelation of thy spirit-stores;
By slow degrees the lingering task was won,
And following ages viewed the mighty work.
Meantime, thou sat'st amid thy jewelled state,
Girt with thy starry robe, in pomp august—
Swaying the sceptre of a land of peace,
Where Science her majestic truths revealed,
And arts refined enriched the stores of earth.
Oft when dark Sleep her magic scenes unfolds
At Fancy's potent wand, have I beheld
Thy glorious mysteries of art sublime,
Thy subterranean palaces and grots
Scooped from the marble rock—thy catacombs
And tombs, with their strange effigies of death—
Thy cisterns, aqueducts, and giant lakes
Wrought by the hand of toil, that, godlike, dared

Immortal wonders! and, still more than all,
Thine obelisks—colossi—pyramids,
Cleaving, with pomp austere, thy sparkling skies.
Oh! from thine awful shades of old renown,
What spectral forms glide forth, in dark array;—
Huge shadows, stern and solemn, flitting through
Thy labyrinthine halls, and chambers vast,
Where never yet the day-beam's silvery light
Its searching lustre spread: through the drear gloom,
With wildly-streaming torch, or lamp serene,
Fleeteth each phantom-shape, in stealthy speed,
Dim-vanishing amid the silent waste!
Oh, that the spell were mine to bid them stand,
And yield the custody of that strange key,
Which should unlock the prison-house of ages,
And show us the rich stores of buried time!
Delightful task to trace thine old descent
From these dark days that view thy kingly wreck,
Through the faint-outlined course of far-off years—
E'en to the day when, by GOD's just decree,
The language of old NOAH's sons was changed
Into a multitude of stranger-tongues,
And deep confusion reigned,—so that each branch
Of his posterity was severed wide,
Doomed, as new nations, to pervade the earth:
When HAM, his second son, with happy choice,
Led forth his followers to the fertile plains
Of thy fair realm, where NILE's o'erflowing stream
Spread verdure scarce less bright than EDEN's own!

Then might we view thy MISRAIM's noble reign,
Beneath whose fostering sway the land outspread
In loveliness and joy; each sterile waste
That bordered on his fair domains being taught
To add its tribute to the general stores;
While, from the ebbing wave, wide marshes rose
To claim the sceptre of his guardian-rule,
And glowed with kindred charms: beyond, as now,
The frowning desert mocked his generous toil;
Yet, even there, were spots of rival bliss—
Oäses, sparkling with soft, odorous wealth,
And streams that imaged back the hues of flowers.
Wide o'er the East did MISRAIM's influence spread,
While, each new year, fair Learning's strengthening beams
Glowed with access of light. But soon dark Time
Flung his cold shadows o'er this scene of pride,
And MISRAIM reigned no more: yet dying, he
Bequeathed to all posterity a fame
Enrolled in characters of fadeless worth!
And well may he, whose skill inventive framed
That honoured instrument, the peaceful plough,
Claim, from succeeding ages, new esteem!
Perish the pride that only rules to show
Its hatred to the soil, like theirs who chain
The applause of millions to their blood-stained car,*

* — "the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood;
The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinned states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest!"

BLAIR.

The fierce invaders of a tranquil clime—
SESOSTRIS and CAMBYSES, ALEXANDER,
CÆSAR and OMAR, SELIM and NAPOLEON,
With many a tyrant of inferior fame,
Who mirrored his red pomp in NILE's dark wave!
But sadder task to trace those evil days,
When sank the empire of thine early kings
Into four dynasties: these, THEBES, THIN,
MEMPHIS, and TUNIS, held their bounded rule
In brief security: the Invader came,
And MISRAIM's soil became the unhallowed prey
Of Arab or Phœnician hordes who reigned
With lawless violence, and base contempt
Of Learning's generous stores, and arts refined:
And centuries of darkness, deepening still,
Spread o'er the luminous footsteps of the past!

Land of the Magi's arts of mystic power!
How do I long to seek thy wondrous clime,
And revel in thine halls of old renown!
Colossal EGYPT! Fancy's wildest Home!
Oh, fairer far to me the blackened hue
Of the yet lingering Copt, thy rightful heir,
(He who claims semblance to the giant Sphynx,
That guards thy pyramids!) than the bright cheek
Of Arab, or of Turk, his tyrant-foe!
Born in a stranger's country—once his own—
He has survived the language of his sires,—
That tongue in whose proud limits were enshrined
The earlier secrets of an infant world!

Land of the PHARAOHS, ISRAEL's captor-lords!

Thou wreck august of majesty and power!
Mysterious Hoard of Time's chaötic Stores!
(Towers hieroglyphic—mosques—domes—arcs—
and spires,
Greek—Roman—Arabesque—commingling still!)
Gigantic Tomb of Buried Ages! Shrine
Where Beauty sleeps in Ruin's dark embrace!
Oh, let us grave thy lesson on our hearts,
For with an angel's voice it seems to say—
"Trust not in Earth! Her grandeur and her power
Claim but the pageant of the passing hour:
Soon shall fell Time their boastful pride decay;
Nay—HE himself *shall perish with his prey!*"

VIII.—HOMER, SHAKSPEARE, AND MILTON.

"— the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

O THOU,* whose honoured Muse, from age to age,
Shrined in an immortality of love,
And reverence, and deep joy, doth still entrance
Each raptured spirit with her glowing themes,

---

* Homer.

"Qui Musas cantu, qui PHŒBUM æquavit honore."

"Thine was the meaning music of the heart;
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul."

THOMSON.

"Before I begin to write, I always read a little of Homer; for I love to light my lamp at the sun."—BOSSUET.

Kindling the soul to ecstasy sublime:
How have I loved, in meditation deep,
To hang upon thy page, and image forth
In hues reflected from its magic spell
Each scene of lofty grandeur, that enforced
The heart to mingle with its stirring pomp—
Each high adventure, imminent escape,
Or giant danger threatening still the soul!
Led by thy guardian hand, in wondering awe,
I clomb the rugged precipice sublime
Of huge OLYMPUS, curtained with wild clouds;
His sunny peaks high-towering o'er the waste
Of circling vapours, dimly coiled below.
There, 'mid the dread Assembly of the Gods
My stand unseen I took, and trembling heard
The mighty counsels of the Immortal Band:
Then, quick-descending from those pinnacled heights,
I joined the fierce array of warrior-hosts,
And dared the headlong current of the fight:
Or at the council-board of princes sate
Revolving themes of perilous emprize:
Or, more adventurous, sought the billowy main,
Lashed by the fury of conflicting winds,
While beetling rocks their hideous threat disclosed.
Or I would turn from thine enchanting page,
And think how sweet it were, Old Bard, with thee
To wander, in the Spring-time of young GREECE,
Through many a sunny vale, or twilight grove,
By fountained grot, wild stream, or mountain-range,
Listing the numbers of thy heaven-taught lyre,
And sharing the high converse of thy soul.

Oh! let us give the blessing of our hearts,
And praises, long and deep, to him whose hand
Snatched from oblivion thine immortal strains,
And bade the world do homage to thy worth!
The great PISISTRATUS!* name next to thine

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* An illustrious Athenian, who, from the station of a private citizen, attained to the sovereignty of Athens, and transmitted a peaceful sceptre to his sons, Hippias and Hipparchus. He was not less distinguished for his eloquence and learning, than for his talents as a legislator. He encouraged the infant exertions of art and literature, and laid the foundations of that intellectual dignity which so eminently characterized the Athenian name. Amongst other conspicuous proofs of his attachment to the Muses, he employed numerous learned men to collect, and arrange in a methodical manner, the works of the immortal Homer, which were dependent on oral tradition for their preservation, having been chiefly retained through the agency of wandering minstrels, of which class the great Father of Verse is generally supposed to have been a member, and to have sang or recited his divine melodies, as a mendicant, at the public places, for a morsel of bread. To the skilful exertions of these nameless persons—worthy of every honour that posterity can pay them,*—we owe the possession of those sublime poems, the Iliad and Odyssey, as well as those hymns usually attributed to Homer,† and which certainly partake of the grandeur and beauty of his poetry, whilst they combine additional interest as monuments of ancient mythology. It must necessarily have been a task of great discrimination and labour to collect and methodise these poems, after so long a period had elapsed since the death of the author; (about 400 years;) and when the precarious tenure of oral tradition is considered, coupled with the circumstance that they were originally composed in detached pieces, as ballads and episodes, and therefore particularly liable to become partially dispersed, it is justly to be feared that a large proportion of the works of this divine master of the lyre have perished in oblivion. One poem, in particular, the subject of which was the war of the *Epigonoi*, is said to have surpassed, in extent and variety of imagery, in boldness and felicity of language, the wonderful productions which have elevated his name above all others in the rank of Epic

* It is said, that it is to the well-directed pursuits of Lycurgus that we are indebted for their preservation.

† Homer wrote, according to the opinion of some authors, a poem upon Amphiaraus's expedition against Thebes, besides the Phoceis, the Cercopes, the small Iliad, the Epicichlides, and the Batrachomyomachia, and many hymns to some of the gods.

Most precious in the memories of GREECE!
Oft when life's thorny cares salute my brow,
And Nature's scenes a kindred gloom confess,
Still do I cling to thy soul-trancing spell,
And from the depths of its mysterious stores
Snatch the wild treasures of a fadeless joy.*

And thou, too, glorious SHAKSPEARE! thou whose mind,
As Ocean's waves, illimitably vast,
Swept the broad confines of a thousand lands
With proud, imperious joy; or, sun-like, climbed
The spangled depths of Nature's air-girt vast,
Rejoicing in its lone, gigantic strength,
And Heaven-erected pomp: how oft to thee
Doth my rapt spirit, with exulting bliss,
Its deep heart-homage pay;—still seeking charms
That gild the dreary waste of life's dull hours,
Or lend to festive mirth a brighter ray.
And oh, most worthy to be named with thee,
And with the god-like Sire of hallowed Verse,

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authors. The characteristic merits of Homer are, his deep knowledge of the human heart, his graphic and minute description of the scenes and manners of antiquity, the powerful and varied harmony of his versification, and, above all, his genius for the sublime and beautiful,—for all that is great and ennobling in his art; whether derived from the simple stores of nature, or from the more exciting scenes, and diversified sources, of human action.

* "Read HOMER once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean—so poor—
Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read;
And HOMER will be all the books you need."

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, in his *Essay on the Art of Poetry.*

Immortal MILTON ! whose transcendent Muse
Gave to a theme, unmeasured as the skies,
The glorious incense of her angel-harp !
Illustrious triad ! heirs of deathless fame !
Linking each clime and age in sunny Song ;
Spreading o'er hearts unborn your sceptred rule
Of mind-built majesty, and spirit-love !
How do I reverence your ethereal sway,
And from the depths of my o'erflowing heart
Pour the fond tribute of exhaustless praise.

IX.—BYRON AND WORDSWORTH.

"The Few whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime."
GRAY.

GRAND as the giant wrath of midnight flames
That wrap some huge cathedral's soaring towers,
Spreading the tide of ruin in red streams
Of pomp unearthly—majesty sublime ;
Or as the mighty deep, when raging storms
Fling their vast billows o'er some stately ship,
Crushing her lofty masts, in ponderous wreck,—
Is the bold rapture of thy thrilling lay,
Thou,* who hast left thy genius as a star
Imperishably bright—outshining all
The later orbs that gem Fame's glorious sky,
As the great sun extinguishes all light
Save his alone—yet oft in deep eclipse,

* Byron.

And bearing dark spots on its flaming disk—
The plague-spots of the soul! that bid us fear
To dwell upon thy page, and sickening feel
How much a gracious GOD had done for thee—
How little did thy waywardness repay!
Oh! had the hallowed spark of rapturous zeal
Kindled thy matchless numbers in His praise,
Who deals His precious gifts from age to age,
Looking alone for gratitude and love,
How worthy of an angel-choir thy song!
Yet hath the mighty Lord "done nought in vain:"
Lo! what a fruitful lesson may we read
From thine example—teaching us how vain
The loftiest talents, by mean Vice obscured;
Talents, that, in a worthier cause employed,
Than sketching scenes of passion—lawless guilt,
And robing crime in virtue's fairest charms;
Had shone the glory of the approving age,
And won the guerdon of a world's esteem.
Impressive warning! be it not in vain!
But rather let us choose a lot obscure,
Walking in humble fellowship with GOD;
Than share the errors of a splendid path,
"Bright and bewildering—leading unto death!"

Turn we, in pleasing thought, to his* pure lay
Of softest measure; like a sunny brook
Winding through meadows in serene delight:
Singing its low, sweet song of quiet bliss,

---

* Wordsworth.

In gentle harmony with the peaceful rest
Of the loved scenes made pleasant by its course.
Still doth its clear stream mirror forth the charms
Of Nature in her loneliest, loveliest garb.
Far from the feudal tower's dark, threatening steep,
Fraught with remembrances of crimson strife,
Its pearly waters glide—seeking a path
Of verdant solitude, or sylvan shade;
Pouring their murmured music on the ear,
Blent with sweet thoughts that melt upon the mind,
Like softest snow-flakes in the spring-day sun!
Of Nature's loftiest, and e'en lowliest mood,
It is the faithful mirror; and it tells
Of pure and simple feelings treasured deep
In the unsullied chambers of the soul,
Twining their beauty with life's varied scenes—
Making the earth a Paradise of Love,
A footstool worthy of the throne of Heaven!

X.—LOVE OF FAME.

" My thoughts are with the Dead,
My home with them will be;
And I with them shall journey on
Through all eternity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust!"

SOUTHEY.

YES—but one hope, save that which breathed of Heaven,
Hath, through all evils, been the Poet's store;
Held, when all other treasure passed away,—

A prize no spell of cold Adversity
Might seize—the hope to live in the high hearts
Of worth and genius, when his days are o'er,
And the dark grave claims all that Death can kill!
Nor would his soul such destiny resign
For all that the proud earth could yield in barter.
He asks not wealth or honours:* they are things
The crowd may share, and common minds achieve;
For him they have no value: he disdains
Aught that but ministers to sensual cares,
Or vanity's mean wish. Like the vast sun,
Whose lonely orb engilds the noon-tide heaven,
He soars but to expend, not gather light.
Man sows, and Death oft reaps the expected crop,
And laughs, too, in the baffled owner's face;
But 'tis the boast of Genius to set up
A torch that scares the darkness from his grave,
Outshining the dull light of grosser *life*
With rays of IMMORTALITY! He sows
His rich, fair seed in the wide human mind,
And reaps the harvest of a world's esteem.
'Tis his to live eternally e'en here,
Cheating the cold oblivion of rude Time,
That shrouds each lesser aim of fleeting life.
In vain doth Pomp uprear her palaces,
Her sculptured columns, and her gilded domes;
Long ere their feeble grandeur pass away,
Doth the remembrance of the builder die,—

---

* "Titles and honours, if they prove his fate,
He lays aside to find his dignity."

YOUNG.

Fast-fading—like the phantasy of a dream!
Years roll along, and Genius' spreading fame
Still gains a deeper current; bearing down
With tide majestic the opposing force
Of altered custom, language, feeling, thought—
Moulding all future usage to its will!
Lo! while the Poet's wreath still brighter glows,
Gathering fresh beams from ages of applause,
Doth the pale, trophied pride of Pomp decay,
And blend its nothingness with kindred dust.
Yet dark the Poet's fate; albeit success
May crown him with the loftiest wreath he craves:
Still doth he give the happiness of life
For the proud laurel that adorns his tomb;
His fame a thing that lives on others' lips,
When his are closed for aye! For this he robs
The sable midnight of its balmy rest;
For this, in fast and vigil, doth he greet
The rising splendours of the breathing morn,
Or rosy shadows of soft, melting eve.
For this, in lone seclusion, doth he yield
The endearing charities of home and kindred—
The pleasures and employments of the world—
The ties of fellowship with minds that own
No bright reflection of his visioned spell!
He hath no interchange of spirit stores
With others; all seems low and trivial,
Save those high transports of his yearning soul,
Revealed through inspiration's kindling power!
Oh! where may he, whose mind hath treasured up
The thoughts and feelings of those giant souls,

That, beacon-like, lead on succeeding time—
Living, from age to age, in lonely light,
As the broad moon outshines night's starry host—
Oh! where may he, who nurseth dreams of pride
Caught from the envied heights of Fame's bold steep,
Find that companionship his soul requires?
The mirror that reflects his glowing mind,
And flashes back the lightning of high thought?
Alas! earth yieldeth not a boon so dear,
Or it would not be earth: it is in Heaven
Alone, beneath the blessed smile of GOD,
That souls of kindred loftiness shall meet,
And pour their blended lustre in one blaze
Of light immortal—happiness eterne!

XI.—GENIUS.

"What is Genius?—'tis a flame
Kindling all the human frame;
'Tis the lightning of the mind;
'Tis the flood that pours along
The full, clear melody of song;
'Tis the sacred boon of Heaven
To its choicest favourites given."

ETONIAN.

YES! Genius is GOD's noblest, worthiest gift,
When Virtue's rays enrich its hallowed boon;
And he who burns with the just consciousness
That from the dark, mean mass of baser minds
His spirit hath been chosen as the seat

Of highest intellectual wealth and power*—
Dowered with the attributes that speak GOD's love
In each bright lineament of the expanded soul—
May well consent to spare the humbler gifts
Of earth's poor bounty—the low vanities
That cheat the dull and sensual appetite,
Flinging their tinsel halo round life's path—
E'en like the *ignes fatui* that decoy
The erring wanderer into deeper straits.
His is the eagle's flight, "bold and forth on,"
Breasting the day-beam of immortal truth,
With eye that pierces, where low vision fails;
And, like the eagle's, lonely is his rest—
A desert for his heart, the dull, cold earth!
There needs no stronger evidence of the truth
That GOD respects not the so much loved goods
That lure men to repose their hopes on earth,
Than the dark, cold distress—the care and want—
In which, as seemeth best to His high will,
He still doth plunge the favourite heritant
Of mind illustrious;† misery oft but seeming

---

* "He, the great Father, kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit poured
From spirit's awful fountain; poured Himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse or frugal of the inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded." YOUNG.

† "— And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
Have in her school been nursed, as is enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune."
THOMSON.

The oil that feeds the spirit's brightest flame;
As if its essence gathered heavenlier strength,
As the gross fumes of life's dark joys were banished!
His kingdom, truly, is not of this world;
Like the great lamp that burns o'er the high altar,
His light is separate: he stands alone,
As the magician 'mid his ring of skulls,
Waking the mystic caldron's wizard fires,
In the dark midnight of his caverned watch.
None, save himself, may know the charms or ills
That chequer his lone fate: as the great deep
Hides its strange store of gems and monstrous forms,
So doth his vigil pass; the star-lit gloom
Sharing the utterance of his thoughts alone.
Oh! sadder still the voice of crowds to him
Than the cold echoes of the desert waste.
Like the old oak,* he hath no kindred league
With the gay multitudes that bloom around,
With hearts that fling the sunshine back with joy—
Whom Time hath taught no darker suffering
Than his own wing may heal—who satisfied
With life's dull scheme, ask nought beyond the hour!

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* — "the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—behold, in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands,
So simple! and so great! the underwood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep!"

SMART.

But he doth boast, in lieu of earth's poor gains,
That loftiest treasure—a pure, noble mind,
Which feels GOD's presence in its every thought,
And thirsts but to reveal its precious stores!

XII.—THE POET.

"The Poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love!"

TENNYSON.

"His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit."

ROGERS.

EARTH loves her own, and thou art not of those
That court her favouring smiles: thou dost not fear
Her petty darkness, and denying hate:
Thy light dispels her gloom—thy scorn her frown.
Thy home is with the eagle! thou, like him,
Above earth's rolling clouds dost boldly cleave
Thy giant path, and in the sun's broad blaze
Bask thee—rejoicing in thy victor-might,
That scorns the bonds of common fellowship,
And seeks in lofty brotherhood the stars!
Thou canst not bow thy heart to lesser hopes
Than GOD hath given thee! Though lone thy path,
And dark to worldly eyes, a spell is thine
Can bid the bleak rock garb itself in flowers,
And gild with sunshine each impending cloud.
Thy life is in the spirit-world of soul—
The visioned majesty of Nature's mind,

Seen through the dim revealings of her mask!
Thy loneliness exists but in the crowd;
Thy thoughts—thy soaring impulses—thy powers,
Mingle the essence of a thousand joys
With thy mysterious being;—thou dost climb
The heights of heavenliest transport: thought's
proud sphere
Holds nought from thee of bliss or loveliness!
Sweeter thy wildest dream of passionate feeling
Than all the charms of earth's dull wealth and
power!
'Tis thine to claim dominion o'er the mind;
To sit as ruler on a spirit-throne,
Spreading thy sceptre o'er a thousand lands!
Age after age, with reverent love and pride,
Bows at thy trophied shrine of deathless pomp.
Thy memory asks not marble—it is writ
In the unfading tablet of the heart,
Cherished with pious care: the echoed sweetness
Of thine immortal strains is blent, imperishable,
With Nature's fairest scenes—so oft thy theme!
The thoughts of brighter worlds are linked with it,
For still thy Muse awoke their loftiest bliss!
Thy joy was still from Heaven, nor from its birth
Claimed thy soul sympathy with time's cold bliss—
Life's pleasures and successes—for to thee
Earth ever seemed the page of a vast book
Wherein but one proud word was brightly writ—
That glorious *watchword* of our fate—ETERNITY!

XIII.—NEGLECT OF GENIUS.

" O Genius! fling aside thy starry crown,
Close up thy rainbow wings, and on thy head
Lay dust and ashes; for this cold drear world
Is but thy prison house! Alas! for him
Who has thy dangerous gifts, for they are like
The fatal ones that evil spirits give—
Bright and bewildering—leading unto death!"

L. E. L.

Thus ever hath it been, and still shall be;
O Genius! thine the stony wilderness,
The desert paths of life—the lone, wild waste
Of joyless solitude, and dark unrest!
Yes—turn we to thy commerce with mankind,
Ere Death's pale summons had with welcome note
Called thee to mingle with thy kindred peers
The noblest, greatest of Heaven's sainted Few—
The Favourites of their God. Like the lone bird
That in the dim, pale glances of the moon,
Awakes the forest-depths with charmed lay,
Flinging a spell of holy tenderness,
And deep, impassioned joy, o'er Nature's breast,
Itself unseen—unknown; thy haunt was still
Chosen amid the wild sequestered shades
Of rudest solitude: thy song breathed forth
Its hallowed numbers from each lone recess,
Wafting sweet echoes to admiring crowds,
Whilst thou unnoticed—unrewarded—passed
Thine hours in lot obscure. Thy noble gifts
Met with no just return—save some few notes
Of brief and scattered praise, that idly poured

Their cold devotion to a heart like thine,
Burning with passionate hopes, and spell-fraught
dreams,
Caught from the mystic fount of spirit-feeling!
The clouds of a dark world enwrapt thy breast
With oft-returning shadows: fortune lent
No ray to brighten o'er thy span of life—
No—not a passing gleam! Cold—desolate—
And drear thine onward path—wild storms behind,
And signs of gathering tempest on the breeze!
Yet kept thou on thine high ordained course,
Nor sternly banished from thy heart the lyre,
Whose angel-harmonies but brought thee strife!
Thy thought was of the majesty of song!
The memoried light of kindred spirits nerved
Thy thrilling bosom with congenial pride.
But Death was now disclosed to thine embrace—
Death! hurried on by Care's corroding curse—
Fell poison of the mind—slow-killing drug—
That haunts the fevered heart's exhausted frame,
Till its last pulse decays, and weary Life
Turns sickening from her task, and craves to die!

XIV.—CHATTERTON.

Oh! envy not the diadem of fame!
The evils of a mortal crown are great,
But nought to those that twine young Genius'
wreath!
Green are the bays that cincture his high brow,

But gaze *within*—what withering symbols there!
Then drop the curtain, with a thankful prayer,
That thine own heart is cast in happier mould!

—The tale is quickly told! for he was born
To suffer—marked out from the world's gay crowds
For lonely wretchedness—as the poor deer
Is singled from the dappled herd to die!
To look on all things glad and bright around,
Yet carry darkness seated in his soul—
Deep—ever rayless—nursed by brooding care,
That sate, like the pale nightmare, on his breast,
Repelling each fair vision of its hopes,
And blending sterner shadows with life's gloom.
Yet sought he not the pity of the world,
Too well he knew how soon its proffered sigh
Freezes in cold contempt, or studied scorn—
How brief and insincere the borrowed smile
That bids a welcome to the homeless stranger!
Yes! he had gazed upon the things of life
With heart made learned in their dull deceit,
And spurning their cold hollowness! To him
The world was one wide desert. Nature's gifts—
The voice of pleasure—the soft hopes of love—
But spread their gentle witcheries around,
To mock his blighted being! He beheld
Pride's bloated minion in embroidered purple
Lead forth, all radiant, to the mazy dance,
The blooming maiden, in her spring-tide beauty—
The gayest—loveliest of the festal band!
Smiles fell, like scattered roses, round his path,

But none were destined to illume the breast
Of him whose withered cheek gaunt misery paled
With hue unearthly—harbinger of death!*
Oft strove, albeit in vain, his tortured heart
To break—as, fiercer still! the sleepless pangs
Of hunger and disease would prompt the task,
Cold ice-drops gathered on his *burning* brow,
Mocking the eye whose LAST wild tear was shed!
Then 'mid the agony of that dire distress,
While his brain rocked, and shrank his hollow cheek
With famine and despair, he saw the Miser
Clutching, with wary glee, his hoarded gold—
His eye of cunning gloating on the heap
Of bonds and mortgages that spoke of more:
Yet, not to save a dying brother's life,
Had one poor guinea left his o'ergrown piles,—
Emblems of those which giant-like ascend
In stony grandeur 'neath Egyptian skies—
Raised but to image forth the death within!

—It boots not to prolong the dread suspense
Of fevered thought: the fires of madness *now*
Lit up the gloomy depths of his crushed mind!
While seraph-eyes beheld that piteous wreck
In pearly sorrow. He was doomed to die
A death which reason had condemned as vile!
Draw we a curtain dark as ancient Night's

---

* "Cale as the claie whiche will gree on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and baronnes live for pleasure and themselves!"
CHATTERTON.

O'er the wild deed that sealed his hapless fate.
The grave received, and with stern welcome hailed
Him whom all living homes had basely spurned,
Denying shelter! Then Fame's treacherous blast
Pealed its shrill tide in the dull ear of death,
Waking no echo save its own! The heart
Which craved such vain applause, was colder now
Than the mean bosom of that worthless crowd
Which chilled his dawning promise with neglect.
O Genius! let *his* voice speak forth in *mine;*
Grave deep within thy breast this humbling truth—
When death's cold shadows veil thy wasted brow,
And thy stern miseries ask no pitying aid,
The hand that closed its gate on thy distress
May twine a garland for thy BLAZONED *hearse!*
The lips that, with a curse, denied thee bread,
May heap their praises on thy TROPHIED *tomb!*
AND IS THIS FAME? Oh, spurn her dastard wreath,
And fling her loathsome mockeries to the wind:
So shall the tear *his* blighted hopes call forth
Not fall, with saddening presage, for THINE OWN!

XV.—SOLACE IN ADVERSITY.

" Alphonso, follow thou, in happy faith,
Alway the indwelling voice that counsels thee;
And then, let fall the issue as it may,
Shall all thy paths be in the light of heaven,
The peace of heaven be with thee in all hours."

SOUTHEY.

THERE is a luxury in Pleasure's spell,
But Sadness hath her soft alleviatives,
Oh! far more sweet and precious, for they spring
From a bright source, untainted of the world,
Born in the spirit—a balm of heavenly odour!
Not yet life's zenith have I gained, yet I
Have lived an age of sorrow; I have borne
The severance of every early tie
That bound the opening spirit to its home,
Making young life a Paradise of bliss.
Oh! 'tis not wealth or poverty that gives
The lights and shades of being, for the heart
Derives its hues from the affections solely,
And he is happiest who has most to love!
—Nor is Adversity the fiend we paint her;
She hath, e'en like the worst of human kind,
Her own peculiar virtues, and I love her
For that she strips the mask from our false friends,
And shows us truly who deserve our scorn—
Those reptile cheats that sun them in the beam
Of fortune's summer, emulous to please,
Nay, *choke* us, with the fume of our own virtues,
Till the tide turns, and leaves wealth's channel dry,

Then stretch the hand of friendship, and you find
Few palms extended to return its grasp.*
Yes—thus it is, and thus it ever was;
And thus it will be: while there's wealth and power,
The world will fawn and crouch, caress and flatter;
Let the tide turn, and Fortune's favours ebb,
Farewell to the crooked knee, and the doffed cap;
The humble benison, or the measured phrase;
And welcome blame, contempt! 'tis ever thus
When the world frowns upon the man she smiled on;
Those who still owe him most are least his debtors,
And ever seek to blacken his fair fame,
Seeking therein excuse for breach of service!
Yet are there hearts, high based on honour's rock,
That bide the lashing of life's stormiest waves,
And signal friendship's bark in danger's hour:
Minds that respect us for the WORTH we bear,
Not for the value of the *things* around us!
Few will they ever be, and prized as few,
For the heart deems them as a part of self,
And closets their affection in its core.

I knew a noble Count of Andaluçia,
A knight of many Orders—one whose worth
Gave lustre to his rank—that rank the sole

---

* "En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis;
Ut fera nimboso tumuerunt æquora vento,
In mediis, lacerâ puppe, relinquor aquis."

MART.

Possession of his old, declining House.
We met by chance, as inmates of the same
Retired hotel in LONDON's peopled vast,
And, being sometimes thrown in conversation,
A mutuality of taste and feeling,
Aided by ties of chivalric brotherhood,
(The order of the Temple jointly ours,)
Drew us at length into close conference—
That intercourse of hearts, which but exists
Where kindred sympathies have been awakened
By fate's eventful spell in minds the same.
Adversity's dark ban had swept away
The cherished scenes and partners of his youth;
He had stood on the cold hearthstone of his sires,
And felt himself a stranger 'mid those walls
Which earliest hopes had pictured as his own;
And he had known the desolation, that
Clings to the heart with cold and death-like chill,
When those who from life's dawning hour *appeared*
Our second selves—the echoes of our heart—
In thought and act the same—turncoldly round,
(As if Adversity had changed ourselves,
As well as fortunes!) and with base neglect
Resign us to the evils of our lot.
Thus the lone oak, by lightning shattered, flings
His scathed arms to the sky, in mute appeal,
While the bright clouds laugh idly at his wreck!
Yes—thus mean worldlings turn in low, base pride
From the dark ills that yet may be *their own.*
" Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world, and he who wounds another,

Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself." *

But GOD, who sees *all* hearts, and loves to bring
Good out of evil, raised him friends in need,
Who, measuring their respect by virtue, not
By fortune's idle gifts, and with that pure
Instinctive delicacy felt alone
By those whom Charity's true glow inspires—
(Hearts warmed by GOD, as nature by the sun !)—
He was raised up from his dark, broken fortunes,
To fill a place his merits claimed before—
A place congenial to his rank and birth.
—Oft would he dwell on the lone misery
That drove him as an alien from the shores
Which gave him being; thence revert with smiles
To the gay pleasures of life's morning hour,
Ere yet the world, in fancy's hues arrayed,
Had thrown aside her mask, and joy seemed born
To light the spirit on its heavenward way.
But what most touched me in his changeful lot,
An old domestic, venerably gray,
Like ADAM, in our SHAKSPEARE'S "As You
Like It,"
Had shared his master's exile, when the herd
Of parasites, and heartless kinsmen frowned
Their last cold farewell to his blighted hopes!
There were some circumstances in the scene
Of his departure from his ancient home,

* Young.

I noted down in a dramatic form,
With no intent to give the public eye;
But sympathy invests them with a charm
So strong—a memory so full of freshness—
My pen may not resist their transcript here.
I need not add that I have cloaked the scene
With borrowed incident to aid effect,
As well as to disguise its personal source
From every eye save his who claims the picture. *

XVI.—L'ENVOY.

"The Minstrel Lute! Oh, touch it not—
Or weary destiny is thine;
Thy life a twilight's haunted dream—
Thou, victim at an idol's shrine!
And yet a dangerous charm o'er all,
A bright, but ignis-fatuus flame,
Luring thee with a show of power,
Dazzling thee with a blaze of fame!"

L. E. L.

READER! the lowliest of the minstrel choir—
One whose lone fate it is to nurse the flame
Of wild poetic thought, to waste the hours
In fitful musing,—yielding up the depths
Of his rapt mind to themes that crown not life
With aught save visions of unbodied bliss—
Yet bids thee, ere thou close the offered page,

---

* I have since extended this dramatic sketch into a five-act piece, building the main incidents upon a different story, and connecting the scenes referred to with the under-plot.

Spurn not the feeble tribute of his Muse !
Oft as the actor, 'mid the scenes of mirth,
That wake the excited mind to gayer mood,
Forgets awhile his dark and desolate home ;
So hath *he* culled from hours of grief and pain,
A few illusive moments of brief rest ;*
Shining, 'mid storm-clouds, like the meteor bow,
High and resplendent—doomed to melt in tears !
Thus humbly doth he bid thee share the strain,
Happy, if, o'er thy mind, one new-born thought
Sacred to Virtue's cause, expand its light,
And, like her glorious self, shine not in vain !

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* — "jucunda oblivia vitæ !"

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PORTRAITS, PERSONAL RELICS, AND OTHER MEMORIALS

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS,

WITH A VIEW TO THE

ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL MUSEUM,

OR

TEMPLE OF BRITISH FAME.

" Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique pii vates, et PHŒBO digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

VIRG.

"It is expected that they who are high and eminent in the state, shall not only provide for its necessary safety and subsistence, but omit nothing which may contribute to its dignity and honour."—THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

DEDICATION TO PRIOR EDITION.

IN FERVENT ADMIRATION OF
THE GREAT PUBLIC ACTIONS AND PRIVATE VIRTUES
OF THE LATE
ADMIRAL AND LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH,
G.C.B., K.F.M., K.C., K.S., MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S., REGENT AND PRINCE MAGISTRAL
OF THE SOVEREIGN ORDER OF THE TEMPLE,
&c. &c. &c.
THE FOLLOWING PAPER,
COMPRISING
OBSERVATIONS ON THE PORTRAITS AND OTHER MEMORIALS OF
ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS, WITH A VIEW TO THE
ESTABLISHMENT OF A NATIONAL MUSEUM,
OR TEMPLE OF BRITISH FAME,
AND
EMBODYING SENTIMENTS HONOURED AND CONFIRMED
BY HIS DISTINGUISHED APPROBATION,
IS, WITH A DEEP SENSE OF GRATITUDE FOR
IMPORTANT PERSONAL FAVOURS,
REVERENTLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED
TO
HIS MEMORY.

OBSERVATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Oh! who that bears a heart of British mould,
Can trace the mighty footsteps of the Dead
In Valour's tented field, or Wisdom's shade,
Nor feel a kindling consciousness of pride
That he is heritor of their loved soil—
Their fame a legacy to *him* and *his!*
And when he gazes on the precious stores
Which Time's relenting hand hath haply spared,
To image forth the scenes of other days,—
Oh! cold must be the spirit that echoes not
The thoughts they utter with a Patriot's joy!

It has frequently occurred to me as a subject of deep regret, that the attention of the Government has never been directed to the establishment of a National Museum of Personal Relics, combined with the Portraits and Statues, of Illustrious Characters. We possess, it is true, collections of pictures and statues, together with a few characteristic remains of those who have conferred an ennobling lustre on the British name, but they are partially arranged, and dispersed at remote distances from each other, and do not constitute, therefore, that source of unmingled pleasure to the patriotic observer, who misses, in the array of kindred emi-

nence, many a loved name bequeathed as an example to succeeding generations. Thus, a thousand soul-entrancing visions of national greatness, which would obviously arise upon the view of a well-arranged exhibition of the kind proposed, never enter into the mind of the disappointed spectator. Let the reader imagine a series of magnificent saloons and galleries, crowded with the portraits, busts, and statues of all our noblest forefathers, with appropriate inscriptions, signifying their respective claims to the veneration of posterity. (1) One apartment would be occupied by the effigies of rulers and statesmen; another by those of warriors; a third would be devoted to the memory of philosophers; a fourth to that of poets; and others would vie with each other in commemoration of painters, sculptors, and other worthies of various classes, similarly collected apart. To these might succeed a Grand Museum of Miscellaneous Personal Relics, further enriched with specimens of the armour and costume of different periods, trophies of great national events, &c. &c. The contemplation of these interesting mementoes of times past, associated with that of the portraits and other representations of departed worth, would, it is conceived, have a powerful effect, in awakening the genius of our countrymen, or, at least, conjure up aspirations in the mind of the beholder, which would render this Temple of British Fame a school of national virtue and honour. (2) The energies of our nature are commonly dormant, until extraordinary circum-

stances call them forth ; and the most trivial incident has sometimes sufficient weight to determine the tenor of our future days. (3) It is perhaps, therefore, allowable to suppose, that, in a multitude of instances, the feelings thus energetically and pleasingly awakened, might retain a lasting and beneficial influence on the mind and passions of the individual. The sparks of military enthusiasm, elicited by the memorial of a Monk or a Marlborough, might enkindle in the breast of the youthful spectator the steadfast flame of martial ambition ; while, on the other hand, the record of a Bacon or a Newton might dispose the yet uncultured mind of another to a patient and diligent investigation of the mysteries of science. (4) It is remarked by Granger, in the preface to his " Biographical History of England," where he enumerates the advantages of a classification of engraved portraits according to the station or profession of each person represented, — " I may add to this a still more important circumstance, which is the power that such a method will have in awakening genius. (5) For as Ulysses is said to have discovered Achilles under the disguise of a female, by exhibiting arms and implements of war ; so the running over these portraits, together with the short characters of the persons, will frequently excite the latent seeds of a martial, philosophic, poetic, or literary disposition. A skilful preceptor, when he exhibits such a collection, and such a work to his pupil, as a mere amusement, will presently perceive the true bent of his temper, by his

being struck with a Blake or a Boyle, a Hyde or a Milton. In persons of a warm and lively disposition, it will appear at first sight; in those of a sedate mind, more slowly, and perhaps not till after repeated perusal. But it may be safely asserted, that if a young person has real principles of action, and a character impressed by nature, which is the only foundation of a vigorous attachment to any science or profession, it is in this way most likely to be found, and ought then to be cultivated with the utmost care and attention; for the efforts of nature will very rarely, if ever, deceive."—"I have so many portraits of famous persons in several kinds," remarks the celebrated John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "as are enough to excite ambition in any man less lazy, or less at ease, than myself." May not, however, his own mind have unconsciously received the spring of its excellence from the habitual contemplation of that extended array of statesmen, poets, and philosophers? "It is delightful," observed the late Sir Egerton Brydges, "to give reviviscence to the forms of those, who have, for many ages, been buried in the grave; and the memory of them is much more lively, when we have an opportunity of contemplating their very shape and looks."—"Of all relics," adds a late ingenious cotemporary, "portraits, when authentic and scarce, are the most enchanting: they place you in the very presence—they are themselves the presence of the past!"

Few and inconsiderable are the personal relics

existing in our public collections, in remembrance of those distinguished persons whose names have become the successive land-marks in the wide-spread field of our national history. The eye of the antiquary searches in vain for those talismanic records of the past, which, exhibiting to the astonished gaze of the spectator the objects of daily use and contemplation by the mighty of old, seem, for the moment, to annihilate the intervening space which separates their period of existence from our own, and to place us in the hallowed presence of the living sage or hero, whose wisdom, genius, or valour, has cast around his name the halo of an earthly immortality. The bare autograph of Shakspeare, attached to his will, is all that remains to us of that inimitable writer, beyond the rich legacy he has bequeathed to posterity in his works; (6) while the same remark applies to Milton, and to the generality of those inspired beings, whose labours will survive, in undiminished reputation, to animate and instruct the spirit of future ages. The articles of apparel and ornament, the books, weapons, philosophical instruments, and other objects of use, once dignified, and for ever consecrated by the possession of those whose names are recorded in the memory of ages, have been carelessly permitted to fall into obscure hands, and are, generally speaking, beyond the power of identification and recovery. *Nox alta velat!*

There is a passage in the "Antiquary" of Sir Walter Scott, descriptive of the indefatigable zeal of the Laird of Monkbarns in the accumulation of

literary curiosities, which exhibits, in a most striking and amusing manner, the restless activity and feverish excitement of the virtuoso, in his difficult and laborious researches after the hidden treasures of antiquity. It depicts, with ludicrous fidelity, the rapturous delight he experiences, on the discovery of such scattered relics as his persevering industry may have succeeded in dragging into light from the obscure recesses of "brokers' and trokers'" stalls—the cellars or garrets of the indigent—and other squalid repositories of things rare and curious. Many are the memorials of great national interest that have been rescued from a long oblivion by the enterprising zeal of the antiquary. The celebrated *Magna Charta*, which now gratifies the eye of many a compatriot in the British Museum, was happily discovered by Sir Robert Cotton, at the critical moment that a tailor was about to cut it into shreds for his measures: and it is highly probable that hundreds of interesting records of times past, and personal relics of illustrious individuals, are still in the keeping of those who are totally ignorant of their character and value; their chance of preservation, therefore, being highly hazardous.

Amongst the more important and well-authenticated memorials preserved in the halls and cabinets of the nobility and gentry, and in our Royal and Public collections, may be enumerated the sword of that great and wise monarch, Edward the Third, reposing in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the

armour of his illustrious son, the Black Prince, lately retained in the King's Guard Chamber. The sword of Henry Hotspur, Lord Percy, who was killed in the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting against King Henry the Fourth, is preserved at Petworth, while that of the immortal Wallace remains at Dumbarton Castle. (7) The armour of Sir Philip Sidney is shown at Warwick Castle; and at Buckland Abbey are the sword and shield, and other relics of the famous Sir Francis Drake, whose astrolabe, presented by myself to His late Majesty, is exhibited at Greenwich Hospital. At the Heralds' College, London, may be seen the dagger of the gallant and unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland. The crozier of the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, appears in the chapel of New College, Oxford; and in the Ashmolean Museum are deposited various interesting relics of different periods. We learn from Granger, that the Duchess of Monmouth had a lock of Lady Jane Grey's hair, which "looked as if it had been powdered with gold dust." He also informs us that the Duchess of Portland had a pearl taken out of the ring of Charles the First's ear. The late Sir George Bromley possessed a ring containing a lock of that monarch's hair. (8) The sword or dagger with which Sir William Walworth wounded Wat Tyler in the presence of King Richard the Second, in Smithfield, is still extant at Fishmongers' Hall, the worthy knight having been a member of that worshipful fraternity. To come down to later times, it may

be noticed, that the refracting telescope invented by the immortal Newton, the tube of which is constructed out of the cover of an old book, (9) is preserved with great veneration by the Royal Society. I might add various other relics of different kinds, such as the sceptre of Mary Queen of Scots, discovered a few years since in Loch Leven; (10) the tobacco-box and pipes of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the collection of the late Mr. Thoresby of Leeds; the celebrated ring given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Essex, still in the custody of one of his lineal descendants; but I shall conclude the list with the notice of an object of curiosity in my own possession, *viz.* the tobacco-box of Sir Francis Drake, constructed of the horn of some foreign animal, and bearing his arms (11) beautifully and elaborately carved upon the lid, and having his name inscribed above the crest.

I am fully assured that it would afford an infinitely greater pleasure to intelligent foreigners visiting our metropolis, to inspect a well-authenticated collection of the most interesting remains which yet exist in commemoration of the ancient heroes and sages of English history, than they would derive from the ordinary spectacle presented by museums and galleries of a merely scientific description. These, indeed, possess an important influence on the public mind, which an exhibition of the former class could not lay claim to: they present us with the proudest efforts of human genius in all its varied pursuits— with the rarest

productions of nature in all her diversified operations; they exercise a salutary control on the taste, and constitute a necessary guide to the knowledge of each succeeding age; they realize to us the curious and valuable information of past times and foreign countries; they are at once the nurseries and elaboratories of art and science—the stateliest monuments of national refinement: and their active encouragement is as closely connected with the well-being of every civilized state, as the permanent security of its exchequer, or the vigour of its natural resources. Yet a repository of characteristic memorials of those great men, whose names have become "household words"—whose existence is regarded as the guiding-star of the destinies of millions—whose lofty spirits, soaring adventurously beyond the narrow bounds that circumscribed the intellect of preceding generations, grasped at and secured the hidden treasures of science, and unfolded their unspeakable blessings to futurity—nay, whose actions have imparted a new dignity to the character of human nature,—must be considered as an exhibition well calculated to impress the mind of the visiter with the liveliest pleasure, at the same time that it excited in his bosom the strongest sentiments of patriotism and philanthropy. Many valuable curiosities commemorative of historical personages are still to be found in the possession of private individuals, in addition to those which have been shown to exist in the Royal Palaces and at the seats of our nobility and gentry; and there is

no doubt that a large proportion of them would be willingly contributed, in support of so patriotic an undertaking. (12) The pencil and the chisel would then happily be employed in the rival task of imparting to future ages the faithful resemblance of contemporary and departed merit. A just tribute of love, admiration, and gratitude would be thereby paid to those exalted beings whose memory is embalmed amongst the most precious of our historical recollections, and a strong incentive would be offered to those who behold the respect thus paid to deceased excellence, which might lead them to emulate the distinguished actions that have called forth the ennobling tribute of a public memorial.* Then, too, might names, once of deserved lustre, recover their just share of popular applause. To glance at *naval*

* It may here be remarked, that we have most splendid national monuments of our deceased worthies in the tombs of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral; but I confess that the erection of sepulchral trophies never appeared to me an appropriate method of inspiring ambition in the breasts of posterity: they call up, rather, the most humbling convictions of the brief and unstable tenure of all earthly greatness—they speak of the death, rather than of the living renown of those they seek to hold forth as objects of our emulation. As mementoes of respect to deceased merit, they are highly to be esteemed, but as furnishing ardent appeals to the love of earthly distinction, and human applause, they are, (if I may judge from my own personal feelings,) a sedative, rather than an incentive; while their necessary size and enormous cost render them an inconvenient method of conveying posthumous reward. It may be alleged that the noblest incentive to acts of glory is the sense of public duty, uninfluenced by hope of reward, or the applause of others; and so indeed it is: but, as a recent writer well remarks, "the principle which upholds all honorary grants is vital, and belongs to human nature—the desire of distinction, and the wish to reward and be rewarded."

names alone, how many worthies are mentioned in the following short extract from the preface of Molloy's "De Jure Maritimo," whose actions, though most important in their consequences, and worthy of perpetual record, are forgotten by the general reader. "We need only mention SEBASTIAN CHABOT, a native of Bristol, who discovered Florida, and the shores of Virginia, dedicated to that virgin princess Elizabeth; *Thorn*, *Elliot*, *Owen*, *Gwyned*, HAWKINS, FROBISHER, DAVIS, *Stadson*, RALEIGH, and the incomparable DRAKE, who was the first (agreed universally) of any mortal to whom GOD vouchsafed the stupendous achievement of encompassing not this New World alone, but New and Old together, twice embraced by that mighty man, who first making up to Nombre de Dios, got sight (with tears of joy) of the Southern Seas, the which in five years after he accomplished, passing through the Magellan Streights towards the other Indies, and doubling the famous Promontory, he circumnavigated the whole earth. Nor ought that truly worthy Captain Sir *John Narborough* to be precluded from having place after the mighty DRAKE, he having not long since passed and repassed the Magellan Streights, by which that worthy person hath performed that achievement which was never yet done by any mortal before. (13) To reckon up the particular actions of *John Oxenham*, (a sharer in that mighty performance of DRAKE,) of his drawing his vessel up to land, and covering the same with boughs, passed the unknown paths of land from

Nombre de Dios to the South Sea, and there building a pinnace, enters the Isle of Pearls, and from the Spaniards takes a treasure almost beyond credit; of the indefatigable diligence of WILLOUGHBY, *Burroughs, Chanceler, Buffin, James, Middleton, Gilbert, Cumberland,* who ploughed up the North-East and North-West Cathaian and China passage; of *Jones* and *Smith,* whose fortune and courage were great in those parts; of *Poole,* who found out the Whale Fishing; of Captain *Bennet,* the first discoverer of Cherry-land; of *Gillian* and of *Pett,* and *Jackman,* that passed the Vaigates, Scythian seas, and the river of Ob, as far as Nova Zembla; nor of the famous MONK, BLAKE, LAWSON, MINNES, SANDWICH, OSSORY, and the NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN *Spragge,* and living his Royal Highness YORK's victorious Duke, and the brave RUPERT, men, *whose courage and glorious actions, as well in battles, as in the achieving of discoveries, and pointing out to places for an immense improvement in navigation and commerce,* OUGHT TO BE ENROLLED IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME, AS MONUMENTS TO SUCCEEDING AGES, OF THEIR MIGHTY AND LABORIOUS TRAVAILS AND INDUSTRY!"

Let us hope, therefore, that, ere many years have transpired, we may hail the appearance of a national institution on the plan suggested. Instead of extending my remarks on the subject, further than to express my humble belief that, sooner or later, this truly worthy acknowledgment of gratitude towards those who have bequeathed to us the

rich legacy of their fame and successes, will be accomplished, I shall conclude this paper with a notice of the Inscriptions in the Temple of British Worthies at Stowe, which provide a few appropriate specimens of the concise and nervous style in which the legend beneath each portrait, bust, or other memorial, should be written.

The Temple of British Worthies is a semicircular wall, adorned with the following bustos and inscriptions:—

Sir THOMAS GRESHAM, who by the honourable profession of a merchant having enriched himself and his country, for carrying on the commerce of the world, built the Royal Exchange.

IGNATIUS JONES, who, to adorn his country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman architecture.

JOHN MILTON, whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the world.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of nature, and gave him power, beyond all other writers, to move, astonish, and delight mankind.

JOHN LOCKE, who, best of all philosophers, understood the powers of the human mind, the nature, ends, and bounds of civil government; and with equal courage and sagacity, refuted the slavish systems of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, and the reason of mankind.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON, whom the GOD of Nature made to comprehend his works; and from simple principles to discover the laws never known before, and to explain the appearance, never understood, of this stupendous universe.

Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord VERULAM, who, by the strength and light of a superior genius, rejecting vain speculation, and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve philosophy, by the certain method of experiment.

King ALFRED, the mildest, justest, most beneficent of kings;

who drove out the Danes, secured the seas, protected learning, established juries, crushed corruption, guarded liberty, and was the founder of the English constitution.

EDWARD, Prince of WALES, the terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preserved unaltered, in the height of glory and fortune, his natural gentleness and modesty.

Queen ELIZABETH, who confounded the projects, and destroyed the power that threatened to oppress the liberties of Europe; took off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, restored religion from the corruptions of Popery; and by a wise, a moderate, and a popular government, gave wealth, security, and respect to England.

King WILLIAM the Third, who by his virtue and constancy, having saved his country from a foreign master, by a bold and generous enterprise, preserved the liberty and religion of Great Britain.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH, a valiant soldier, and an able statesman; who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master, for the honour of his country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he had opposed.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, who, through many perils, was the first of Britons who ventured to sail round the globe; and carried into unknown seas and nations the knowledge and glory of the English name.

JOHN HAMPDEN, who with great spirit and consummate abilities, began a noble opposition to an arbitrary Court, in defence of the liberties of his country; supported them in parliament, and died for them in the field.

NOTES.

(1) In various conspicuous parts of the interior might be introduced short sentences inculcating patriotic sentiments, similar to those inscribed in the Temple of Ancient Virtue at Stowe. "Charum esse civem, bene de republicâ mereri, laudari, coli, diligi, gloriosum est: metui vero, et in odio esse, invidiosum, detestabile, imbecillum, caducum." "Justitiam cole et pietatem, quæ cum sit magna in parentibus et propinquis, tum in patriâ maxima est."

(2) "Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipse illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus: studioseque eorum etiam sepulchra contemplor."—CICERO *de Legibus*, 2. ii.

(3) "To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for 'The Bard' of Gray."—Notes to ROGERS'S *Pleasures of Memory*.

"Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. Father Mallebranche will serve for an example. Having completed his studies in Philosophy and Theology, without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, he little expected to become of such celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the shop of a bookseller, in turning over a parcel of books, 'L'Homme de Descartes' fell into his hands. Having dipped into some parts, he was induced to peruse the whole. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which gave birth to so many beautiful compositions in Physics, Metaphysics, and Morality, which have made him pass for the Plato of his age.—Cowley became a Poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's 'Fairy

Queen;' and, by a continual study of Poetry, he became so enchanted of the Muse, that he grew irrecoverably a Poet."—D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature.*

(4) "We should not forget that Dryden drew inspiration from the 'majestic face' of Shakspeare, and that a portrait of Newton was the only ornament of the closet of Buffon."

> "Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
> As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire."
>
> ROGERS.

(5) "Nam sæpe audivi Q. Maximum, præterea civitatis nostræ præclaros viros, solitos ita dicere: cum majorum imagines intuerentur, vehementissimè sibi animum ad virtutem accendi; scilicet non ceram illam neque figuram tantam vim in sese habere; sed memoria rerum gestarum eam flammam egregiis viris in pectore crescere, neque priùs sedari, quam virtus eorum famam atque gloriam adæquaverit."—SALLUST. *Præfat. ad Bellum Jugurth.*

(6) It is preserved, together with that of Milton, in the office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, in Doctors' Commons. The following recent notice of another autograph of Shakspeare may be interesting to the reader:—"A large attendance of the curious in autographs and lovers of literature was attracted on Tuesday to the auction-rooms of Messrs. Evans, of Pall Mall, on account of its being the day appointed for the sale of an undoubted autograph of the immortal Shakspeare. This interesting and valuable signature is affixed to a deed of bargain and sale of a house purchased by him in Blackfriars, from Henry Walker, dated March 12, 1612, with the seals attached. The house is described as 'all that dwelling-house, or tenement, with the appurtenances, situate and being within the precinct, circuit, and compass of the late Black-ffryers, London, &c.' This indenture is stated at the commencement to be 'Between Henry Walker, citizen and minstrell, of London, of the one part, and William Shakspere, of Stratforde upon Avon, in the countie of Warwick, gentleman, on the other partie.' This deed is regularly entered in the Rolls Court, being placed in the index under the name of Shakspere, instead of H. Walker, the vendor, as is the usual mode. There was much competition for this valuable relic of the Bard of Avon; and the deed was at length knocked down for the large sum of £165 15*s.* for Mr. Elkins. Many gentlemen, well known in the literary world, were

present during the sale, and this one lot appeared to excite the greatest interest among them."

(7) This illustrious relic having sustained much injury from the assaults of time, and its recent preservation having been much neglected, information of the fact was imparted to the Duke of Wellington by an intelligent tourist visiting Dumbarton Castle, whereupon His Grace ordered it to be sent to the Tower for repairs, expressing, in reply to his worthy informant, the high degree of value with which this distinguished memorial of ancient Scottish valour was regarded by His Grace.

(8) The following anecdote is related by Dr. George Hickes, in allusion to a lock of this unfortunate monarch's hair:—"A gentleman came to Oliver, to beg a lock of Charles's hair for an honourable lady. 'Ah, no, Sir,' said Cromwell, bursting into tears, 'that must not be; for I swore to him, when he was living, that not a hair of his head should perish!'"

(9) Sir Isaac does not appear to have been a studious observer of elegance in the method of supplying any deficiency of materials for the accomplishment of his labours. Dr. Stukeley, who visited the study of the philosopher, at the house of his mother, in 1721, says, "I observed the shelves were of his own making, being pieces of deal boxes, which probably he sent his books and clothes down in, upon those occasions"—*viz.* when he visited his parent, during the vacations at Cambridge.

(10) The following is from the papers of the day:—"The partial draining of Loch Leven has been the means of bringing to light a highly-interesting relic of the days of the unfortunate Mary: a handsome sceptre, apparently of cane, hilted with ivory, and mounted with silver, upon which latter, the letters of the words, 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' are almost wholly legible, although both the ivory and silver are much decayed."

(11) These Arms are thus described by Gwillim in his "Display of Heraldry:"—"The field is diamond, a fess wavy between the two pole-stars, arctick and antarctick, pearl. Such was the worth of this generous and renowned knight, Sir Francis Drake, some time of Plymouth, as that his merits do require that his coat armour should be

expressed in that selected manner of blazoning, that is fitting to noble personages, in respect of his noble courage, and high attempts achieved, whereby he merited to be reckoned the honour of our nation, and of the naval profession; inasmuch as he cutting thorow the Magellanick Straits, anno domini, one thousand five hundred and seventy-seven, within the compass of three years he encompassed the whole world; whereof his ship, laid up in a dock near Deptford, will long time remain as a most worthy monument."

(12) When James the First came to the throne, there was a very considerable collection of state-dresses, in the Wardrobe of the Tower, belonging to the ancient monarchs of England. These, to the unceasing regret of the antiquary, were quickly dispersed by the Royal gift, yet it is not altogether improbable that some portion of them may still exist in the possession of the descendants of the parties who thus obtained them, and might be devoted to the enrichment of a national Museum.

(13) Molloy is here under a mistake. The Elizabeth, a vessel which accompanied the memorable expedition of Drake, after having sustained great damage in the South Sea, returned home through the Straights of Magellan.

THE ANTIQUARY.

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

" I knew ANSELMO. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys that childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King PEPIN's cradle!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

" He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont' gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the flude!"

BURNS.

DEDICATION TO PRIOR EDITION.

TO

STEPHEN MAJOR, ESQ.

OF QUARNDON, DERBYSHIRE,

LATE OF HER MAJESTY'S 13TH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY,

IN TESTIMONY

OF THE AUTHOR'S SINCERE REGARD

AND

GRATITUDE FOR MANY DISINTERESTED

ACTS OF SERVICE.

THE ANTIQUARY.

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

" Blest madman, who can every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!"

DRYDEN.

I HAVE ever indulged an enthusiastic veneration for the character and pursuits of the Antiquary. I behold in him a wider chain of sympathies—a more exalted intelligence, than in the ordinary "spirits of earth."* My imagination loves to depict him as a magician or genie, holding in one hand the tablet "of all things written," and in the other, a huge key, under whose potent custody are enshrined the mysterious secrets of all ages. He is the sole human watcher over the destinies of the world. Dynasties have arisen, and passed away—new empires sprung forth: but his inquisitive mind has traced and unfolded every latent spring that gave an impetus to the ball of Fate. The master-minds of every age and nation have devoted their extraordinary powers, in the acervation of intellectual wealth, to enrich his kindred acquisitions in the field of knowledge. He communes deeply with the

* "Roughlie not made up in the common moulde."

DRAYTON.

spirits of Eld on those important themes that have been imperfectly recorded in the volume of Time; nay—he is the favourite disciple of old father Time himself, who teaches him his choicest secrets. He descends into the sepulchres of old, and gazes on the ashes of remote generations. The graves of millions have perished, whose memory finds a living record in his inquiring breast. He is the true Aladdin of the fairy tale—diving into the bowels of the earth for the Wonderful Lamp of hidden knowledge. Like the first circumnavigator of the physical globe, he directs the sails of commerce throughout every portion of the unexplored seas of our mental universe. He applies the spacious telescope of his profound learning to the remotest periods of human existence, and lo! the mists of oblivious obscurity are dissolved — events are brought before our eyes with the minutest particularity of detail, and in all the startling vividness of reality. Despising the shallow trickery of the Astrologer, he exercises the sure talisman of his deep theory in the occurrences of times past, and, casting aside the black and mysterious curtain of futurity, shows us the appointed consummation of our various hopes and enterprises.* He is the

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* To the *rationale* of this mode of discovering the process of future events, our immortal Bard is himself a witness:—

> " There is a history in all men's lives,
> Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
> The which observed, a man may prophesy
> With a near aim of the main chance of things
> As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
> And weak beginnings, lie entreasured."

Mirror of the Past—the Torch of the Present—and the Index of the Future.

> —a sage philosopher,
> Who, mid the many changing scenes of life,
> Untrammelled by the bonds of dubious forethought,
> Still sees the future mirrored in the past:
> And as he gazes on Time's blazoned record,
> Or scans the mystic scroll of dim futurity,
> His heart claims kindred with each age and clime—
> With every chequered guise of fair humanity.
> He hails the glorious truth too long concealed
> By our cold, selfish spirits—that "GOD has formed
> Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,
> Himself our Father, and the world our home!"

His is the true cosmopolitan spirit of Freemasonry. He is "a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages." He wanders through every region of the earth, taking up his abode in the palace of the prince, or the cottage of the peasant, at his pleasure. How often, through its enchanted spell, has he trodden the midnight darkness of the wilderness, and made the melancholy cities of the dead his abiding-place. The pyramids have cast their sombrous shadows on the Egyptian moonlight, to darken his meditative wanderings; while Palmyra has upreared her marble colonnades in serene beauty, to enchant the visionary musings of that solitary wayfarer. His mind is a sort of spiritual magic-lantern, that casts its bright *spectrum* on the blank and common-place realities of life, and peoples it with the gay and gorgeous creations of chivalry and romance. He is a moral exorcist, conjuring up unto

the imagination "the forms of the mighty of old." At his imperative bidding, the veteran warrior of a hundred fields shakes off the heavy sleep of his ensanguined grave; the rust of his long-buried mail is at once abraded, and again the snowy plume dances with aërial lightness above his radiant crest. Up rises the stately war-steed at the blast of the charmed trumpet—his embroidered housings gleaming with the forgotten heraldries of his once potent master. Snorting with impatience at the shrill summons, he rolls his straining eye-balls in quest of the foe; his dishevelled mane streams wildly on the passing breeze. Pawing the echoing pavement with a proud disdain, he flings the white foam in fury from the richly-embossed bit that—

> —"awhile restrains him from
> The glorious speed of the impending charge."

—Desertion and decay are his idols—the tomb of departed greatness his shrine. He is a lover of the wrecks of war and of tempest—the heart's lord of a thousand desolate castles! Their gigantic and roofless halls, echoing the assaults of the night storm, are his chosen retreat. He hears the rattling of shields in each eddying blast, and the song of the Bards is in his dreaming ear. He is happy, and depends not on *others* for his happiness. He dwells, like the enchanter of old, in a wide and diversified region of his own subtle creation, and looks down from the heights of his aërial abode, upon the transitory occurrences of human life, with the spe-

culative and self-abstracted interest of an inhabitant of a different sphere. He indulges a sovereign contempt for the little mercenary spirits of the world, and exercises the same high-minded abandonment of the frivolous amusements and occupations of the many. He is the true possessor of the Philosopher's Stone, inasmuch as his exalted fancy will oftentimes invest a piece of decayed wood, or rusty metal, with the worth of much fine gold; while a flint from Mount Ararat, or a clod from the Valley of Elah, bears in his eyes a price far above rubies. His garments denote no love of purple and fine linen, and for the "good and lawful" coin of the realm he has a truly philosophic contempt—

> "Those gilded counters are not things he loves;"

but a didrachm or tetradrachm of Syracuse or Thasus, or even an old spur-rowel from Crecy, Poictiers, or Agincourt, awake in his mind a thousand glorious visions of delight. Crœsus himself was never half so rich in his own estimation as the poorest Antiquary, when installed amid the idols of his fancy:

> "A sad phylosopher, who though his wealth
> Not makes him eminent, yet he is rich
> In precious vellum, and learn'd manuscripts,
> Yellowed with age."

Rust and must are the readiest passports to his affection, and he loves verdigris with the passion of a city-alderman for "green fat." He has a similar reverence for the woof of the Lydian princess so

cruelly metamorphosed by Diana, for his walls are hung—

" With cobwebs, Sir, and those so large, they may
Catch and ensnare dragons instead of flies;
Where sit a melancholy race of olde
Norman spyders, that came in with 'Conqueror."

His house is an hospital for decayed furniture—a sort of Noah's Ark for the refuse of the creation. It abounds with a thousand whimsical incommodities, upon whose origin, or intended use, it would be idle to speculate. Stones from Carthage, and bricks from Babel, fragments of votive urns from Pompeii, and of household-implements from Herculaneum, are blended in heterogeneous confusion with—

—" olde disjoynted globes
And crooked mathematicke instruments
Enow to fill a brazier's shop, which with
His stilles of glass for chimick purposes"—

are the probable mementoes of some erudite disciple of Cornelius Agrippa,—nay, may they not have appertained into Bishop Wilkins himself? The sacrilegious pillage of British barrows or cairns is profusely mingled with " veritable" relics of the Church of Rome: Paganism and Popery seem alike disregarded—the claims of empire forgotten; and the cracked gear of many a stalwart descendant of Hengist resteth in peace among the shattered helms and hauberks of the Norman chivalry. It reminds us, truly, of a hard-foughten fray in the Barons' Wars:

" Those warlike ensignes, waving in the fielde,
Which lately seemed to brave the embattled foe,

Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their loftie tops to the base dust doe bow;
Here sits a helmet, and there lyes a shield:
Oh, ill did Fate those ancient armes bestowe!
Which as a quarry on the soyled earth lay,
Seized on by Conquest, as a glorious prey."

The wide annals of European history are but as a drop in the ocean of his limitless research. His spirit has been familiarly present at every varied scene of enjoyment or misery since the happy wanderings of our first parents in the radiant solitudes of Eden. He has feasted with Apicius, and fought with Alexander; melted pearls with Cleopatra, and lunched on raw herbs with Cincinnatus. He has gazed on the triumphal chariot of Julius Cæsar, and reflected his form in the glowing shield of Achilles. Nay, his wily and well-instructed fancy has even enlisted him into that terror-striking band that leapt from the bowels of the Trojan Horse at the dead of night, and carried brand and glave to the bed-side of the hapless sleeper! The confusion of tongues at Babel is, in his shrewd recollection, an event of yesterday. In sooth, his mind may be compared to the form or semblance of a stupendous giant, whose head is seen to pierce through the loftiest clouds, and whose shadow overspreads the whole land; even so does his vast and penetrating spirit extend itself over the obscure revelations of the past, and invade also the solemn sanctuaries of the future!

His manners are characterized by an habitual gravity and reserve, arising, in some degree, doubtless, from the conscious possession of the numerous state-

secrets and maxims of polity entertained by the councils of former ages; and there is a natural or acquired stateliness in his mien and carriage, which well accords with the narrations of one whose ordinary topics are the march of armies—the dispatch of fleets—or the deliberations of conclaves and cabinets. His patience is greater than Job's, for he would deduce you the pedigree of a Bourbon, a Guelph, or a Nassau, from the earliest monarch on record: and his continence is even before Scipio's, since he would prefer an old black-letter treatise, or worm-eaten manuscript, to the fairest inmate of Mahomet's celestial Paradise:—

> "For he wolde rather have at hys bedde-heade,
> A twentie bokes, clothed in blacke or redd,
> Of ARISTOTLE, or hys phylosophie,
> Than robès ryche, rebecke, or psalterie."

Various and amusing are his quaint technicalities concerning the fruits of his indefatigable researches. His discourse affords a panoramic sketch of his mind, being plentifully garnished with obsolete phrases; and his very salutation smacks of the eccentricity of his calling. Thus, in addressing a neighbour, it is either "God give you good morrow, or good den, *Master So-and-So;*" "Rest you merrie, or fare weather after you, *Mistress* ——." And if he utters an exclamation, it is of no vulgar coinage. —"Mother of Mercy! By my halidom! By'r lakin! By the holy rood!" are some of his more frequent expletives of this kind. But he has a wide range of others—"By my fay, good deed, perdy, gra-

mercy, by Janus, by the faith of man," &c. &c., with a few miscellaneous specimens of more favourite and abstruse phraseology, such as "via,* basta,† baccare,‡ proface,§ sneck-up,‖ duc-dame,¶" &c.

But it is in the deep and solemn seclusion of his venerable library, when surrounded with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of his curious science, that the Antiquary appears in his most exalted aspect. We behold him intently engaged in the decipherment of a mysterious manuscript of Egyptian lore, or the mutilated remains of some black-letter legend of rare curiosity:

—"His eye employed to reconcile
Old Hieroglyphicks by their shape, and then
T' interpret blinde, halfe-eaten characters,
Deformed as lock-smiths', 'or as carvers' tooles."

The light falls dull and tremulously through a distant oriel, shaded with overhanging ivy, and intersected with massive carved mullions; the "storied pane" betraying the brilliant but unhallowed spoils of some ill-fated cathedral or monastery. We behold an aged and majestic-looking personage, attired in an ancient scholastic garment of faded velvet, and seated in a venerable chair of once polished ebony; the lofty back of which is elaborately sculptured with—

* A cant phrase of exultation.
† Spanish—"'tis enough."
‡ Baccare, "stand back, give place."
§ Much good may it do you.
‖ A cant phrase—"go hang yourself."
¶ Duc ad me, "bring him to me."

—" figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's braine,"

combining a diversified assemblage of unintelligible devices, with the more obvious representations of birds, fruits, and foliage, and the sprawling effigies of wyverns and sea-monsters—such as might have been seen in the state apartments of the early Tudors. A copious bunch of oddly-shaped keys, affording access to the surrounding depositories of

" Manie a mystick store sublime,"

depends from a massive silver chain of rude pattern, secured by a jewelled guard to his girdle; and his feet are ensconced in slippers of " crimosin vellat," which, together with the decayed footstool of corresponding materials whereon they repose, were probably first constructed in behoof of some " grave and reverend" dignitary of the Maiden Reign. An oblong table of spacious dimensions, draped with Persian tapestry of a richly-variegated yet time-worn aspect, supports an Italian writing-desk of the date of Leo the Magnificent; its multitudinous appurtenances being enriched with golden filigree, as befitting the dignity of—

" A very ryche *Alderman* phylosopher."

Caskets of amber and mother-of-pearl, (containing a gaudy array of antiquated trinkets of every phantasy,) genealogical scrolls, trickings of arms, books, papers, coin-trays, and a *quantum sufficit* of indescribables of choicest rarity, occupy the remainder of its space; while above it is suspended a widely-

branching chandelier of Gothic design and workmanship—

Whose radiant office hath for ever ceased !

Our eye traces with a pleasing amazement the prodigious crowd of tall and sombre-looking volumes which extend their array on every side, to the high and panelled roof; while a series of bronze and marble busts are ranged in kindred companionship above the several classes. A succession of splendid suits of armour, profusely inlaid with Damascene flowers and scroll-work, are stationed, in dignified attitudes, within appropriate niches: some brandishing, as in threatful ire, the ponderous mallet, or hammer of arms; others, resting, with an air of statuesque repose, on the gigantic mace, or battle-axe. Escutcheoned shields and trophy-work embellish the entrances of the apartment; where, cabinets of stately proportions, exhibiting patterns of the most intricate device and beauty, and rivalling the architectural graces of the finest edifices, coffers of every size and description, some ingeniously coated with embroidery, or the rainbow plumage of exotic birds; others inlaid with the rarest woods, and decorated with tramontane ornaments of the most complicated and curious workmanship, musical instruments and warlike weapons, ewers, chalices, and salvers of embossed silver, together with an interminable variety of long-stalked, bell-shaped, *vari-form* drinking-glasses, vases of porphyry and porcelain, and other interesting remains of the Gothic and early ages,

form an harmonious assemblage of beautiful and varied objects not unworthy of the sparkling and elaborate pencil of a Gerard Duow, or a Mieris.

Beautiful to the eye and imagination are the records of feudal magnificence. With chivalry expired the genius of warlike pageantry! A goodly sight was horse and rider, arrayed in all the glittering panoply of knightly dignity, and advancing to the tournay, or the battle-field, beneath the banner of chieftainship, or of the cross, while the hollow drums rolled their breezy thunders in majestic unison with the silver-sounding clarions. Yes! with chivalry expired the genius of magnificence. The beautiful and the grand alike departed. The spell of minstrelsie waxed mute. The pride and joyousness of the national temper, no longer sustained by the solemn grandeur of the tournament, and the mirth and festivity of the baronial hall, at once declined—a dark and restless desire of gain spread over the minds of the chief and his retainers, and peasant and noble alike enlisted in the ranks of merchant-adventure. Lo! where frowned the feudal pile, with its august accumulation of towers and turrets, displaying the richly-emblazoned banner of its hospitable owner, in token of the wide paternal authority he exercised over the surrounding district, streets of busy traders now extend themselves, and crowds of pale and unwashed artisans, congregated together in blind and smoky alleys, have exchanged a life of careless freedom for one of ceaseless toil and restraint,—

" Too oft the prey of famine and disease,
The slaves of vice-engendered maladies ! "

The aged and venerable forests, whose shadowy solitudes responded to the inspiring music of the chase, have for the most part disappeared beneath the axe of avarice or need ; and the mellow blasts of the old French-horns, the deep bayings of the huge stag-hounds " of the olden time," and the silvery ringing of the bridle-bells of those high-born ladies who, in the bloom of health and beauty, mingled in the sports and perils of those adventurous excursions, will never more salute the ear of the passing stranger.

" The daintie hart and tryppinge roe"

have been succeeded by the humble and melancholy sheep; and ploughed inclosures occupy the site of those sylvan recesses wherein Robin Hood, " and his merrie menne all" maintained their joyous revels: and whence they occasionally issued in pursuit of their gleeful vocation :

" He robbed the ryche to feede the poore ! "

Truly, Old England was " merriest " in those days, when her ancient forests rang with the jovial clamours of the chase, and the hateful sound of the loom was never heard in her cottages: when the wide ancestral halls of her nobility echoed to the mailed tread of hereditary warriors—

" Who carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred ; "

while their cedar galleries were swept by the embroidered trains of those gay and high-souled beauties who formed a galaxy of courtly splendour in the insulated abode of each powerful chieftain. The grave and venerable-looking herald, pacing with haughty step the solemn lists, the young and mirthful pages skipping about in all the wantonness of unchecked glee, the graceful and impassioned troubadour, breathing the seductive lays of love and romance in the ear of Beauty and Valour —alas! each has disappeared, like a dream of the night, and is coldly forgotten by all save

THE ANTIQUARY.

Pile up your shining ore, ye sons of traffic! count your vulgar gains with true arithmetical precision; and lay your sordid schemes for future profit with all the serpent cunning of avaricious lust; I swear unto you, by the shade of Demosthenes, that ye will never know the deep and serene delight of him who layeth up his treasures in the Tower of Minerva.

THE

TRIUMPH OF DRAKE;

OR,

THE DAWN OF ENGLAND'S NAVAL POWER.

A Ballad Poem.

" A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world;
Then flamed thy spirit high."

THOMSON.

" Dracæ, pererrati quem novit terminus orbis,
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus;
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui."

" Exposed to thee have earth's last limits been,
Thou at like distance both the poles hast seen;
Were mankind mute, the stars thy fame would blaze,
And Phœbus sing his old companion's praise."

DEDICATION TO PRIOR EDITION.

TO

CAPT. JAMES CLARK ROSS, R.N.,

F.R.S., F.L.S., F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.,

THE FIRST WHO PLANTED THE RED CROSS OF ST. GEORGE

ON ONE OF THE NORTHERN MAGNETIC POLES,

AND

WHOSE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES IN THE ARCTIC SEAS

WILL EVER RENDER HIM MEMORABLE

IN THE

ANNALS OF NAVAL FAME,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF PUBLIC ESTEEM AND PRIVATE FRIENDSHIP,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was frequently styled THE FOUNDRESS OF NAVAL GLORY, and THE MISTRESS OF THE OCEAN. Her character is well drawn by the author of the "Columna Rostrata." "By her wise conduct," he remarks, "and the bravery of her sea commanders, she spread her fame into all parts of the known world. She was sensible of the true foundation of her greatness, and looked upon manufactures as the richest mine of the state, and *the dominion of the seas as the chiefest jewel of her crown.* This disposed her to take all possible measures both to promote trade, and to deprive the neighbouring nations of the means of rivalling the English at sea. By her victorious arms she broke the naval force of Spain, and curbed the insolence of the Hanse Towns. The terror of her successes held France, though governed by the Great Henry, so much in awe, that the sea forces of that kingdom could not become formidable during her reign. And having Brille, Rammekens, and Flushing, the keys of Holland and Zealand, in her hands, she could, as it were, lock up the sea forces of the Dutch at her pleasure. Thus she remained till her death, the absolute mistress of the seas, and, by consequence, the arbitress of the affairs of Europe. To signify this, she caused a portcullis to be stamped on some of her coin, intimating thereby, that it was in her power to shut up the sea."

The following passage is selected from "The Character of Sir Francis Drake, by a Contemporary," as referring more immediately to the great enterprise on which the succeeding poem is founded:—"Something I will say of him, as a private captain,

and especially of his renowned voyage about the world, being the first attempt of that nature that ever was performed by any nation, except the Spaniards themselves, and they only in that of Magellan and his company. And it was the more honour to him, as the Streight of Magellan was counted so terrible in those days, that the very thought of attempting it was dreadful; secondly, in that it had been but once passed, and but by one ship that ever returned to Europe, and that above sixty-nine years before his enterprise. His praise was, that he could carry a voluntary action so discreetly, so patiently, and so resolutely, in so tedious and unknown a navigation, the condition of seamen being apt to repine and murmur; but, lastly and principally, that after so many miseries and extremities as he endured, and almost two years spent in unpractised seas, when reason would have bid him sought home for his rest, he left his known course, and ventured upon an unknown sea, in forty-eight degrees; which sea or passage we know had been often attempted, but never discovered. This attempt alone must silence all his detractors, for it showed an extraordinary resolution in his person, a special desire to enrich and benefit his country, and a singular patience to endure the disasters and mishaps that befel them."

I have considered that no time could be more favourable than the present for the publication of a work which should exhibit the spirit that actuated the councils of Elizabeth, in regard to the naval supremacy and maritime discoveries of the English nation. The condition of our navy at this period occupies a large share of public attention; and the cause of discovery and magnetic research in the South Polar regions has also been strongly urged on the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Ministers by the deputations, for that purpose, of the British Association and Council of the Royal Society. "I do not hesitate to assert," remarks the author of an ably written paper on Antarctic Discovery, recently addressed to the President of the Royal Geographical Society, "that all Europe looks to this country to solve the problem of terrestrial magnetism in the southern hemisphere; and all Europe, nay, all civilized nations, would unanimously point to that individual who has already planted the Red Cross of

England on one of the Northern Magnetic Poles, as the man best fitted to be the leader of an expedition sent out for such a purpose." The writer concludes with expressing an earnest hope, in which all who would uphold the ancient reputation of our country will fervently join, "that ere long, the Southern Cross may shine over an expedition sailing to the Polar Seas—that Cross sung by Dante and Camoens of old, which has served as a banner in a more sacred cause—that Cross which, by its position, points out the hour of night to the Indian wandering o'er the pathless desert of Atacama, or the mariners ploughing the trackless ocean—that Cross which brightly shone o'er Diaz, and Columbus, and Vasco de Gama—and that Cross which I ardently hope will once again shine o'er the 'Meteor Flag of England,' proudly waving o'er Antarctic land, discovered by the zeal and intrepidity of British seamen."

Repton, February, 1839.

THE

TRIUMPH OF DRAKE;

OR,

THE DAWN OF ENGLAND'S NAVAL POWER.

" O, glorious name of Drake! thou the first Englishman who surrounded the globe; how have I envied thee the feelings of thy triumphant return!"—SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

I.

BRIGHT glows the river's broad expanse, beneath the noontide ray,
And 'mid the sky's transparent depths, soft, pearly cloudlets stray;
While calmly heaves the rippling wave, in all its summer pride,
Where stately ships, with flags unfurled, at anchor gaily ride:
One little bark, (1) o'er all the rest, dominion seems to hold,
Her sails of finest damask wrought, her topsail cloth of gold;
A canopy of regal state its gorgeous fabric rears,
Above whose proudly-jewelled dome fair ALBION's crown appears.

II.

Rare trophies grace her slender masts, with verdant laurels wove,
Her shrouds are decked with broidered silks—rich streamers float above;
Whilst o'er the decks, with lavish pomp, gay tapestries recline,
The seamen's vests, of gold brocade, or costliest velvets shine:
Glad music pours her sweetest strain, and mingling perfumes throw
Their incense o'er the sunny waves, that lapse with gentler flow;
And faintly on the listening ear, with blended murmur, swells
The distant cannon's booming note, 'mid the peal of merry bells!

III.

Lo! round our spacious sea-girt globe that little bark had sailed;
O'er hidden reefs and boiling waves her desperate course prevailed:
Sure-guided by DRAKE's skilful hand, through straits obscure (2) she passed,
And spurned the ocean's boundless depths, and mocked the tempest blast!
A wealthier spoil is hers than e'er the victor's keel hath borne,
Huge stores of gleaming gold and gems, from the blood-dyed Spaniard torn;

And boldly now, in pageant state, her conquering ensign flies,
While fierce IBERIA's vengeful threats proclaim her gallant prize.

IV.

Impatiently brave DRAKE surveys the THAMES' soft-eddying tide,
Which soon, upon its tranquil breast, a monarch's court should guide;—
The fair and great ELIZABETH, 'mid all her splendid train,
To greet, with power's applauding smile, that wanderer of the main!
Dark was the warrior's veteran cheek,—his stern, majestic eye
Of many a stormy fight discoursed—of many a tempest sky;
Yet, in his lofty mien ye read a frank and generous mood,
A love of danger more than strife—of mercy more than blood!

V.

A doublet of pale yellow silk, with pearl-white satin slashed,
O'er which bright gems and silver lace their mingled radiance flashed,
With trunk and hose of like fair hues, his manly figure graced,
A diamond-hilted dagger gleamed resplendent at his waist·

Of azure velvet laid with gold, his cloak superbly shone,
And dazzling plumes of snowy light adorned his hat's dark cone;
His ample beard swept o'er a ruff which princely taste might choose;
Each glove was broidered o'er with pearls,—gemmed roses decked his shoes.

VI.

From a broad chain, that round his neck its massive links entwined,
His astrolabe, of peerless worth, with conscious pride reclined;—
Of ruddy gold, with sculptures quaint, by COLLE's (3) rare burin wrought,
Presenting hieroglyphic signs, with mystic counsel fraught, (4)
It seemed some potent talisman, by favouring Genii placed,
To guard that hero's sacred form, on the ocean's storm-clad waste!
And oft, indeed, its warning voice had bid rude danger flee,
And guided his adventurous path o'er many a trackless sea.

VII.

Within its brief and crowded space, were curiously comprised
Each instrument and table, for the mariner's use devised:

There was the quadrant's skill disclosed, and there
the compass told
Where dwelt the still presiding North, when am-
bient billows rolled ;
Solar and lunar almanacs their blended lore sup-
plied—
The latitudes and longitudes were aptly graved
beside :
And there the well-known sundial its oft-used
scheme displayed,
More prized, in less inventive days, ere watches lent
their aid ! (5)

VIII.

And through long years of perilous strife with
ocean's warring tide,
That treasured astrolabe was still his sole and con-
stant guide ;—
His lone and welcome mate, throughout stern tem-
pests' frowning mood,
When mountain-billows woke, in wrath, the sea's
drear solitude :
While through the turbid heavens fierce gleamed
the lightning's lurid brand,
And volleyed peals of thunder rent the giant clouds'
dark band ;
When midnight winds, in chorus wild, sang forth a
dirge-like glee,
And dismal vapours, pall-like, hung o'er the black
and surgy sea !

IX.

And still, when war's dire blast arose, and cannons shook the sky,
While flaming forts and shattered ships assailed the startled eye;
When many a shrill, discordant shout of thickening carnage told,
And mangled corses piled the decks, and blood like lava rolled;
Upon his breast it fondly hung, and each proud throb could tell,
When Victory's thrilling cheers rose high, as the Spaniard's colours fell!
And now, when Triumph's well-earned wreath salutes his honoured brow,
Its golden beauty shares the beams that Fortune's smiles bestow.

X.

"Almighty and eternal GOD!" the grateful warrior cried,
"Whose empire rules the giant depths of ocean's boundless tide;—
Whose hand sustains the firmament, with countless stars outspread,
And o'er the earth's soft, flowery vales hath kindred brightness shed:
How glorious is Thy hallowed strength!—at Thy dread voice of power,
The golden stars are quenched in gloom—fierce clouds impending lower;

Leaps the red lightning, at Thy nod, in forky terrors drest;—
The slumbering seas Thy call obey, and rear their billowy crest!

XI.

Lo! 'mid the tempest's threatening wrath, I raised my cry to Thee—
Thy voice rebuked the lightnings, Lord! and bade the storm-clouds flee;
Unveiled once more the gentle stars—restored the azure sky;—
While the hushed waves, in slumber deep, sank calmly, silently!
Oh! through the storms and quicksands of life's dark and treacherous tide,
Do Thou my soul's frail bark sustain—be Thou her constant guide;
And when Time's fleeting stream shall gain Eternity's vast sea,
In the blest haven of Thy love may her sure anchor be!"

XII.

With raptured air and glistening eye, he marks the distant shore,
Where joyous bells peal wildly forth, amid the artillery's roar;
Blending sweet thoughts of peace and fame, their mingled echoes come,
And o'er his yearning spirit breathe the welcome voice of *home*.

Oh ! none but those whose hearts have shared the exile's lorn decree,
And watched slow-lingering years decline, 'mid anxious toils, at sea,
May guess the proud, impetuous joy that swells each thrilling vein,
When, guided by success, he seeks his long-lost home again !

* * * * * * *

XIII.

Hark !—heard ye not the silvery tones of the trumpets' far-off strain,
Borne on the wing of the passing breeze, as he sought the distant main ?
Once more, with lengthened, bolder swell, their fitful echoes float,
Blent with the cymbals' sportive clash, and the drums' deep, measured note !
Again—with answering cheers prolonged—those murmured signals glide,—
They tell that the Queen's fair barge of state now sweeps the exulting tide !
Haste ! wend we o'er the smiling waves, and along the beamy shore,
To add our earliest sign of joy to a nation's grateful store.

XIV.

Steals on the glad, expectant eye, the far-remote array
Of blazoned banners gleaming bright, and pennons proudly gay :

Still grows upon the admiring gaze that vessel's
burnished prow,
As her glancing oars oft lightly skim the sun-bright
depths below:
Whilst on the sweetly-captured ear, rich bursts of
music stream,
Then with a low-breathed cadence melt, and lost in
distance seem;
Yet soon with nearer, loftier strains, the echoing
skies resound,
And the full tide of soaring glee usurps the air
around!

XV.

With haughty sweep the barges glide, through
crowds of yielding sails,
Whilst every ship, with prompt accord, her topsail
duly vails:
The oars keep time to each soft note that lulls the
Zephyr's wing,
And costly perfumes o'er the wave their languid
odours fling;
Of cloth of silver are the sails—the masts and yards
of gold—
And rainbow pennants, streaming wide, their meteor
light unfold:
Banners of antique blazonry their gorgeous records
show;
And wreathed festoons of sunny flowers with hues
Elysian glow.

XVI.

Fair, tissued awnings, decked with gems, their rival stores display,
Sustained by pillars of wrought gold, that mock the sun's pale ray;
Whilst, o'er each roof, their guardian care Saint GEORGE's standards yield,
Whose ruddy cross hath tamed the foe, in many a stubborn field!
Each vessel's wale is quaintly wrought with sculpture's lavish art,
And painting and embroidery their congenial aid impart,
To form a blaze of varied pomp, whose mingling glories seem
The product of the enchanter's wand, in some wild minstrel-theme!

XVII.

Upon a chair of dazzling wealth, with seemly pride elate,
Reclines fair ALBION's peerless Queen, 'mid all her sceptred state:
Not CYDNUS' stream, with THAMES' bright waves, might hold remote compare,
Nor EGYPT's famed enchantress vie with her who triumphed there!
The glowing tide seemed paved with gold, as o'er its glassy bed,
The pageant bark, which held the Queen, its matchless radiance shed;

While in the tranquil ripples of each light wave seemed confessed
The value of the precious freight, now trusted on its breast!

XVIII.

With velvet, cast in mazy folds, her ermined robes o'erflow,
And the diadem-imperial rests on her anointed brow;
Yet vain the task of art, to weave fresh glories for that face,
To aid the grandeur of her mien—her form's majestic grace!
Around her snowy, swan-like neck, unnumbered jewels shone,
And sparkled in her sunny hair, and lit her golden zone;
But brighter than each fitful gleam those clustering gems supply,
Was the kindling glance of high-souled pride, that fired her speaking eye!

XIX.

And dames of rarest loveliness in circling groups appear,
Fit satellites to grace, I ween, that planet's brilliant sphere!
Some, o'er whose tender brows life's spring its blushing chaplet wreathed,
To whose soft ear fond passion's sigh its hopes had scarcely breathed!

Others, whose glowing charms confessed rich summer's warmer ray,
With beauty's every grace adorned—in smiles of conquest gay:
Whate'er proud ALBION boasts beside, yet must all nations own
It is the land where Love might choose to rear his brightest throne!

XX.

Around, her glittering courtiers bow, with soft, submissive mien,
And kneeling pages tend beside that fair and haughty Queen.
Upon her right, with sovereign air, sits LEICESTER's gartered Earl,
A smile of more than wonted scorn plays o'er his lip's dark curl! (6)
And, with all dignities combined, which age and honours share,
The venerable BURLEIGH rests beside the Royal chair,
And converse holds with WALSINGHAM, near whom, "in pride of place,"
Sir WALTER RALEIGH's form appears—the flower of courteous grace! (7)

XXI.

And proudly stands, in boyhood's prime, the youthful ESSEX near,
Unwitting that Fate stored for him a meteor-like career!

To rise with glowing brilliance bright—to sink in deepest shade—
Or surely the warm flush of joy from his downy cheek would fade;
And dimmed would be the liquid flash of his young, radiant eye,
Had he guessed the fearful characters that writ his destiny:
Yet now, in gay unconsciousness, his smiling aspect wears
No darker trace on life's fair heaven, than youthful hope prepares!

XXII.

And he, in whom the early light of dawning science glowed,
Young BACON! o'er whose cultured mind, rich streams of lore had flowed;
His, the pale cheek of pensiveness—the large and thoughtful eye;—
How strangely do they now contrast with the kindling fires that lie
In each quick glance and gesture of Sir PHILIP SYDNEY near,
O'er whom the halo'd light of Fame reposed in radiance clear!
All form a group on which the anxious eye delights to dwell,
And feels its interest absorbed, as by some potent spell!

XXIII.

Bright, proud, and happy were ye then—gay beings of the hour!
Ye knew not that, in after years, how dark the storm could lower;
Ye recked not of the perilous bolt, in battle-carnage sped; (8)
Ye thought not of the headsman's axe, nor the scaffold's gory bed!
Your every accent now is peace — your every thought of joy—
To win your Queen's illustrious smiles, your deepest cares employ!
But now ye trace upon her brow a dark and angry shade,
As, turning to her listening train, in haughty tones she said:—

XXIV.

"If, 'mongst the assembled lieges here, there haply some remain,
Who counselled us to punish DRAKE, for levying war on SPAIN,
To yield the wealth he rashly seized—his piracies disown—
And with soft, well-turned flatteries soothe dread PHILIP's hostile frown;
We say again, beshrew the tongue such abject measures praised,
And laugh to scorn the coward fears by blustering bigots raised:

GOD's death, my lords, the rock we tread shall gorge
the ravined main,
Ere our sceptred state shall meanly crouch to the
tyrant nod of SPAIN!

XXV.

"Whence sprang that country's vaunted right o'er
MEXICO—PERU?
From the murderous acts of CORTEZ—of PIZARRO's
fiend-like crew!
Is MONTEZUMA's fate forgot — ATAHUALPA's
doom?
No! still around their children's hearths they cast
a chilling gloom;
Just Heaven with wrathful eye beheld that guiltless
blood o'erflow,
And DRAKE, its chosen instrument, hath dealt the
avenger's blow;
With tyrant blood bedewed that soil which drank
their patriot gore,
And from remorseless plunderers reft their basely
pillaged store!

XXVI.

"Yes! MURDER—*red as e'er 'twas writ*—did SPAIN's
dark right ordain;
But low the crimson charter lies, by bold DRAKE
rent in twain!
What! shall the New World still exist as PHILIP's
sovereign prey,
And other princes tamely yield to his despotic
sway?

No! by the righteous Lord of Hosts, who turns the
battle's scale,
We yet will stud the Southern deeps with many a
flowing sail;
And should proud PHILIP's boasted fleets our
rightful passage bar,
Why then, my lords, 'cry *Havoc!* and let slip the
dogs of war!'

XXVII.

"They term bold DRAKE a pirate, and an up-sprung
peasant-knave,
And seek with felon chains to bind that thunderer
of the wave;
But let them know from ENGLAND's Queen, their
dastard taunts are vain,
For him she keeps her favouring smiles—for them
her cold disdain!
A peasant! sooth, it aileth not; for, by this holy
light,
Ere one brief hour hath sped, the 'knave' shall rise
an honoured knight!
A pirate! by my father's crown,—no lesser vow we
make,—
I would I had a wide-spread band of *pirates* like
bold DRAKE!"

XXVIII.

A flush of scorn inflamed her cheek—her eye's wild
lustre woke;—
At length, with grave and haughty smile, she more
serenely spoke:—

"And now, my lords and lieges all, this useful lesson take,
Whose shining moral gilds so fair the life of *Francis Drake.*
'Tis not high ancestry ALONE, which may true greatness claim,
Since that, where self-desert is not, but bruits the owner's shame;
But where high worth and valiant deeds their lofty impress show,
They dignify, with equal grace, the peer's or peasant's brow!"

XXIX.

A breathless silence reigned awhile, then murmured plaudits rose,
And CECIL cried, "Long live the Queen, to triumph o'er her foes!"
"Long live the Queen!" each voice exclaimed, while far the echoes sweep,
And answering cheers pronounced Amen, in chorus loud and deep.
Her Majesty, with graceful bends, their loyal greetings owned,
And soon her glance of cordial mirth for jealous frowns atoned:
Next SYDNEY, with a winning air, the Queen's permission sought,
To bid a choice musician sing a lay by SPENSER wrought. (9)

XXX.

Then stepped forth one, as NEPTUNE (10) guised, in scaly armour dight,
His scarf enriched with broidered shells, that cast a streamy light;
A sapphire girdle bound his waist—each wrist was clasped with gold—
Whilst o'er his shoulders, spreading wide, his tangled tresses rolled:
Sunk was that stern, wild glance which once, like lightning, armed his brow,
And his fierce, emphatic gesture had resigned its fervour now;
Sad was his mien; yet wore his cheek a look of grief resigned,
As though dark passion's storm had burst, and left its calm behind!

XXXI.

"Lo! NEPTUNE quits his ocean-throne—his trident sceptre yields!
He hath flung his crown 'mid the sparkling foam that gemmed his azure fields!
By mortal arm o'erwhelmed he sinks, of his monarch robe despoiled,
While the angry Fates, with dread amaze, behold their influence foiled!
Not JOVE's high power could shield the blow, which bade OLYMPUS shake,
And soon may the haughty Thunderer bow to the bold usurper, DRAKE!

Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells! each
Nereid's voice awake!
And, while the trembling chorus swells, bow low
to mighty DRAKE!

XXXII.

"Hail him the lord of circling seas that span the
giant globe,
Now clad in their purple vest of peace, and, anon,
in their tempest robe!
Of many a wild and rock-bound coast, where sur-
ging billows leap,
Of many a low and shelving strand, where the
waves o'er pebbles creep:
Spread wide the stores of our captured halls at the
conqueror's worshipped feet,
And, in swelling tones of lofty power, his bold
dominion greet!
Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells! bid
ÆOLUS' train awake;
And with the Nereids' chorus join, in praise of gal-
lant DRAKE!

XXXIII.

"Hail him the lord of castled heights that frown on
the breakers' roar,
Of the peaceful fishers' hut-built sands, with sea-
shells spangled o'er;
Of war-fleets and rich argosies, where'er their
canvass swells,
Of the ruder barks that climb the wave, where the
unskilled savage dwells.

Where'er once potent NEPTUNE held his wide, unchallenged sway,
Bid all with lowliest homage bend, and a solemn tribute pay!
Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells! ye Winds, in chorus wake!
While Nereids plant the ocean-crown on the brows of valiant DRAKE!

XXXIV.

"Upon the hero's breast reclines a badge of sculptured gold,
Within whose mystic depths lie hid, in many a complex fold,
Vast stores of secret art that bend old Ocean to their will,
And mock JOVE's long-descended power with strange, resistless skill!
And yet another spell is his, of more than mortal charm,
Which nerves his soul to godlike feats, and steels his victor arm:
Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells! ye Nereids, Winds, awake!
Let your chorus blend ELIZA's praise with the deeds of dauntless DRAKE!

XXXV.

"Hail her of Trojan lineage, through CADWALLADER the bold, (11)
In arts and arms alike renowned, as her princely sires of old!

Not ALFRED, justly styled 'the Great,' possessed
more varied lore—
Not he, surnamed 'of the Lion's Heart,' more daring
courage bore!
Descended of a long-drawn race whose matchless
glories shine,
Her virtues add more lustrous worth to the fame of
her ancient line!
Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells! bid the
Nereids' chorus wake,
In praise of the great ELIZABETH, the patron of
brave DRAKE!

XXXVI.

"Hail her the fairest Queen of Earth! soft Beauty's
peerless flower! (12)
That spreads its perfumed gladness forth, to charm
each radiant hour!
Queen of all hearts! how blest are those that own
thy parent sway,
Who ever deemed thy chiefest wealth in thy
subjects' welfare lay!
Lo! NEPTUNE bends his vanquished knee, to greet
thy future reign,
And quits, with no reluctant grasp, the empire of
the main!
Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells, till high
OLYMPUS shake;
While the Nereids' chorus hails, as Queen, the
Monarch of bold DRAKE!"

XXXVII.

Here ceased the lay: subdued applause had marked
each stanza's close,
As, blended with the horns' rough notes, the surge-
like chorus rose;
But now the intermitted tide of rapture forced its
way,
And long, and oft-redoubled cheers the minstrels'
skill repay:
There was a quaint, aërial charm in the measure's
rugged flow,
That chained the ear in glad suspense, and roused
the spirit's glow;
While SPENSER's faëry muse entwined her bold,
majestic spell,
And bade each high, impassioned breast with solemn
transport swell.

XXXVIII.

And long, throughout the realm's fair space, did
those proud numbers roll;
Through courtly halls and rustic bowers their
echoing triumph stole;
As breathed the morn's soft, dewy prime, the
sleeping ear they woke,
And, 'neath the forest's gentle shade, the mid-day
stillness broke:
Oft as the weary traveller sped, while gleamed the
sun's last ray,
O'er moorland-waste, or mountain-track, gushed
forth that welcome lay;—

And when night's starry veil o'erspread the wild
and shadowy seas,
"*Blow, Tritons, blow your wreathed shells!*" still
hailed the rising breeze!

* * * * * * *

XXXIX.

Old DEPTFORD'S crowded docks and quays, at
length, engage the eye;
Whilst each glad ship her ensign lowers, as the
Monarch's barge draws nigh:
The cannons peal a crown-salute,—loud cheers
impetuous soar,—
And answering bells, in joyous bursts, send greeting
from the shore:
Meantime, the Royal trumpets breathe a sweet
harmonious strain,
As proudly DRAKE'S famed ship receives that fair
and gorgeous train!
Conducted by her household lords, 'mid forms of
regal pride,
The Queen, with firm and graceful step, ascends
the vessel's side.

XL.

Upon the laurelled deck she stands! fierce bursts
the tumult wide
Of cannons, blent with hoarse huzzas, and music's
shriller tide!
With smiles she views the eager crowds that press
around the ship,—
"I thank you, my good People!" oft escapes her
gracious lip.

Now on a throne-like seat she rests, with tissued
state o'erhung;
Hushed is each boisterous note of joy—deep silence
sways each tongue;
And lowly bends the intrepid DRAKE, at his fair
Sovereign's feet,
While thus, in accents sweetly bland, she doth the
hero greet:—

XLI.

"Thou art welcome home, brave subject, thy dread
task of peril o'er;
Long hath thy glad return been watched by anxious
hearts ashore:
When tempest winds have howled around our
turrets' lofty height,
We marvelled if thy gallant ship still braved the
sea's dark might.
A glorious act was thine to grasp this wide-orbed
planet's bound,
And, long as ocean's waves exist, thy name shall be
renowned.
To grace such worth with due reward our Royal
cares enjoin;
Fair knighthood's honour well accords with heart as
bold as thine!"

XLII.

She raised the jewelled sword of state, while valiant
DRAKE knelt low,
Then o'er his shoulder promptly dealt the honour-
yielding blow;

Whereat, with truly gracious smile, the formal words she spake:
"Be thou a knight, in GOD's high name.(13) Rise up, *Sir* FRANCIS DRAKE!"
Then burst the cannons' thundering peal—the bells made quick reply;
While rapturous shouts continued rose, and trumpets clove the sky:
"Largesse! largesse!" the heralds cried; and ne'er, since tabard glowed,
Did Kings of Arms such tribute gain, as "peasant" DRAKE bestowed!

XLIII.

"GOD save great Queen ELIZABETH! long live *Sir* FRANCIS DRAKE!"
Resounds the cry from shore to shore,—responsive echoes wake;—
And o'er the river's crowded space, hats, cloaks, and kerchiefs wave
Such welcome to the new-made knight, as courtiers never gave!
Proceeded next her Majesty to view that honoured bark,
Which, fearlessly, strange seas opposed, 'mid tempests frowning dark;
'Gainst haughty Spain's tyrannic power its bold defiance hurled,
Unbarred fair Commerce' smiling gates, and spanned the wave-bound world!

XLIV.

"No more," she cried, "shall this brave ship resume her perilous way .
O'er stormy deeps, or point her guns in battle's stern array;
But treasured as a relic dear to ENGLAND's naval fame,
Shall grace proud DEPTFORD's warlike port, in honour of thy name.
Yet soon thy well-known thunders, DRAKE, shall rouse the sleeping main,
Since PHILIP brawls of quick redress, or vengeance for wronged SPAIN:
And, ere we yield our challenged right to stem yon Southern wave,
By the Red Cross of bold Saint GEORGE, ourself will wield the glave!"

XLV.

It booteth not to trace throughout the banquet's closing scene,
Where a gilded chair and canopy received the smiling Queen:
The tables groaned 'neath costly fare,—glad wines their zest supplied,—
While sprightly strains regaled the ear, and social glee spread wide:
No wire-drawn speeches there betrayed the dearth of wit or sense,
And many a jovial laugh rang out, at PHILIP's grave expense:

The trumpets' warning note proclaimed, and deafening plaudits hailed
The health of the first Englishman that round the world had sailed!

XLVI.

Warm glowed the cheek of him whose worth that flattering meed had won,
As, rising with a modest grace, his heartfelt thanks were shown:
"To Heaven's high aid and thine, great Queen, my grateful soul must bow,
And own too bright the dazzling wreath which gilds my humble brow;
Yet, if a heart's best energies, through life's devoted space,
Might aught repay the lavish smiles, that mark thy plenteous grace,
Ah! not in vain shall Memory's scene restore this blissful hour,
But o'er each future effort fling its spell of mighty power!

XLVII.

"For as the trumpet's stirring peal doth rouse the warrior's fire,
And bids his daring, reckless soul to Glory's heights aspire,
So doth a monarch's treasured praise still wake the spirit's flame,
Inspiring deeds of high emprise, and thoughts that breathe of Fame!

I may not paint the perilous storms which gloomed
our vessels' path,
Our slaughtering fights with savage hordes—the
Moors', or Spaniards' wrath;—
Forgotten are the toils and cares my anxious task
revealed,
While thus I taste the rich reward your bright
applauses yield.

XLVIII.

"But yet, perchance, there are who seek our circling
track to know,
To whom Fame's ready blast hath borne our
triumphs o'er the foe;
To such, within whose bounding hearts adventure's
fires may swell,
The outline of our devious course few words may
haply tell.
First rose CAPE CANTIRE on our sight, with BAR-
BARY'S rugged shore,
And, steering on a southward course, we reached
bold MOGADORE;
Thence, where CAPE BLANC'S steep, frowning
heights—CAPE VERD'S bright cliffs aspire,
And passed St. JAGO'S sterile coast, and FUEGO'S
land of fire. (14)

XLIX.

"Then, sweeping on with crowded sails, we crossed
the Equator's bound,
Where myriad scaly wonders (15) dwelt, in those
far depths profound;

And next BRAZIL's vast coast appeared, in gloomy grandeur spread,
While towards MAGELLAN's dangerous *Straits* our onward course was led:
We neared them—lo! our senses shrunk from the dark, appalling scene,
Huge, fractured mountains, piled with clouds, disclosed their ice-bound mien;
While fiercely rushed the blackened waves, as eager for their prey,
And oft stern headlands interposed, our dread career to stay.

L.

"At length, into the great South Sea, our labouring vessels bore,
Where never English ship had reared her venturous flag before;
And towards the Line we quickly steered, where warmer airs prevailed,
To raise our seamen's drooping strength, by rigorous frosts assailed:
But Night beheld the moon's eclipse— wild storms obscured the sky,
Nor could we bear our sails unfurled, or on our anchors lie;
'Mid shelving shores, and hidden rocks, and unknown islands thrown,
While giant billows o'er us dashed, amid the tempest's groan.

LI.

"And higher rose the ocean's wrath—the winds more fiercely raved;—
For two long months our scattered ships their dark-leagued fury braved:
At length we reached a deep-sunk bay, where shelter seemed to be,
When raging gusts each cable broke, and forced us out to sea!
Then left the MARIGOLD our fleet—the ELIZABETH withdrew;
Wearied with toils, by dangers pressed, her disconcerted crew
The Straits recovered, sailed along BRAZIL's drear coast once more,
And, oft dismasted, slowly gained fair ENGLAND's welcome shore.

LII.

"Thus, on the main sea forced again, as billows whelming rose,
We deemed our straining ships must soon the unequal conflict close,
For, measured with the awful gales that shook yon sable sky,
The hurricano's wildest wrath was as the zephyr's sigh!
The storm declined—again we reached the harbour whence we sailed,
Yet soon, with freshened violence, the North's dire blasts prevailed,

And, driven to the latitude of *fifty-six* degrees,
We saw the ATLANTIC's waves combine with the far-spread Southern Seas.

LIII.

"From thence, along PERU's rich coast, we traced our backward way,
MUCHO, and VALPERIZO hailed—CIPPOA—PHILIP's BAY;—
Then TURAPACA's silvery heights—green MORMORENA's shore,—
ARIA and LIMA anchored at,—thence for PANAMA bore.
Sated by conquest's golden spoils, at length, of home we thought,
And, north of CALIFORNIA's strand, a shorter passage sought,
In vain,—then for MOLUCCAS' *isles* our wide-stretched course did shape,
The CELEBES, and JAVERAND made, and doubled the famed *Cape*.

LIV.

"Enough: and now one subject claims a brief, unwilling word,
To those who 'gainst my patriot flag a pirate's charge preferred!
Hath not the Spaniard seized our ships (16)—his red defiance hurled,
And, 'neath foul rapine's base pretence, usurped the Western World?

Oh! never may the conqueror's sword a nobler
cause avow,
Than that which tears the blood-stained wreath
from dark oppression's brow!"
He ceased: as bursts the thunder-peal, when light-
nings span the sky,
So rushed upon his grateful ear the tones of glad
reply.

LV.

Rose high the festal mirth around, till eve's gray
shadows fell,
When a flourish of proud clarions spoke the Queen's
august farewell:
Right graciously she took her leave of that hero of
the main,
And bade him on her favour rest, despite the threats
of Spain.
Swift plied the oars, while lengthened cheers their
parting tribute paid,
And soon fair GREENWICH' regal (17) towers their
Gothic strength displayed.
The palace gained, her train disperse, with many a
reverence meet,
While linger some her smile to share, yet dread her
frown may greet.

LVI.

Sunk is that haughty frown in dust! that smile's
imperious sway!
The hearts which owned their thrilling power have
shared their cold decay!

Those feudal towers that vainly taught how Art might conquer Time,
And o'er the spoil-clad waste of years erect her throne sublime,
Have ceased to be! no vestige tells where dwelt that radiant Queen,
With all her high-souled stateliness, and grace-embellished mien!
Still glides old THAMES' transparent wave, adorned with summer pride,
But the dazzling pomp hath fled for aye, that mocked his glowing tide!

LVII.

Yet still the stranger's eye may claim *one* record of the past—
A lonely ray, whose brightness gilds Time's dark and cheerless vast!
Lo! 'mid the marble halls of state, by following princes reared,
Where erst bold TUDOR's shattered pile in desolate frowns appeared,
With reverent care enshrined, and dear to BRITAIN's grateful breast,
The astrolabe of gallant DRAKE reclines in honoured rest!
And oh! long may its charmed spell to free-born hearts reveal
The lustre of those far-famed acts, which wrought our country's weal!

LVIII.

Once was that matchless relic *mine*,—with fond
enjoyment kept!
And 'mid a sire's most valued stores, it long before
had slept:
By STANHOPE's (18) fostering care preserved from
Time's destructive waste,
It passed to CHESTERFIELD's fifth Earl,—whose
gift my kindred graced.
And strangers sought, with lavish gold, the hallowed
prize to gain,
But I deemed it was my Sovereign's right to guard
that proud remain!
And to the hand of that dear prince, the noblest of
his line,
WILLIAM the Fourth—THE SAILOR KING—I did
my trust resign.

LIX.

He, with that dignity of soul, which marks his Royal
race,
Bestowed upon that cherished gift a genial resting-
place!
Not 'mid the costly rarities which palace-halls
present,
To greet the courtier's languid gaze, on soulless
pleasures bent;
No! not amid the tinselled wealth of gallery or
saloon,
Where Pomp's cold eye had scarcely marked the
patriot's deep-loved boon;

But where bold Freedom's kindling glance might
read, in words of flame,
The record of those glorious deeds, which based
OLD ENGLAND'S fame!

LX.

Yes! treasured still in Memory's store, those "Golden
Days" shall live,
And o'er the shadowy stream of Time their bright
reflection give,
As, through the rugged waste of years, a CÆSAR'S
triumphs shine,
Or, darting forth their earlier beams, proud MACE-
DONIA, thine!
Drake — Raleigh — Sydney — Essex — THESE are
names which ne'er can fade,
Nor o'er their kindred fame e'er lower dark Malice'
envious shade!
To grace young merit's dawning worth, a generous
monarch knew,
And thence around her steadfast throne a blaze of
glory drew!

LXI.

Ever, fair Queen, around thy name shall Fame's
blest halo fall,
Ever, with kindling praise, thy reign will patriot
hearts recall;
'Tis here that History's Muse unfolds her proudest,
noblest page,
And owns the period of thy sway—"ENGLAND'S
Augustan Age!"

Yes! all that rears a country's power around thy standard grew,
Courageous hearts to grasp renown, yet not more brave than true;
Nor yet alone thy warriors' conquering arms upheld thy cause,
But wisdom swayed thy senate's voice, and framed their simple laws.

LXII.

Young dawn of naval greatness *then*—now its most brilliant noon,
For peerless is the ray of power which ENGLAND's Queens have won!
'Tis ENGLAND, happy ENGLAND, still! the glorious and the free!
Proud be her sons, unconquered yet, o'er battle-field, or sea!
Blest country of ELIZABETH! VICTORIA's cherished land!
Long may thy fame, so proudly earned, each storm of Fate withstand!
Long may thy bannered Triple-Cross its joint dominion wave
In triumph o'er the billowy tide, and earth's leagued empires brave!

To HIM, whose native royalty of mind,
With every charm to youth and birth allied,

Doth grace the destiny by Heaven assigned—
Not less of Nature than a nation's pride!
The Muse her farewell greeting humbly pays,
And with *one* name her cherished hopes will blend,
Oft as the glory of departed days
O'er the glad present shall its rays extend!
Yes! 'tis on THEE her fond, confiding glance
Is fixed—fair BRITAIN's noblest patriot THOU!
Could aught of History's proud lore enhance
The glow which stirs thy lofty spirit now,
Forth from *thy* mind might start a thrilling store
Drawn from the heroic flame which GREECE revealed,
Or ROME, in her young day of triumph, wore,
And viewed again in Chivalry's bright field!

Yet not in classic ages may be traced
A record to a Briton's heart more dear,
Than that which tells how Ocean's trackless waste
First hailed the mighty DRAKE's renowned career;
Who, with a hero's ne'er decaying fire,
Pushed his bold sails through many a varying clime—
Spurned each dark tempest-wave's opposing ire,
And round their billowy orbit rode sublime!
Ah! could his animated form return
To view the guardians of old Ocean now,
How would his brave, exulting spirit burn,
To mark her ancient Glory's noontide flow!

Blest be the hand that rears OLD ENGLAND's power!
Proud be the task her conquests to maintain!
May hearts like ALBERT's guide, should dangers lower,
Then DRAKE's bold thunders were not launched in vain!

NOTES.

(1) The burthen of Sir Francis Drake's vessel did not exceed 100 tons. His fleet consisted of five ships, of which the Pelican, admiral, was commanded by himself; the Elizabeth, vice-admiral, of 80 tons, by John Winter; the Marigold, of 30 tons, by John Thomas; the Swan, of 50 tons, by John Chester; and the Christopher, of 15 tons, by Thomas Moche. "These ships, equipped partly by himself, and partly by other private adventurers, he manned with 164 stout sailors, and furnished with such provisions as he deemed necessary for the long voyage in which he was engaged: nor did he confine his concern to naval stores, or military preparations; but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raise in those natives, with whom he should have any intercourse, the highest ideas of the politeness and magnificence of his native country. He, therefore, not only procured a complete service of silver for his own table, and furnished the cook-room with many vessels of the same metal, but engaged several musicians to accompany him; rightly judging, that nothing would more excite the admiration of any savage and uncivilized people." —*Dr. Samuel Johnson's Biographical Memoir of Sir Francis Drake.*

(2) The passage to the South Sea, by the Straits of Magellan, was very tedious, uncertain, and little known in that age. As the navigators approached more nearly the Southern Ocean, the channel became gradually more narrow and difficult: sometimes, by the interposition of headlands, and the intricate windings of the Straits, the passage appeared entirely stopped up, and the voyage at an end. Being assailed by contrary winds of great violence, the dangers ordinarily accompanying the navigation of these Straits were heightened, and the difficulty of doubling the numerous capes increased, whilst the frequent harbours they met with afforded no safety, as in most of them no bottom was to be found.

(3) Humphrey Colle, an eminent goldsmith and engraver of that period. *Vide* the List of Engravers, in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England."

(4) For a description of Sir Francis Drake's Astrolabe, at Greenwich Hospital, I cannot refer the reader to a more accurate or extended account than that afforded by the "Literary Gazette" of June 10th, 1837.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE ASTROLABE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"She sent for him, and he came,
With him his *astrolabe* he name;
With points and circles merveillous,
Which was of fine gold precious."

Gower's *Conf. Aman.* B. 3.

It is a curious fact, deserving of general notice, that amongst the many interesting relics preserved at Greenwich Hospital, in commemoration of the distinguished achievements of our great naval commanders, the astrolabe of the famous Sir Francis Drake now forms a conspicuous and very important object of attention. It is deposited within a glass case upon a sort of tabular pedestal, which was erected for its reception in the centre of the platform of the Painted Hall, in August 1831, on its presentation by his present Majesty, who has, on many previous occasions, testified a particular pleasure in contributing to the memorials of British valour and enterprise collected at Greenwich Hospital. A suitable inscription round the slab bears record of this very appropriate gift of a naval monarch to the maritime museum of the nation. The upper part of the pedestal is constructed in the form of a capstan (an engine used in raising the anchor at sea), and most appositely consists of "heart of oak;" the base is of imitation granite, and the astrolabe rests upon a short rod placed in the centre of the slab, where, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, it is sustained in an open position of its various parts, which would otherwise collapse, and thus present a *congeries* somewhat resembling the figure and arrangement of a watch, when closed, requiring to be separately opened, at each division, for inspection of the contents. This unique and truly interesting apparatus comprises the mariner's compass, sundial, ring-dial, quadrant, table of latitudes and longitudes, planetary sphere, lunar almanac, and other tables and instruments, forming the constant astronomical guide of the immortal Drake throughout his

various expeditions, and which, being habitually suspended by a chain,* round the neck of the wearer, as a becoming addition to the dress of that period, was of easy reference in his observations ashore as well as at sea. The different portions of its intricate interior, together with the case which encloses it, are constructed of the deeply-alloyed gold employed in articles of jewellery during the early part of Elizabeth's reign, and on the dial appears the following inscription:—"Humfray Colle made this diall, anno 1569." It will be seen, on reference to the list of engravers annexed to Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England," that the above artist was an eminent goldsmith and engraver, and held a situation in Her Majesty's mint. The device on either lid of the case implies a very suitable allusion to Sir Francis's projected enterprise of circumnavigating the globe, though, probably, meant only as a general illustration of the success usually attendant on indefatigable perseverance in any of the pursuits of life. It represents a lofty tree, at the foot of which a pair of idle squirrels are engaged in mutual frolic, satisfied with the vain enjoyment of the present hour, and unwilling to encounter the fatigue of scaling the heights above them; whilst, on the summit of the highest bough, are exhibited, by way of antithesis, a couple of laborious snails, who, by dint of long-continued and unwearied exertion, have at length surmounted all the dangers and difficulties of the ascent, and are apparently exchanging their congratulations on the accomplishment of their task;† thus typifying, in a plain and characteristic manner, the important truth so forcibly exemplified by the witty Æsop, under his well-known fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise," that great natural abilities, without due application, will ensure no ultimate advantage to the possessor; while a constant and untiring devotion to the objects of our calling, however for a season retarded through an inferiority of genius, will eventually gain for us the elevation we seek, notwithstanding the seeming distance, circuity, and numerous obstacles of the approach. There are many other emblematical figures engraved on the case, but whether they present any analogous reference to the above, it would be difficult to determine, as they are partially erased through the fric-

* This chain still remains in my possession. It is of the same material as the astrolabe, and measures 19 feet 10 inches in length. In "The Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1790, is a portrait of Drake, wherein he is represented, with this identical appendage, which he wears in the manner of a cordon, passed, however, thrice round the body, and concealing some portion of its length within his doublet. His hand is resting upon it.—R. B.

† A similar device may be recognised among the ornamental scroll-work on the helmet of Sir Francis Drake, as represented in the large portrait of him retouched by Virtue; but the competitor of the snail is there a butterfly, instead of a squirrel.—R. B.

tion of the metal by long-continued wear; and the only further embellishment which attracts our observation is a cable, aptly introduced as coiling round the edge of the case, which is oval and richly chased. The following memorandum is engrossed on two cards of considerable size, suspended on opposite sides of the slab, and refers to the manner of its preservation in later times :—

" This Astrolabe, constructed for Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis) Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies, in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiques belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented, in the year 1783, by the Right Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, K. G., on his quitting England, as ambassador to the Court of Spain, to the Rev. Thomas Bigsby, A.M., of Stanton Manor, Derbyshire, who had, in the preceding year, married the Hon. Frances Stanhope, widow, his Lordship's step-mother. In 1812, that gentleman having ruptured a considerable blood-vessel, in anticipation of approaching death, gave it, as a token of affection, to his youngest brother, Robert Bigsby, Esq., of Sion-hill House, Nottinghamshire, the father of him who has the distinguished honour of presenting it to his Majesty."

Of all the illustrious names which throw such splendour on the reign of Elizabeth, that of Sir Francis Drake stands pre-eminent. Whether we regard his undaunted courage and great nautical skill, as the first English circumnavigator,—his fortitude and persevering industry, whereby he performed such brilliant naval achievements, acquired immense wealth, and ennobled his country,—or the vast extension of commerce produced by the important discoveries made during his indefatigable career of glory,—his character, for all that can exalt the hero and intrepid commander, is so firmly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen, that time can never tarnish his justly-acquired laurels. It must be an object of national interest to preserve even the most inconsiderable relic, as a memorial of one who, by divine favour, was enabled to confer such permanent advantages on the state, (for it must be remembered that he was the author of our commerce in the East as well as the West,) and a very high degree of estimation must be therefore due to those distinctive records of his exalted skill and enterprise, which are presented in his various astronomical tables and instruments. Such apparatus, besides being peculiarly characteristic of the pursuits of the renowned individual to whom they formerly belonged, are valuable, also, as affording interesting *data* of a by-gone state of science; and a prouder evidence of their importance, as objects of national esteem, cannot be

adduced, than is derivable from the honourable station assigned to them by His Majesty, in Greenwich Hospital, where they will be transmitted to posterity as an everlasting monument of the fame of Sir Francis Drake, rendered yet more interesting and valuable to the public, as the gracious and appropriate gift of King William the Fourth.

(5) The chronological tables of remarkable events uniformly point out the date of 1597, as the period when watches were first imported into this country from Germany; but it appears, from the works of several writers of authority, that they were in use, in London, as early as the reign of Henry the Eighth. It is certain, however, that, from the imperfect mode of their construction, and their liability to frequent derangement, they formed but an indifferent substitute for the sun dial or hour-glass, and continued to be regarded as objects of curiosity rather than use, until nearly the middle of the seventeenth century. It may likewise be observed, that, in consequence of the very limited number of artists capable of supplying their mechanism, the early price of watches was so considerable, that wealthy individuals alone could purchase them, whilst the difficulty of procuring their repairs lessened still further the value of an invention to which succeeding improvements in mechanical skill have imparted so extensive a degree of usefulness.

(6) "Of all the courtiers, Lord Robert Dudley, son of the late Duke of Northumberland, possessed the greatest share of her attention. She had no sooner ascended the throne, than she appointed him master of the horse, and honoured him with the order of the garter. She seemed to delight in distributing her favours through the hands of this nobleman, who was distinguished at court by the name of My Lord, by way of eminence, as if he alone had merited that title. He was entrusted with all the secrets of the cabinet: the ambassadors communicated all their negotiations to him, as to their sovereign; and to him were all petitions and applications addressed. It was indeed too evident that Elizabeth entertained something more than mere esteem for Dudley, who was utterly unworthy of her regard or affection. He inherited all his father's vices, and had only personal accomplishments to recommend him to a lady of Elizabeth's discernment."—*Lyttleton's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 287, *note*.

(7) This illustrious character is said to have owed his elevation into

the court circle to a fortunate incident, which afforded him an opportunity of displaying a delicate act of gallantry to the Queen. When Her Majesty, in one of her usual walks, hesitated to pass a miry spot, which obstructed her path, Raleigh, then a young adventurer, immediately threw his cloak before her as a carpet. The promptitude and grace with which he performed this act of chivalrous courtesy, secured at once the Royal favour in a remarkable degree; and the most brilliant prospects were opened to his ambition.

It is recorded that, on one occasion, he wrote with a diamond, on a window, the following line:—

"Faine would I climbe, but that I feare to falle!"

which her Majesty perceiving, and distinguishing the character of the hand-writing, completed the couplet by adding:—

"If thy hearte faile thee, doe not climbe at all!"

(8) Sir Philip Sydney fell at the battle of Zutphen; and it is recorded, that while he was lying in the field, covered with wounds, a bottle of water was brought to him to quench his thirst; but observing a soldier near him in a similar condition, he cried, "This man's necessity is still greater than mine;" and ordered the bottle of water to be given to him. His fame was not confined to England alone: the King of Scots, charmed with the virtues of this young hero, celebrated his memory in some Latin verses, which he composed on his lamented death. An interesting paper, affording some additional information on the subject of Sir Philip Sydney's death, was communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, in the early part of the present session,* by G. P. Beltz, Esq., F.S.A., of the Herald's College.

(9) This celebrated Poet was much indebted to the patronage of Sir Philip Sydney, who, in conjunction with his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, procured for him the office of secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, then Viceroy of Ireland.

(10) "The books of antiquity being familiarized to the great, everything was tinctured with ancient history and mythology. When the Queen paid a visit at the house of any of her nobility, on entering the hall, she was saluted by the Penates, and conducted to her privy-

* 1838.

chamber by Mercury. Even the pastry-cooks were expert mythologists.

"At dinner, select transformations of Ovid's Metamorphoses were exhibited in confectionary; and the splendid iceing of an immense historic plum-cake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy. In the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the gardens, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids; the pages of the family were converted into wood-nymphs, who peeped from every bower: and the footmen gambolled over the lawns in the figure of satyrs. And the next morning, after sleeping in a room hung with the tapestry of the voyage of Æneas, when Her Majesty hunted in the park, she was met by Diana, who, pronouncing her to be the brightest paragon of unspotted chastity, invited the royal prude to groves free from the intrusion of Actæon."—*Lyttleton's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 386.

(11) In the Epistle of "Owen Tudor to Queen Katherine," in Drayton's "England's Heroicall Epistles," is the ensuing passage:—

> "And yet in Wales, with them that famous bee,
> Our learned Bards doe sing my pedigree,
> And boast my birth from great *Cadwallader*."

And in the "Annotations of the Chronicle Historie" of the same, appears the following:—"Cadwallader, the last King of the Britaines, descended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angell appeared, commanding him to goe to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he ended his life."

(12) "Elizabeth was highly gratified with compliments on her personal charms, even when upwards of sixty years of age; and expressions of rapture, admiration, and desire were the surest avenues to her favour. Sir Walter Raleigh, having fallen into disgrace, wrote a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, (doubtless with a view of having it shown to the Queen,) in which were the following words:—'While she (the Queen) was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of misery. I, that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade, like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus,' &c.—*Murden*,

p. 657. And even after this period, this nymph, Venus, goddess, and angel permitted the same language. Sir Henry Upton, her Ambassador to France, relates a remarkable conversation on this subject, between him and Henry the Fourth of France.—See *Murden*, p. 718. See also further particulars on this head in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, article ESSEX."—*Lyttleton's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 374. *Note.*

(13) " Sois Chevalier au nomme de Dieu!" was the salutation which usually accompanied the *accolade*, in the days of chivalry.

(14) It may be necessary to observe that Fuego, designated as "the land of fire," in this stanza, is one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in the Atlantic Ocean, and not *Terra del Fuego*, situated at the southern extremity of America. It seems to be one single mountain, at sea, though on the sides there are deep vallies. There is a volcano at the top of it, which burns continually, and may be seen a great way off at sea. It vomits a great deal of fire and smoke, and throws out huge pieces of rock to a vast height; and sometimes there are torrents of brimstone running down the sides.

(15) " In their long course, which gave them opportunities of observing several animals, both in the air and water, at that time very little known, nothing entertained or surprised them more than the flying fish, which is near of the same size with a herring, and has fins of the length of his whole body, by the help of which, when he is pursued by the bonito, or great mackerel, as soon as he finds himself on the point of being taken, he springs up into the air, and flies forward as long as his wings continue wet: moisture being, as it seems, necessary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and stiff, he falls down into the water, unless some bark or ship intercept him, and dips them again for a second flight. This unhappy animal is not only pursued by fishes in his natural element, but attacked in the air, where he hopes for security, by the don, or sparkite, a great bird that preys upon fish; and their species must surely be destroyed, were not their increase so great, that the young fry, in one part of the year, covers the sea. There is another fish named the cuttil, of which whole shoals will sometimes rise at once out of the water, and of which a great multitude fell into their ship."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson's Biographical Memoir of Sir Francis Drake.*

(16) " The Spaniards, from the first discovery of these countries, considered any other nation that attempted to follow them, as invaders of their rights. Among those who suffered most from the Spanish injustice, was Captain John Hawkins, who, having been admitted by the Viceroy to traffic in the Bay of Mexico, was, contrary to the stipulation then made between them, and in violation of the peace between Spain and England, attacked without any declaration of hostilities, and obliged, after an obstinate resistance, to retire with the loss of four ships, and a great number of his men, who were either destroyed or carried into slavery."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson's Biographical Memoir of Sir Francis Drake.*

(17) " Greenwich has been the residence of several of our monarchs. King Henry the Eighth, and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth were born here, and that excellent young monarch, Edward the Sixth, died here. The palace was first erected by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who named it Placentia. King Edward the Fourth bestowed considerable sums of money in enlarging and beautifying it, in which he was followed by King Henry the Eighth, who often kept his Christmas, and other great festivals at this place, with magnificent jousts and tournaments: and the ground called the Tilt-yard is the spot on which the East wing of the Royal Hospital is built. But this palace being afterwards suffered to run to ruin, was pulled down by King Charles the Second, who began another, and lived to see the first wing finished. But this was afterwards converted into a part of the Royal Hospital."—*A New Display of the Beauties of England*, vol. i. p. 60.

In a very beautiful engraving by H. C. Shenton, from a drawing by H. Melville, entitled " Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Hospital," and published by Fisher and Son, 1837, is unfortunately represented the building erected by Charles the Second in lieu of the former edifice pulled down by that monarch—its Corinthian columns and pilasters contrasting ludicrously with the general details of the subject. The unicorn is also introduced as a supporter to the Royal arms, that decorate the prow of Her Majesty's state barge; which unicorn only became a supporter on the union of the crowns of England and Scotland in the person of Her Majesty's successor. But, which is still more striking, and sheds a halo of surpassing brightness round the antiquarian laurels of those concerned in the publication of this *historical representation*, on a banner, also in front of the vessel, are the

arms of the United Kingdom, as established in 1801, with the arms of Hanover on an escutcheon of pretence, in the centre.

(18) Sir John Stanhope, Knt., Treasurer of the Chamber to Queen Elizabeth, in the 38th year of her reign, and in the 42nd of the same he was appointed Governor of Colchester Castle, both for life, died 1610. He was one of the four Nottinghamshire Knights alluded to in the well-known distich of Queen Elizabeth :—

> " Gervase the gentle; Stanhope the stoute;
> Markham the lyon; and Sutton the loute."

Under this, the concluding note, may be brought together a few interesting particulars of a miscellaneous nature relating to Sir Francis Drake, extracted from Dr. Kippis's Biographia Britannica, Dr. Johnson's Biographical Memoir of Drake, Hayden's History of Plymouth, the Naval Chonicle, &c. &c., or otherwise derived from original memoranda and correspondence.

Sir Francis was extremely active in obtaining a new charter, and other privileges, for the town of Plymouth. Plymouth is also indebted to him for its present abundant supply of water, of which, prior to his time, it was almost entirely destitute. There is a picture of him in the Town Hall, and his memory is still gratefully cherished by the inhabitants. At the Plymouth Jubilee Feast, on the 25th of October, 1810, the mayor (Dr. Edmund Lockyer) presiding, the following toast was given :—" The pious memory of Sir Francis Drake; may the descendants of the man who gave us water never want wine." On the anniversary of the defeat of the Armada, the bells of St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, always ring several peals, in honour of the heroic knight.—Sir Francis is described as low of stature, but well set, with a broad open chest, a very round head, his hair of a fine brown, his beard full and comely, his eyes large and clear, of a fair complexion, of a fresh, cheerful, and very engaging countenance.* He was a perfect master in every branch of navigation, particularly in astronomy.—Sir Francis Drake having assumed the arms of his countryman, Sir Bernard Drake, the latter was so

* I am indebted to the kindness of Lady Elliott Drake for an admirable copy, done by her own hand, of the fine original portrait of Sir Francis Drake, in the possession of Sir Thomas Trayton Fuller Elliott Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, near Exeter. I have also the honour to possess, from the same source, a very beautiful sketch of Buckland Abbey, the seat of Sir Francis, and still belonging to this ancient family.

offended that he struck him. Queen Elizabeth took up the quarrel, and gave Sir Francis a new coat, which is thus emblazoned:—Sable, a fess wavy, between the two pole stars, argent; and for his crest, a ship under ruff, drawn round a globe with a cable, by a hand out of the clouds, over which is the following motto:—"Auxilio Divino;" and underneath, "Sic parvis magna." In the rigging of the ship is hung up by the heels a wivern, gules, which was the armorial bearing of Sir Bernard Drake.*

Sir Trayton Drake, in reply to a request for the arms, as borne by his ancestor, Sir Francis Drake, observes—"I send an impression from a seal in my possession, which, I believe, he used; it is engraved on steel. Round the stem is written—'The armes given unto Sir Francis Drake by the Queen's Ma^tie^ for his voyage round about the world, anno Do. 1580.' At my seat, Buckland Abbey, in this county, there are his sword, shield, and a drum, &c.; also, on the staircase, a whole-length portrait of Don Pedro de Valdez, in full Spanish costume, who visited him there on his parole, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Here (Nutwell Court, in the same county,) I have a cup which was presented to him by Queen Elizabeth, with the Royal arms of England engraved on one side, and the Drake arms on the other, surmounted by the crest on the lid, with the griffin, which illustrates the anecdote, in the edition 1707, of Prince's 'Worthies of Devon,' of the quarrel of Sir Bernard and Sir Francis Drake in the Queen's presence, who said she would take the griffin from Sir Bernard's crest, and hang it by the heels in one she would give Sir Francis. I have also a green silk scarf given him by Her Majesty, embroidered in gold, with the motto—'The Almighty be your Guide and Protector to the Ende!' But, what I prize most, is the Black-

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* These arms are richly carved on a tobacco-box in my possession, which belonged to Sir Francis Drake. Amongst the scroll-work surrounding the arms is introduced a bird intended to represent a *drake*, in allusion to the name, which is also inscribed above the arms. As this bird closely resembles that to be found on the small piece of silver coin of Elizabeth's reign, called *the Drake penny*, I think it probable, (notwithstanding the dissent of the antiquaries to the vulgar tradition on this point,) that such piece of coin was cast in honour of Sir Francis's circumnavigation of the globe, and was accordingly impressed with the above device, as allusive to the patronymic of the gallant adventurer.

"The tobacco-box of Sir Francis Drake," observes Sir John Barrow, the distinguished Secretary of the Admiralty, in a communication addressed to me in 1839, "is a curious relic, and ought certainly to be placed in the British or some other Museum, as a relic and memorial of one who 'did the state some service'—ay! *good and enduring service!*" Lord John Russell, and many other leading personages, have inspected it with similar testimony to its curiosity and value; and I reserve it as an appropriate donation to the illustrious Institution which, in another part of this work, I have very humbly endeavoured to recommend to the consideration of Her Majesty's Government.

letter Bible, which he had about the world; it is so written on the edge of the leaves; which shows that his reliance was not *on his own strength* for what he achieved! We have also a portrait of him wearing the said scarf, and a jewel containing Her Majesty's portrait, which I will send you a sketch of: it may be interesting to you."— The following is a notice of a gift made to Her Majesty by Sir Francis Drake. "At new-year's day, 1589, she was presented by Sir Francis with a fanne of feathers, white and redd, the handle of gold, inamuled with a halfe moone of mother of perles; within that a halfe moone garnished with sparks of dyamonds, and a few seede perles on the one side, having her majestie's picture within it; and on the back side a device with a *crowe* over it." Query, whether or not the bird previously alluded to, as occurring on the coin, and in connection with the arms of Drake? *

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* It may be remarked, that Sir Francis still continued to quarter the arms of Sir Bernard Drake with those given to him by Queen Elizabeth, and he even placed them in the dexter chief and sinister base quarters of the shield. He also appears to have retained an eagle displayed for his crest, in preference to the ship under ruff, which belonged to the latter coat. At least, such are the arms represented in the large and scarce portrait of him, of which the artist and engraver's names are unknown, but which was retouched by Vertue, an impression of which, late belonging to Sir William Burrell, deceased, lies before me. I annex the following original and descriptive list of engraved portraits of Drake, all of which are in my possession.

Franciscvs Draeck, Nobilissimvs Eqves Angliæ, Anº. æt. svæ 43.

This plate is without painter or engraver's names, but was considerably retouched by Vertue. In the background before an open window showing a town and river, is the figure of the globe pendant. At the back of the head are his arms, quarterly, 1st and 2nd, a wyvern, or griffin; 3rd and 4th, a fess wavy between the pole-stars. (The blazon is not distinguished by the engraver.) Crest, an eagle displayed. He is resting his right hand on a helmet with a plume of feathers; the former richly inlaid with scroll-work, wherein the device of a snail and a butterfly is observable. In his left hand he grasps a batoon, or leading-staff. Beneath the portrait is the following inscription:—"Habes, Lector candide, fortiss. ac invictiss. Ducis Draeck ad vivum imaginem, qui toto terrarum orbe, duorum annorum, et mensium decem spatio, Zephiris faventibus circumducto, Angliam sedes proprias, 4 Cal. Octobr. anno a partu Virginis 1580 revisit cum antea portu solvisset Id. Decem: anni 1577." In this portrait appears a very wide scar on the upper part of the forehead, on the left side, and there is a large mole on the same side of the nose. From this degree of circumstantiality I incline to believe this the most authentic likeness preserved of him, and indeed it is the only one expressly stated to be done *ad vivum*.

Franciscus Draeck. Copy of the preceding, but without arms, or ornamental background; and he is bearing a shield, on which are represented vessels in action. In addition to the Latin inscription with a French translation, is the following:—"Ad Amplissimum et Illust. virum D.D. Edoardum Staffart apud Henricum 3 Christ. Franc. Regem legatum D.S. Observantiss. Jo. Rabel pinxit. Thomas de Leu sculpsit et excudit.

Franciscus Drake. De Larmessin sculp. With his right hand on a globe. Arms granted by Elizabeth, at the back of the head: crest, an eagle displayed.

Franciscus Drake, Miles Auratus. Engraved by Pass. Same as the last, but reversed. Beneath is the following inscription:—

Sir Francis contests with Sir Walter Raleigh the honour of introducing tobacco into this country: the palm is generally given to the

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" Quem timuit sævis etiam Neptunus in undis,
Et rediit toto victor ab Oceano,
Fœdifragos pellens pelago, prostravit Iberos,
Drakius huic tumulus sequoris unda fuit."

Sir Francis Drake, one of the first of those w^ch in his Sea Voyages put a girdle about the world. He died upon the Seas, Anno Dñi. 1595. W. M. Sculp. (William Marshall.) Same as last.

Another, with arms and crest as granted by Elizabeth. He is leaning on the globe, and holds a truncheon in his left hand. On a table are philosophical instruments. Beneath the portrait, these lines:—

" Drake perorati novit quem terminus orbis,
Et quem bis mundi vidit uterque Polus:
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum;
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui."

Another, same as last, but on a smaller scale, with the following lines beneath:—

" Drake, whome the incompast world so fully knew,
Whome both the Poles of Heaven at once did view;
If men were silent, sun and stars will care
To register their Fellow-Traveller."

Sir Francis Drake, taken from an Original Painting late in the possession of Sir Philip Sydenham, Bart., deceased.

Another, same as last, reduced size. This has the seal and autograph of Drake, "from an original Letter in the possession of John Thane." The charge borne in the arms is a fleur-de-lis, and the crest a falcon. Evidently the seal of some other person, used on emergency.

Sir Francis Drake. Engraved by Houbraken. One of Birch's Illustrious Heads.

The same repeated, by numerous engravers, on reduced scale, viz.:—Goldar, Rothwell, J. Romney, J. Chapman, Blood, Collyer, Benoist, &c. &c. &c.

Portrait, supposed to be Sir Francis Drake. From the original in the possession of C. Chadwick, Esq. In the Gentleman's Magasine, Oct. 1790, Pl. 2, p. 879. Schnebbelie delin. Basire sc.

With large ruff and chain round the neck. Date above the head. A°. Dni. 1581, ætatis suæ 34. In the left-hand corner of the background, a vessel sinking, with a figure walking on the water, extending its hand to another figure on the shore, in the foreground of which is Fortune standing on a wheel. In the opposite corner is the motto—"Si fatis obsisti vel occurri potuit." Below the portrait are the following lines:—

" Cum vitæ rupit fatorum stamina forceps,
Traxit et extremos ultima meta dies,
Attamen extinctus linquam monumenta figuræ,
Quam gessi in q' umbra hac vivet imago mei:
Sis vadente bonum feci virtute coronam,
Ipse feram fructus posteritatis erit."

Franciscus Dracus, Rei nauticæ peritissimus. In armour.

Franciscus Draec. æt. 52. With arms as conferred by Elizabeth. In armour, with shield. Engraved for the Naval Chronicle from a supposed original Dutch painting.

Sir Francis Drake, with telescope and globe, battle in the distance. R. Cole, sculp. Beneath, a medallion representing the homage of the King of New Albion.

Franciscus Drake, Ritter. In the background a globe, and a hand pointing to it with a wand, and the motto—"Tu primus circumdedisti me!"

Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral in the Revenge. From the Portraits of Commanders in the Battle of the Armada.

A drawing from a rare print. With an attack on the gates of a town in the distance. In armour, leaning on a helmet, and bearing a truncheon.

former.—In the year 1587, Sir Francis Drake went to Lisbon with a fleet of thirty sail, and, having intelligence of a great fleet assembled in the Bay of Cadiz, which was intended to form part of the Armada, he, with great courage, entered that port, and burnt there upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping. This exploit he afterwards merrily termed, "*singeing the King of Spain's beard!*"

The Queen ordered the ship in which he sailed round the globe to be preserved, as a striking monument of his own and country's glory. It remained a long time at Deptford, as an object of admiration, till decaying, from its planks was made a chair, by John Davis, Esq., the Commissioner of Deptford Dockyard, and the same was presented by him to the University of Oxford, with appropriate verses on the occasion by the celebrated Cowley. A lithographic print of it accompanies an octavo tractate of the Life of Sir Francis Drake, (extracted from the "Biographia Britannica," &c.) which was privately printed in 1828. Pepys, in his *Diary*, speaks of this gentleman, for, in mentioning a visit to Deptford, (July 2, 1662,) he says, "We went into the store-house, and viewed first the provisions there, and then his books, but Mr. Davis himself was not there." It is probable that he kept this piece of furniture for a certain time in his own possession, for we find in Cowley's works an ode which he describes as written while "sitting and drinking in the chair made out of the reliques of Sir Francis Drake's ship." It is still preserved in the picture-gallery belonging to the Bodleian library.—The following curious Latin proposals of peace were made by the Spanish Ambassador, to Queen Elizabeth, previous to the sailing of the Spanish Armada:—

"Te veto ne pergas bello defendere Belgas:
Quæ Dracus eripuit nunc restituantur oportet,
Quas pater evertit jubeo te condere cellas:
Religio Papæ fac restituatur ad unguem."

Translated by Dr. Fuller:—

"These to you are our commands,
Send no help to the Netherlands;
Of the treasure seized by DRAKE
Restitution you must make;
And those abbeys build anew,
Which your father overthrew;
If for any peace you hope,
In all points restore the Pope."

The Queen's *extempore* reply:—

"Ad Græcas, bone Rex, fient mandata kalendas."

Translated by Dr. Fuller:—

"Worthy King, know, this your will,
At *latter Lammas* we'll fulfil."

This pithy and spirited answer was well seconded by Drake, who was mainly instrumental in the destruction of the Armada.*

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* Before taking leave of the subject of the present Poem, I must not omit to record the deep and gratifying sense I entertain of the very kind attention of Sir Trayton and Lady Elliott Drake, in affording various information relative to the illustrious character whose exploits I have so feebly endeavoured to celebrate in the preceding pages. Amongst the various marks of commendation which the author of a poetical piece of this kind may receive, nothing certainly can be more exciting to his feelings than the warm and unexpected expression of praise which may be bestowed upon his labours by the descendants and representatives of the great historical personage forming the hero or chief character of his memoir. It is, therefore, with very sincere pleasure that I add to this note the following voluntary, and I fear undeserved compliment from the pen of Sir Francis Drake's worthy representative, the present distinguished baronet:—"You must allow me to express the pleasure it has given Lady Elliott Drake and myself to read the very beautiful poem you have written to celebrate the renown of my ancestor, Sir Francis Drake; and all to whom I have shown it are equally delighted. We have many personal relics in our possession at Nutwell Court, some of them presented by Queen Elizabeth herself. Should you visit Devonshire, I shall be proud to show them to *you*, who take such an interest in his fame." I trust the reader will not impute it to a motive of vanity, if, in some degree of confirmation of so very flattering a testimony as the preceding, I subjoin a passage of a letter from Capt. Ross, relative to the dedication of the Poem; and also an extract from a Note written by Mr. Thomas Moore, to whom, in grateful admiration of his unrivalled genius as a lyric poet, I felt pride in presenting a copy.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. Ross, R.N., F.R.S.

"On my return to town this morning, after an absence of some time, I had the very great pleasure of receiving yours of the 13th inst., together with your beautiful poem 'The Triumph of Drake,' and I assure you I feel the highest degree of satisfaction at your very gratifying and honourable testimony to my humble exertions in the cause of Discovery and Science, so beautifully expressed in your Dedication, and I shall never cease to value so disinterested and generous an expression of your favourable opinion of those exertions."

Extract of a Letter from Thomas Moore, Esq., Author of Lalla Rookh, &c. &c.

"The letter and book which you have done me the honour to address to me, reached me here but yesterday, and though I have not yet had time to do full justice to your work, I have read quite enough of it to enable me, with a clear conscience, to bestow on it the very humble tribute of *my* approbation."

APPENDIX.

LINES ON THE ASTROLABE

WHICH BELONGED TO SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, AND ACCOMPANIED HIM IN HIS VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

BY SOPHIA MARY BIGSBY, AUTHORESS OF "IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI," AND OTHER POEMS.

(*From the Nottingham and Newark Mercury, Sept.* 22, 1838.)

Oh, who with cold indifference can gaze
Upon this relic of departed days,
Nor feel a spark of that courageous flame
Which shed a halo round a *Pirate's* name!
Who, but must stay each heedless thought to muse
On all the dauntless deeds whose brilliant hues
Are stampt on history's page, and proudly show
What man's adventurous soul may dare and do!

Yes—relic of a hero! all that now
Remains of what *he* once possessed—O thou
Canst whisper of the heart which wore thee still
Suspended near it through its every thrill.
There, when the rage of battling strife ran high,
There, when dark thunders shook the stormy sky—
And through dread perils of the billowy tide
He looked on thee—his counsellor, his guide.

Oh, from oblivion let us boldly tear
The veil which shades the hero's bright career,
And show him stemming, with a dauntless brow,
Through unknown dangerous seas, his vessel's prow;

Ay, view him scorning fear, nor sparing toil,
Founding new commerce, heaping golden spoil,
Till e'en Detraction held her poisonous breath,
And Triumph weaved for him her honoured wreath!

Son of the Ocean! nurtured on its breast!
'Twas meet that o'er thy last and solemn rest
Her circling waves should close—that o'er thy sleep
Should swell the murmured music of the deep!
Be thine a tranquil rest through tempests drear!
Calm as the ocean's sunny smiles—nor fear
That time shall prove neglectful of each deed
That won for thee proud valour's noblest meed!

And *thou*, bright wreck of history's fleeting tide!
Thou fair memorial of the dawning pride
Of infant science! record of the fame
Which ever blazoned England's martial name.
Shrined by a Monarch's hand, and proudly reared
A trophy, to each naval heart endeared!
Long as our snowy cliffs salute the main,
Shalt thou a "charmed influence" retain.

ON THE ASTROLABE OF SIR F. DRAKE,

IN THE NAVAL GALLERY AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY THOMAS RAGG, AUTHOR OF "THE DEITY," "THE MARTYR OF VERULAM," "SKETCHES FROM LIFE," &c. &c.

(*From the Conservative Journal, Nov.* 16, 1839.)

Relic of him whose fame can never sleep,
His bosom friend upon the boisterous deep!
That led him safe on his adventurous way,
E'en when no star shed down one cheering ray.
To thee our hearts may turn with conscious pride,
While round our island sweeps the exulting tide.

Yet, oh! methinks, in these degenerate days,
Musing on thee might indignation raise
In every Briton's heart; for thoughts of thee
Lead back the mind to years of Chivalry,
And times of high emprise, when England's name
Was far more worthy of eternal fame.
Oh! that those nobler thoughts might rouse once more
The daring spirit of those days of yore,
When he who owned thee, with his little host,
Against the ARMADA guarded Albion's coast,
And wrote his country's name, in words of fire,
Which made all Europe tremble and admire.
Not then her "leanness" would our Navy weep,
Or, shorn of strength, the British Lion sleep,
Till they whom once we looked at with disdain,
Now dare to insult us on our subject main!
And wrath is kindling: bearded in his lair,
Behold the forest monarch's eye-balls glare;
A surly growl declares the coming storm,
And who shall meet him when his blood is warm?
Let stern occasion call, and ranks unknown
Shall pour their Drakes and Howards round the throne;
And every proud aggressor yet shall feel
That Britain's sons can grasp the avenging steel.

LINES ON THE COMPASS,

USED BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, WHICH, WITH HIS OTHER NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS, HE HAD INCLOSED IN A CASE WHICH HE WORE SUSPENDED ROUND HIS NECK. THE CASE AND INSTRUMENTS ARE NOW PRESERVED AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY SARAH JOANNA WILLIAMS, AUTHORESS OF "SHERWOOD FOREST," &c.

(*From the Naval and Military Gazette, Aug.* 17, 1839.)

MAN needeth in this varying world to find
Some link with the unchanged, unchanging sky;
For though a chain ethereal doth bind
His soul to all that glows, or gleams on high,

Yet loves he that material form to press,
Which turns, by power inwrought, like his own heart,
To one bright spot amidst the boundlessness
Of which he is, and feels himself a part!

They who "in ships go down unto the deep,
Who on the world of waters work their will,"
As in the cradle of the All-Seeing sleep,
While that unconscious watcher leads them still.

And *he* whose life held converse with the main,
Bound o'er his bosom that unerring guide;
Now that he asketh not its aid again,
Left to his country as a friend long tried.

So keep it, Britain! he who not in vain
Explored for thee a path from shore to shore;
Whose life held converse with the answering main,
Needeth nor prow, nor sail, nor compass more!

Ay—keep it, Britain! thou whose children are
  Fit work-mates for the grand, yet kindly sea;
And as the Needle to the Polar Star,
  So may the heart of Nations turn to thee!

LINES ON VISITING GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY MARIA HARRISON.

(*From the Court Journal, Oct.* 5, 1839.)

I STOOD, fair Greenwich, in thy hall,
  Amidst a motley throng,
Where naval trophies on the wall,
  Banners suspended hung:

One relic there, o'er all the rest,
  An interest seemed to wake,
And claim the homage of each breast—
  The ASTROLABE of DRAKE!

That record of whose memory
  Long time can ne'er erase:
A Sailor-King has given thee
  A noble resting-place!

I saw, in fancy's vision strong,
  A stately vessel ride;
Proudly she seemed to sweep along,
  And stem the swelling tide.

Upon her deck, in garb of yore,
  A gallant seaman stood;
His pensive eyes he glanced on shore,
  Then on the boundless flood.

Upon his brave and manly breast
  The Astrolabe was hung,
Which, ever and anon, he pressed
  With waked emotion strong.

It was a talisman to save—
  Safely to steer and keep,
When, bounding o'er the boiling wave,
  He sojourned on the deep.

Through vistas dim of years gone by
  I saw that Maiden Queen,—
With all her native majesty—
  Her state, and Royal mien.

Fair patroness of merit she;
  Ennobling worth when known:
And thence she drew a galaxy
  Of glory round her throne.

Raleigh and Sydney—Cecil—all
  With that great Queen passed on;—
I sighed, as fancy dropped her pall
  O'er scenes for ever gone!

Ash House, Derbyshire.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON INSPECTION OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S ASTROLABE AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY THOMAS CROFTS.

(*From the Sunbeam, Nov.* 16, 1839.)

WHERE are the mighty heroes of the past,
Whose minds in more than mortal mould were cast;
Whose valorous deeds on contemplation's sight,
Shine with a clear, yet undiminished light,
Through the long vista of departed days,
And strike and fix successive ages' gaze?
Time rolls along his dark and whelming tide,
Which to oblivion bears the sons of pride:
Wealth, purchased titles, cannot give the name
To which they are affixed, a patriot's fame;

They gleam a moment like a meteor bright,
Then sink for ever in the shades of night.
Not such his fate, with ever-brightening hue,
Whose glorious deeds resplendent rise to view;
Revolving years more hallowed only make
The name—the memory of illustrious Drake!
While yet the star of science dimly shone,
He drew a halo round his sovereign's throne;
And his adventurous barque did safely guide,
In peril's path, o'er Ocean's trackless tide.
When raged the tempest in its billowy sway,
His cherished Astrolabe revealed its ray:
Sleeping or waking, ever on his breast
That faithful monitor did fondly rest.
Counselled by it, his onward course he steered,
No fortune slighted, and no danger feared;
But Britain's flag in distant lands unfurled,
And to her commerce gave another world!
When, too, the great ARMADA vaunting came,
How glowed his heart with patriotic flame!
"*The foe!*" scarce is the hasty signal past,
His ship is manned—his colours at the mast;
And on the waves, in battle's strife again,
He meets and conquers the proud sons of Spain.
Oh, could his dust reanimated be,
How would he start our shipless coasts to see
Lie thus exposed in this eventful hour,
An easy conquest to despotic power!
How would his breast with indignation rise,
And flash the just resentment from his eyes
On those whose base supineness has betrayed
Their country, and her greatness prostrate laid!
Would England boast her wide-extended realm,
Had not some god-like minds controlled her helm,
And steered her onward course, unawed by fear,
Through battle's flood, in glory's bright career?

Would India's shores confess her "Sovereign *Rose*,"
Had she, half-hearted, crouched to foreign foes?
Or would she now herself *unfettered* be,
Had not her navies triumphed on the sea?
Though wide her empire, and though great her name,
Dimmed is the lofty star of her proud fame!
Not as of yore, on ocean's foaming tide,
Do her proud fleets in exultation ride;
Lo! rival nations seek to lower her crest,
And native factions agitate her breast.
Let her brave sons, then, from their slumbers wake,
And breathe the spirit of immortal DRAKE!
Firm as the rocks that guard her sacred strand,
Linked be each heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Then while to heaven shall point her cliffs of snow,
England shall triumph o'er her every foe.

Woolly, near Alfreton, Derbyshire.

ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S ASTROLABE,

IN THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY MARY ANN CARTER,
AUTHORESS OF "THE DELUGE," "THE GENERAL RESURRECTION," AND OTHER POEMS.

(*From the Mirror, Nov.* 23, 1839.)

ENRAPTURED I think on the might and the glory
That swell the proud annals of Britain's fair story,
The present is brilliant, the past is sublime;
And her greatness must flourish coeval with time.

By whose hand have been placed such rich gems on her brow?
Who have hallowed the past—who emblazon her now?
The spirits of those whose bright deeds still proclaim
That, in honour immortal, enshrined is each name!

And where, 'midst the glorious host, shall we find
So gallant a heart, and so noble a mind;
Achievements so brilliant, and virtue so great,
Adding strength and renown both to people and state—

As in him who long wore near his valorous breast,
In the dark hours of danger—the moment of rest—
This relic so sacred, his oft-trusted guide,
O'er the waves of the ocean, through battle's red tide;

Can an eye then behold thee, thou trophy of old!
Thou pledge of past greatness and glories untold!
Nor brighten with joy and enthusiasm's fire,
Which the deeds of the hero should ever inspire?

Let the throb of wild rapture awake in each vein,
While we gaze on this relic again and again,
Which Time hath thus spared from his keen, grasping hand,
A memorial unfading—that ages must stand:

That to millions unborn will unceasing proclaim
The deeds and the virtue, the glory and fame,
Of him now enrolled in the hearts of the free,
Whose laurels unwithered for ever must be!

Of him who so nobly encompassed the world—
Whose courage our foes to destruction oft hurled,
'Midst the direst affrays, till the blood of the slain
Had crimsoned the waves of the fathomless main!

Whilst the spirit rejoices fresh trophies to rear
To him of so bright and untarnished career,
Yet a sigh must escape, that the ocean's lone wave
Should have closed o'er the dust of the glorious brave!*

* Sir Francis Drake died, 1596, on board his ship, off Nombre de Dios, and was buried in the sea.

REFLECTIONS

ON INSPECTING THE ASTROLABE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY MARY ANN CURSHAM, AUTHORESS OF "MARTIN LUTHER," "NORMAN ABBEY," &c.

(*From the Parthenon, Aug.* 17, 1839.)

SAY, can the exile Muse in darkness weave
Of fading flowers one lingering, fragrant token?
Can the quenched oracle do more than grieve,
When the heart's stirring lyre, all rudely broken,
Yields but at dreary intervals the swell
Of a deep-toned untuneable farewell?

Yet—would such dying echo speak—perchance,
It hath a Prophet's high commission given,
And with obedient zeal in faith advance,
Joyous to be the messenger of heaven:
Strong in the power of Him, whose deathless glory
Asks not the gilded strain, or varnished story.

Is it unwise to beckon hence the past,
Tracing the outline dimmed through by-gone ages,
And to discern a guiding halo cast
Upon the future's undeveloped pages?
Strange gods, we find a nation's marvel, then—
When time unravels *things*, and unmasks *men!*

Man, the idolater by nature, lives
To woo forbidden incense, or to scatter;
Receives—and, with unsparing bounty, gives—
Gifts which corrupt, and deadly snares which flatter:
Tempted and tempter, each in turn, is he
At a false shrine, who bends his truant knee.

They who retain not in their wayward mind,
  The guiding spark, (the spirit's whispered breath)
Hath not eternal justice well consigned
  To the deep shadows of judicial death?
They welcome error—hug a lie—and boast
Their line hath sounded truth's far-distant coast

Brave Hero of the tempest-shaken deep!
  We would not scoff at thine achievements: thou
Fulfill'dst the destiny which bade thee keep
  Gauge of the Earth, and all adventurous plough
A fickle element, that thou might'st scan
The fence which binds the brotherhood of man.—

Open new paths to regions yet untrod,
  Give the slow pulse of commerce room to play,
Unfold fresh footmarks of a mighty God,
  And to His kingdom pioneer the way
For sainted pilgrims to rehearse *His* deed,
Who bled on Calvary for sinners' need!

Bold navigator! didst thou rashly try
  With thy *lone* skill to circumvent earth's bound?
Had'st thou no chart? no compass? in the sky
  No starry beacons with their "well-known sound?"*
Those preaching orators who glittering stand
Jehovah's witnesses in every land!

Yes! in the living book of sky—sea—earth,
  Thou could'st discern a meaning in creation,
And like a bosom-friend, of long-tried worth,
  Honour fair science in her revelation.
A meaning read, O ye, who think to be
Unpiloted, yet *safe* ETERNALLY.

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* Psalm xix.

MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

M. BERNARD RAYMOND FABRÈ-PALAPRAT,

GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE.

THE decease of this eminent personage took place at Pau, in the department of Lower Pyrenées, on the 18th of February, 1839, in the 64th year of his age, and in the 34th of his grand-mastership. Placed at the head of an institution which had enrolled, for a period of seven centuries and upwards, the most illustrious names in Christendom, and whose registers still indicated an accession of rank and dignity unsurpassed by those of any other knightly fraternity,* M. Fabrè-Palaprat yet continued his un-

* "Even in these days," observes my talented friend, Dr. James Burnes, in his able and very interesting "Sketch of the History of the Order of the Knights Templars," "Princes of the Blood, and some of the most illustrious nobles of our own and other countries, have not disdained to display the humble ring of profession, along with the gorgeous decorations of the Garter and the Golden Fleece. Scattered over the mighty empire of Great Britain, there are not more than forty subjects of Her Majesty who are Knights Templars, and the whole members of the order do not probably, at this moment, exceed three hundred; but we assert, without fear of contradiction, that no institution, equally limited, can boast of a greater number of distinguished and honourable associates."

Amongst the present and late English members of the Order of the Temple, may be enumerated the following:—

wearied attention to the duties of his profession, notwithstanding the possession of a liberal fortune, and a mind utterly regardless of the accumulation of wealth. The great and ruling motive of all his actions was an anxious desire to do good to his fellow-creatures: and the loss of few individuals will be mourned with deeper interest by surviving friends, or occasion a more lively sensation of public regret, than that of the distinguished philanthropist who is the subject of the present brief memoir. A detail of his career, as a physician, would alone supply as ample traits of disinterested and humane exertion as ever dignified the character of Christian beneficence. From a close and systematic application of his intuitive discernment to the actions and opinions of mankind, which the habitude of living in an extended circle, embracing individuals of every rank, class, party, and sect, enabled him to prosecute, M. Fabrè-Palaprat had acquired that true knowledge of human nature which can only be derived from a long and habitual intercourse with society, accompanied by quick powers of observation and reflection, leading to a ready and impartial judgment of the diversified motives and interests which daily and

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His late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, K.G.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, K.G.
His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.
His Grace the Duke of Leinster, K.G.
The Most Noble the Marquess of Cholmondeley, K.G.
The Right Honourable the Earl of Durham, G.C.B.
The Right Honourable Viscount Torrington.
The Right Honourable Charles T. Deyncourt, M.P.

hourly operate upon the social relations. Hence none could sooner detect the alloy which passion or prejudice threw into the resolves of the best individuals, or more promptly draw aside the veil which hypocritical subtlety endeavoured to throw over its insidious designs. The fallacies and pseudo-refinements of literary sophistry, and the overweening conceit of professional pedantry, were alike the ready objects of exposure to his acute penetration; whilst the clear and candid reasoning, (supported by the authority of religious precept,) with which he armed his occasional reproof of vice or vanity, in lieu of the more customary weapons of sarcasm and invective, never failed to elicit an involuntary sentiment of respect from the parties who incurred his just and well-timed censure. To a practical knowledge of the world, M. Fabrè-Palaprat superadded the abstruse learning of the philosopher, blended with the general erudition of the man of letters. The amiable simplicity of his manners, evincing in the highest degree the native kindliness and generosity of his disposition, attracted the sympathy and veneration of all who approached him. His conversation, clothed in a plain but peculiarly impressive style of eloquence, abounded at all times with apt and novel illustration, drawn from the stores of a wonderfully retentive memory, which threw the strongest as well as most agreeable light upon every subject comprehended by his versatile genius; and the ease and variety of his discourse,—now exulting in the field of Eastern chivalry, amid the splintering of lances

and the war-cry of leaders, and anon gliding with mathematical accuracy, or with logical precision, through the mazy sinuosities of a question of abstract science, or of polemical divinity,—invested each theme with a commanding interest, rivetting the attention of the auditor, as by the force of some talismanic spell.

In 1814, M. Fabrè-Palaprat was seen by turns fighting beneath the walls of Paris against the enemies of France, and lavishing the succours of his art on the gallant defenders whom he saw falling around him, until he himself, being wounded, was obliged to be carried from the scene of combat. For this noble devotion, the decoration of the Legion of Honour was conferred upon him, which was at that period the most honourable recompense that a French citizen could receive. Ever devoted to the sacred cause of his country, M. Fabrè-Palaprat became again distinguished for his courage and philanthropy in July, 1830. His conduct during "the three days," caused his name to be enrolled amongst those who received the decoration of July. The disastrous invasion of the cholera furnished him with a new occasion to display his heroic zeal. To inform ourselves of his philanthropic behaviour on this great public calamity, we have only to refer to the report conveyed by the official declaration of the mayor of the fourth arrondissement, on the presentation to M. Fabrè-Palaprat of the medal which was struck on the subject of the cholera in the city of Paris. "M. Fabrè-Palaprat has displayed through

the whole of five weeks the most disinterested zeal. He was constantly at the post of honour, from the first day of the invasion of the epidemic, until the moment when, after exposing himself to every danger, and undergoing every sacrifice for the relief of the afflicted, he himself became infected with the horrible malady against which his strenuous exertions had been so unceasingly and devotedly employed."

M. Fabrè-Palaprat was author of a great number of memoirs relating to the physical and medical sciences. Many learned societies have made honourable mention of the applications he has made of various modes of electricity to medicine, and principally of galvanic or chymical electricity. The Society of Physical Sciences of France decreed to him the large gold medal at their public sitting held at the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, in January, 1830.

Amongst the marks of high respect paid to him by various sovereigns in his capacity of Grand-Master of the Order of the Temple, may be enumerated the following :—In 1811, the Emperor Napoleon, reverting to his ideas on the importance of this order, as well in its civil as religious character, caused the Grand-Master, Bernard Raymond, to be called to him, and after many questions in his peculiar manner, concerning the existing state of the order, its statutes, &c., he desired to be informed of the periods of its assemblies. Learning that in a very short time the celebration of the Anniversary of the Martyrdom of Jacques de Molay would be

held, the Emperor took advantage of this circumstance, and gave orders for the ceremony to be publicly solemnized with great religious and military pomp. M. Clouet, Canon of Notre Dame, Coadjutor-General of the Primate of the Temple, clothed in his primatical robes, and elevated on a catafalque, embroidered with the ensigns of the magisterial and patriarchal sovereignty, pronounced the funeral oration of the Grand-Master martyr. A place of honour was reserved for the Grand-Master and his lieutenant-generals. The performance of this grand and novel ceremony gave rise to numerous conjectures, but it was generally believed that the Emperor proposed to reinstate the order in its military functions, as a mark of contempt and opposition to the Court of Rome, by whose former intrigues and oppressions it had been deprived of its political importance.* The Emperor Don Pedro,

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* "Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master at the time of the persecution, anticipating his own martyrdom, appointed, as his successor in power and dignity, Johannes Marcus Larmenius, of Jerusalem. The charter by which the supreme authority has been transmitted, with the signatures of the various chiefs of the Temple, is preserved at Paris, with the ancient statutes of the order, the rituals, the records, the seals, the standards, and other memorials of the early Templars. The brotherhood has been headed by the bravest cavaliers of France; by men who, jealous of the dignity of knighthood, thought that the shield of their nobility was enriched by the impress of the Templar's red cross. Bertrand du Guesclin was the Grand Master from 1357 till his death, in 1380; and he was the only French commander who prevailed over the chivalry of our Edward III. From 1478 to 1497 we may mark Robert Lenoncourt, a cavalier of one of the most ancient and valiant families of Loraine. Philippe Chabot, a renowned captain in the reign of Francis I., wielded the staff of power from 1516 to 1543. The illustrious family of Montmorency appear as Knights Templars; and Henry, the first

after having accepted the title of *premier chevalier d'honneur du Temple*, authorized one of his ministers

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duke, was the chief of the order from 1574 to 1614. At the close of the seventeenth century, the Grand Master was James Henry de Duras, a marshal of France, the nephew of Turenne, and one of the most skilful soldiers of Louis XIV. The Grand Masters, from 1734 to 1776, were three princes of the Royal Bourbon family. The names and years of power of these royal personages who acknowledged the dignity of the order of the Temple, were Louis Augustus Bourbon, Duke of Maine, 1724—1737; Louis Henry Bourbon Condé, 1737—1741; and Louis Francis Bourbon Conty, 1741—1746. The successor of these princes in the grand mastership of the Temple was Louis Hercules Timoleon, Duke of Cossé Brissac, the descendant of an ancient family, long celebrated in French history for its loyalty and gallant bearing. He accepted the office in 1776, and sustained it till he died, in the cause of royalty, at the beginning of the French Revolution. The order has now its Grand Master, Bernardus Raymundus Fabrè-Palaprat."—*Mills's "History of Chivalry; or Knighthood and its Times."*

The election of a private individual, as in the instance of the subject of this memoir, to a post of such eminence as that of Grand Master of the ancient and distinguished Order of the Temple, is accounted for by the following extract from the records of the Institution, which refers to the stormy period of the Revolution:—

"Ego Claudius Matheus Radix de Chevillon, Templi senior Vicarius Magister, adstantibus Fratribus Prospero Maria Petro Michaele Charpentier de Saintot, Bernardo Raymundo Fabre-Palaprat, Templi Vicariis Magistris, et Johanne Baptista Augusto de Courchant, Supremo Præceptore, hasce litteras decretales a Ludovico Hercule Timoleone de Cosse Brissac, Supremo Magistro, in temporibus infaustis mihi depositas, Fratri Jacobo Philippo Ledru, Templi seniori Vicario Magistro tradidi, ut istæ litteræ, in tempore opportuno, ad perpetuam Ordinis nostri memoriam, juxta ritum Orientalem, vigeant: Die decima Junii 1804.—Ego Bernardus Raymundus Fabre-Palaprat, Deo juvante, Supremum Magisterium acceptum habeo: Die quarta Novembris 1804."

"The order has now at its head Sir William Sidney Smith, of chivalric renown, who became Regent upon the death of the late Grand Master, Bernard Raymond Fabrè-Palaprat. The high and heroic character of Sir Sidney Smith, whose deeds of arms at St. Jean d'Acre, rivalling those of the Royal Crusader, Richard I., obtained for him, by eastern nations, the appellation of the modern 'Cœur de Lion,'—specially pointed him out as the most worthy of Christian Knights to fill this eminent station. He who with such noble philanthropy founded and presided over the Society of Knights Liberators of the White Slaves in Africa, cannot but shed additional lustre on the soldiery of the Temple, whose professed object originally was, and yet is, the

to receive the brevet of titulary Grand-Prior of Brazil; and there is not the slightest doubt, from the correspondence of this minister with the Grand-Master Bernard Raymond, that it was the Emperor's intention to establish the order of the Temple in Brazil, as well as to revive it in Portugal, where only its estates were saved from the destruction of 1312, by King Denis, who created the order of the Knights of Christ, and gave its dignities to the chevaliers proscribed by the decree of Clement V.*

The memory of M. Fabrè-Palaprat will long live in the hearts of his brethren, and of all who were acquainted with his high moral worth, and particularly with that genuine and ardent devotion which characterized his service to his Creator, his attachment to his country, and his "good will and loving-

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protection of defenceless pilgrims, and the rescuing of Christians from Infidel bondage."—*A Sketch of the History of the Knights Templars, by James Burnes, LL.D. F.R.S., Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.* Second Edition. Illustrated with plates. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 1840.

"Sir William Sidney Smith died on Friday morning, the 26th May, 1840, at his residence, No. 9, Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, in the 76th year of his age. Honoured by his sovereign, and decorated with the orders of almost every state in Europe, he was, in private life, beloved and respected by all who had the pleasure of his friendship or acquaintance. His chivalrous and lofty bearing, his cheerful and animated conversation, his unbounded fund of anecdote, suavity of temper, and invariable benevolence, rendered him a most welcome and instructive companion. It has been truly written by his biographer,

'Than Sir Sidney Smith, no one ever inscribed on the pages of history, and even of romance, more emphatically deserved the title of hero.'"

Ibidem (*Appendix*).

* Biographie des Hommes du Jour. Paris, 1836.

kindness towards all men." May his example of patriotism and Christian charity lead to the furtherance of those exalted objects which have for their tendency the relief of the destitute, the succour of the oppressed, the promotion of social happiness, and the defence and support of national honour and prosperity! I close this slight and very imperfect record of the virtues and attainments of M. Fabrè-Palaprat, with a short extract from one of his recent allocutions to the order, which represents, in forcible terms, the elevated sentiments of his heart, so frequently illustrated in the course of the foregoing narrative. " Voués à l'honneur, à notre souverain, à la bienfaisance, nous n'écoutons jamais que la voix du prince, de la nature, et de la plus ardente charité. Dieu, amour, concorde, paix à tous, fidélité, dévouement sans bornes, attachement inviolable â chacun de nos Frères, secours à tous les malheureux, tels sont les pensers d'un inité, d'un Chevalier du Temple."

POETRY AND POETS,

A PAPER DESIGNED TO SHOW THE CLAIM OF LITERARY GENIUS TO ENCOURAGEMENT AND REWARD FROM THE STATE.

" Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Merit. Even in these enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers."

D'ISRAELI.

" To mention those who left nothing behind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task."—IBID.

—" From heaven descends
The flame of Genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration.
—This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
But GOD alone, when first His mighty hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

—" But some to higher hopes
Were destined; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and tempered with a purer flame.
To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of Himself!"

AKENSIDE.

POETRY AND POETS,

&c. &c.

" The beneficial influence of literature is felt through successive ages; and they, indeed, are the benefactors of mankind, who bestow on posterity their most refined pleasures, and their most useful speculations."

THE World has been compared by Shakspeare to a stage,

" Where one man in his time plays many parts :"

and if this be true, as regards the passions or habits of succeeding epochs of our existence, it is still more strikingly so in the wide change of character produced by the wand of Fortune. How many that, a few brief years ago, were revelling in all the pleasures and luxuries of life—who were the foremost and most admired amidst the versatile devotees of an artificial refinement—the nucleus, or the revolving point of the glittering ball of fashionable pre-eminence—have gradually sunk into the depths of a seemingly retributive obscurity, passing through innumerable vicissitudes of privation and calamity, and are now steeped to the lips in the degradation and misery of hopeless irremediable

want! And, on the other hand, how many, who were then the ceaseless victims of an apparently inexhaustible accumulation of distress, have passed through the varied phases of an improving destiny, and are now the occupants and visiters of halls of splendour. We will not pause to examine how far the influence of personal conduct may have eventuated these changes—whether avarice or extravagance, cunning or folly, sloth or diligence, may have increased or diminished the possessions of the individual; since, extrinsically of all these agencies, there is a powerfully controlling dictatress of human events, distinguished conventually as Fortune, or the goddess of chance, who is perpetually exercising her busy interference in a thousand conflicting or apparently inconsistent modes of decision; now baffling the designs of honest industry—anon promoting the insidious snares of vice and corruption—and at another time throwing her prevailing weight into the scale of meritorious exertion. The condition of a literary man, however, appears uninfluenced by this capricious manifestation of her favours—which, although conferred alike on the deserving and the undeserving, are withdrawn from the sphere of his hopes and endeavours;—he exists only beneath the frown of her systematic neglect—in the shadowy, depressing gloom of an unchanging, o'erclouded destiny. He has but *one* part to play, and truly may it be personified as that of a living death. One scene alone awaits his path—*blight*—*desolation*—MISERY! He beholds

the obscure and the indigent rise above him by the aid of an industry—Oh! how inferior to his own!—and, withdrawing his eye, from the servility, plodding, low cunning, and the numerous petty schemes and contrivances to which it is impossible for his spirit to descend, he sees the hereditarily great roll past him in their emblazoned chariots, while their villas and palaces are rising proudly in the perspective, as if for the purpose of forcing upon his mind the humbling and painful conviction, that, whether amid the cares or pleasures of the world, he stands alone—an object to be excluded from the union and sympathy of his fellow-creatures! He finds himself perpetually withheld from those scenes of ordinary intercourse which engage the occupations of the many, as well as from those substantial and honourable rewards, which are the incentives to the body of mankind, and from the attainment of which they derive their principal enjoyment. He alone seems condemned to prosecute a course of labour too often unacknowledged —never, or very rarely, repaid. Gifted with all the sensibility of soul—with all the refinement of intellect which learning has connected with genius, he is yet shut out, by the peculiarity of his position, from the fellowship of others: the world seeks not the society of the highly gifted; unless, perhaps, to gratify an ostentatious pride—a cold and grovelling curiosity—some "empty-handed Mecænas smiles upon him his hollow patronage."

If his birth or connections, or the aspiring qualities of his character, introduce him to the pleasurable refinements and elegancies of an exalted intercourse, or correspondence with the great, he still (if unblest with the gifts of fortune) finds himself a victim to those very accomplishments and endowments of nature, which should procure for him the *meed* as well as the *applause* of his admirers. The love of the learned or ingenious, and the praise of titled and courtly associates may be his—the regions of literature and fashion may wear for him one bright, encouraging smile; but one glance upon his actual lot, withdrawn from the artificial glare of popularity, convinces him that the roses are unreal—the wreath of fame a cold, deceitful mockery,—and that he is indulging in the grand but aërial creations of a dream, from which he is ere long doomed to awake with all the bitterness of remorse that eventually awaits the self-deluded!

England has yet no home for literary genius. We look into other countries, and we see the Poet rewarded with a pensioned seat in the Academy of Letters, while he bears as his passport in the general intercourse of society, the honoured insignia of chivalric distinction. Why is it that, in this illustrious country, the seat of immeasurable wealth and of unquestioned generosity of character—why is it that the man of literary genius so seldom derives honour or advantage from the state? Why is it, that "in these enlightened times, men of letters have lived

in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers." Three national sources of reward might be established with great honour and advantage in this country—an Institute, or Academy Royal of Sciences and Belles Lettres, with graduated pensions assigned to a prescribed number of its leading members—an Order of Civil Merit, chiefly designed for the reward of literary and scientific eminence—and an Institution on the plan of a Temple of Fame, where a memorial of every distinguished character, (to whom such an honour might be decreed by parliament, or otherwise,) should be deposited as an heir-loom to the latest posterity. At present we have no institution for the encouragement of genius in the support of our national literature. We have splendid universities for the maintenance and reward of learning—of learning which, after all, (as its very name implies,) infers merely the merit of understanding and being acquainted with the works of others; while those whose lives are devoted to the enlarged accumulation of the stores of mind—who are themselves creating the knowledge, or multiplying the mines of enjoyment, from which future ages will derive a permanent accession of pleasure and advantage—are left to die in the public hospital, or the hut of famine, as a meet conclusion to a life of ceaseless care and distress. "To mention those," observes D'Israeli, "who left nothing be-

hind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task!"*

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* "Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Merit. Even in these enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers. Homer, poor and blind, resorted to the public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread. The facetious poet, Plautus, gained a livelihood by assisting a miller. Xylander sold his Notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. Alde Manutius was so wretchedly poor, that the expense of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him insolvent. To mention those who left nothing behind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task. Agrippa died in a workhouse; Cervantes is supposed to have died with hunger; Camoens was deprived of the necessaries of life, and is believed to have perished in the streets. The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend, to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty sonnet, which he addresses to his Cat, entreating her to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—

'Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!'

having no candle by which he could see to write his verses! The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and, having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation. Le Sage resided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris, and supplied the world with their most agreeable Romances; while he never knew what it was to possess any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters. De Ryer, a celebrated French Poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his Heroic Verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols. Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published. Purchas, who in the reign of our First James, had spent his life in travels and study to form his *Relation of the World*: when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours, was thrown into prison, at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his Dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction. Savage, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem, *The Wanderer*, which had occupied him several years, for ten pounds.

From the days of HOMER to the present—a period involving the lapse of nearly 3000 years—the greatest minds have ever paid the most reverential regard to POETRY. Its professors have been esteemed amongst the chief benefactors of mankind. Kings, philosophers, divines, heroes, and statesmen, have alike contributed their applause to enhance their triumphs, and perpetuate their memories. Trophied tombs and anniversary commemorations have been their frequent meed in death; as courtly favour, academic distinctions, and popular veneration, had been their guerdon in life. Yet, strange as it may appear,-when these facts are considered, the Poets have, in every age and clime—whether in the era of comparative barbarism, or of the most luxurious refinement—suffered, more than any other class of men, from the galling afflictions of *poverty*. Their immortality of fame has generally been the sole bequest they have made to their personal posterity. Vain and empty possession! Bright and beautiful, like the rainbow, to the distant gazer; but imper-

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Even our great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing it on his own account: and Otway, a dramatic poet in the first class, is known to have perished with hunger. Samuel Boyce, whose Poem on Creation ranks high in the scale of poetic excellence, was absolutely famished to death; and was found dead, in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, and fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand! Chatterton, while he supplied a variety of monthly magazines with their chief materials, found 'a penny tart a luxury!' and a luxury it was, to him who could not always get bread to his water. In a book, entitled, *De Infortunio Litteratorum*, may be found many other examples of the miseries of literary men."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

ceptible to those whom it embraces in its airy clasp! Why is it, that, in the history of the world, we so rarely hear of a man of high literary genius, but more especially of a Poet, being promoted to an elevated post, or indulged with an emolumentary provision, as the *reward* of his labours? Crowns of laurel, and diplomas, and princely and national praise, are, doubtless, *flattering*, but they are, at the same time, UNSUBSTANTIAL rewards; while posthumous pageantry, and monumental marble, cannot but appear a cold return for the glowing energies and sublime aspirations of the gifted being, perishing, in all the pride of his genius, beneath the combined assaults of care and privation! And, indeed, even these *empty* manifestations of public gratitude have been withheld from the wide majority of claimants. Minds of the loftiest order of poetical eminence have passed through their dark existence, uncheered by the slightest gleam of sympathy from an ungrateful or *ignorant* world; and it has remained for remote ages to appreciate and revere their merits. HOMER, the illustrious Father of Verse, with all his unapproachable divinity of genius, was, I *blush* to write the word—a BEGGAR!—was obliged to resort to the public places "to recite his verses for a morsel of bread!"

"Seven wealthy towns* contend for HOMER dead,
Through which the living HOMER begged his bread!"

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* Thus recorded in an Hexameter line:—

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ."

And the same adverse destiny seems to have clung, in a greater or lesser degree, like a professional badge, to his unfortunate descendants. TASSO's fate has met with the following beautiful but melancholy record from a pen of our own times:—

" His to drink deep of sorrow, and through life,
To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
Trampling alike the giver and his gift,
The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,
A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
To charm, ennoble, when the oar was plied,
Or on the Adrian, or the Tuscan sea."*

DANTE claims a similar notice from the same source:—

—" His, alas! to lead
A life of trouble, and ere long to leave
All things most dear to him, ere long to know
How salt another's bread is, and the toil
Of going up and down another's stairs."†

Thus it is: POETRY and POVERTY have been almost inseparable companions. But why is this the case? Why do the works of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music enrich their professors, while Poetry, the noblest offspring of the mind, remains a powerless instrument of pecuniary advantage in the hands of its less fortunate possessor? The reason is simple and obvious. Poetry spreads her stores for THE MANY; she cannot, and would

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* Rogers. † Paradiso, 17.

not, limit them to *the few:* she bids all approach her sacred stream, and partake of its pearly treasures. The labours of other sciences are exerted for their particular patrons; they appeal immediately, or in a chief degree, to the organs of sense; and, above all, they are made to administer to the vanity and ostentation of *the few!* The Poet's merits are of the *mind* alone, perceptible only through the intellect, and addressing, in a limited or intermediary manner, our physical sensibilities. The world can exercise no private ownership of his works, as of those of the sculptor or painter. A "*quid pro quo,*" therefore, is not regarded, as in the instance of a transfer of merchandise, or other tangible object of exchange. His is a debt due from the many, and, unlike those of personal reference, seldom or never discharged. Thus, while the question of pecuniary compensation for his labours is *individually* lost sight of, or rejected on the score of its *general* application, the public mind readily acknowledges its obligation, and pays a tribute of APPLAUSE to the excellence it is called upon to admire. Yet it may be observed, that it is in kindred breasts alone that a debt of gratitude is really felt, unaccompanied, as it is, by any practical result in favour of the object inspiring this homage. The generality of people, how much soever they may profess to admire an author, are content to *hire* or *borrow* his works, rather than *purchase* them; or, if they buy them, are indifferent whether the publica-

tion enriches the AUTHOR or the *bookseller*. So empty a thing is POPULAR APPLAUSE! Well has Dr. YOUNG remarked, that

" Thirst of fame is avarice of air!"

And our late lamented contemporary, Miss LANDON, traversing the same idea, has with equal felicity observed:—

" Pour forth thy fervid soul in song,—
There are some that may praise thy lays;
But of all earth's dim vanities,
The very earthliest is praise.

Praise! light and dew of the sweet leaves
Around the Poet's temples hung,
How turned to gall, and how profaned
By envious or by idle tongue!

Given by vapid fools, who laud
Only if others do the same;
Forgotten even while the breath
Is on the air that bears your name."

While, therefore, we see how worthless a tribute is mere popular applause, we yet find it the only meed bestowed on the labours of the Muse. The representatives of subordinate arts are daily revelling in magnificence, and in every species of refined indulgence; but the Poet, while he is the professor of a nobler and more spiritual pursuit, must be content to retire to some humble seclusion—" the cottage of an obscure village"—where, amidst his bees and honeysuckled bowers, he may dream out the remainder of his days in peaceful rusticity, too happy if,

in such a solitude, he can command the immediate necessaries of existence.

> Fame may be his, but Fortune loves not Fame,
> Save when she soars with *world-directed* aim—
> Bids victor swords their crimson task fulfil,
> Or guides the senate with resistless skill;
> Gives the proud dome its airy height to know,
> While circling columns wreathe their pomp below;
> Wakes the cold marble into breathing strife,
> While the dark canvass glows with mimic life:
>
> Such acts are praised, while yet unread the line
> That guides the heart to Virtue's awful shrine,
> Dissolves fond Vanity's luxurious dream,
> And plucks from gaudy Vice its brightest beam,
> Shows the brief tenour of the world's frail joys,
> And points to happiness beyond the skies!

Yet, haply, some centuries after the Poet's death, the proudest courtier may feel it an honour to visit the spot made sacred by his song:—

> —"to explore and sit,
> Where in his peasant dress he loved to sit
> Musing, reciting—on some rock moss-grown,
> Or the fantastic root of some old beech,
> That drinks the living waters as they stream
> Over their emerald bed."*

But we may be told that a life of contemplative solitude amid the meadows or mountains, or deep sylvan recesses of the country, seems most peculiarly adapted to inspire the Poet with his loftiest

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* Rogers, in allusion to Petrarch at Vaucluse.

flights of fancy and sentiment. We may be required to confess, that, to his garden at FERRARA, we owe many of the happiest verses of ARIOSTO; and that some of TASSO's most inspired productions were elicited amid the scenery of ZANGA, near BERGAMO; or of SORRENTO, his birth-place, on the South side of the Gulf of NAPLES. We may also be reminded that DANTE* would retire from the busier scenes of FLORENCE to sit in the summer time near the chapel of the Holy Virgin in the Church of the Carmelites, and there composed many of his finest passages; that PULCI spent much of his time, in composition, at CAÏANO, a villa of LORENZO; and that BOCCACCIO preferred the Campagna of FLORENCE to the scenes of the capital. We shall perhaps be told, too, that the ruins of the house of one of the great Poets of an elder day (HORACE) are still shown on the banks of the ANIO, "just below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over the torrent." Yet, notwithstanding all that may be said on this point, I am far from thinking that local objects have so much influence

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* I am proud to observe amongst the names of my Subscribers that of Mr. ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M.A., the distinguished Translator of the *Divina Commedia*. This gentleman has imposed a debt of gratitude on posterity, which it would well become others, possessing the particular qualifications requisite for such a purpose, to endeavour to imitate. Too seldom is the irksome task of translation undertaken by those who combine, with the necessary amount of learning, those qualities of mind, which can alone give dignity and success to their labours. Mr. WRIGHT has left nothing to be desired in his works, and they will remain an imperishable monument to his industry and genius.

on the mind of the Poet, as is generally supposed; and the fact that SWITZERLAND and WALES, two of the most romantic and beautiful of all countries, have never produced a writer of original genius in this department of literature, seems to favour my opinion; while it may be further remarked that the three greatest Poets amongst the moderns—SPENSER—SHAKSPEARE—and MILTON—produced their immortal works amidst the crowds and smoke of LONDON. I am again widely at variance with a belief that solitude, or a separation from all those higher spirits, whose society yields the happiest charm of existence to one of kindred aspirations and endowments, and perpetual exile amid the obscurity of some remote province, can tend to stimulate the mind of the Poet to its loftiest exertions, however beautiful or grand the scenery which may surround him. The Poet's eye is of the mind—the scenes of Nature are impressed on the ever present *spectrum* of the imagination, in colours which, though derived from the hand of the Goddess herself, acquire an added brilliancy from the spiritual light of his own charmed spell—the sun of immortality which burns within! But, were it otherwise, we may be permitted to ask whether, in his rural retirement, he is not entitled to reap as high a reward for the successful prosecution of his labours, as the mere man of business—the village-practitioner—the plodding every-day minded being, who has not an idea beyond the dull routine of his matter-of-fact and commonplace existence? Shall the Poet, in an age of

boasted refinement like the present, see himself confined to the narrow sphere of mediocrity, while his genius and scholarship, devoted to a pursuit of all others the most ennobling to the human mind, are widely extending their beneficial influence, and will convey the same advantages to future ages? Forbid it every sentiment of justice—every principle of national policy! Let merit in every calling be rewarded, and let due honours and advantages be offered to those who embrace, with corresponding energies and endowments, the loftier departments of intellectual exertion. But we may here be reminded of PRIOR's well-known fable of *The Poet and his Patron*, for a corroboration of the frequent remark, that ease of mind, as regards pecuniary exigencies, is unfavourable to the growth of poetical excellence; and, indeed, that the more care and distress the Poet has to struggle with, the more brilliant and powerful will be the offspring of his fancy. I frankly confess that there may be some truth in this remark; experience seems to have recorded it as a fact, in a great number of instances; though not in that vast proportion of cases to justify our regarding it as a general result. On the other hand there are very numerous instances, establishing an opposite theory, namely, that deep and long-continued distress of mind deadens the feelings of the heart, and stifles those very emotions, those touching sensibilities, that sublime and passionate enthusiasm, which combine to elevate the genius of the Poet—nay, are the very existence of his high faculty. Nor is it

improbable that many of those who, in the depths of adversity, delighted mankind with the splendour of their genius, would have shone with still greater brilliancy and fascination, if enlivened with the generous rays of patronage and sympathy. But taking the contrary opinion as a fact, who is there amongst us that would follow the inhuman practice of some of the bird-fanciers, who, to improve the notes of the nightingale, confine it in perpetual darkness; or who would thus procure, at the expense of the happiness of the Poet, an uncertain addition of harmony to his strain, or of fevered force to the already passionate expression of his sensibilities? Oh! let us forget, if we can, that such writers as OTWAY —BOYCE—SAVAGE—and CHATTERTON, were sacrificed to the depths of starvation and despair, while many thousands of low-thoughted, sensual beings, with scarcely more of the intellectual nature than served to keep their bodies from putrefaction,—worthless as the very dirt they trod,—were rioting amidst the costliest superfluities of life! Or rather, let us remember it, in order to excite our greater sympathy for their living representatives—the Poets of our own day! Let us never forget that it is *mind* that makes the *man;* that, of all claims to human distinction, those founded on superiority of genius and intellectual attainments, if accompanied by a corresponding elevation of virtuous sentiment, are most worthy of esteem. "The beneficial influence of Literature is felt through successive ages; and they, indeed, are the benefactors of mankind, who

bestow on posterity their most refined pleasures, and their most useful speculations." In conclusion, let us consider, that, inasmuch as the labours of the Poet must necessarily incapacitate him for the discharge of the more ordinary and common-place avocations of the world,—the enthusiasm and refined cast of thought, the lofty sensibility, the gorgeous or impassioned diction essential to the very expression of the Muse, being dissipated and impaired by a participation in pursuits of mere mechanical detail, and an habitual attention to themes of every-day occurrence,—he is more peculiarly entitled to protection from those who would foster the literary genius of their country. Let wealth and political rank be conferred on those who have distinguished themselves in the battles or councils of the state,—I ask for neither on behalf of the Poet; they are alike opposed to that chastened simplicity of feeling, that abstraction from the ties of self-interest, that insulated dignity of repose, and that spiritual exaltation of ideas, which should ever form the characteristic distinction of his nature.* But, while the world is an admirer of the genius of the writer, let it look not with indifference on the adversity of the man. Let him be lifted above the contempt of the illiterate and sordid vulgar, by that moderate degree of external

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* —" one who saw,
Observed, nor shunned, the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not, and, 'mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate spirit."

affluence, which the *most ordinary* exertion of the *most ordinary* minds, in other and inferior callings, would suffice to acquire.

I have been induced to throw these remarks into my paper, through a deep, long-cherished love of the noble art of which I am an unworthy professor, a love which extends itself towards all who by their patronage or labours promote its advancement and honour. And I have thought some of these observations the more worthy of notice, as I have been recently informed, by publishers of eminence, that works of the highest class in Epic composition—the productions of writers of long-accredited genius—remain for the present in manuscript, their publication *being unlikely to succeed in a* COMMERCIAL *point of view!* Let us talk no more of the refinement of the present age, if EPIC POETRY is to be indebted for its protection to the speculative spirit of *Trade!* Shade of PISISTRATUS! blush for our degeneracy!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Gay sylph, from Pleasure's airy bowers!
  Oh, hither speed thy wing,
That we may bless the sunny hours,
  Which from thy sweetness spring:
Enchanting Music! thine the spell
  To bid each care depart;
And chase the lingering sighs that swell
  From grief's o'erburthened heart!

BALLAD.

> " There, side by side, hearts wedded in their youth,
> In their meek blessedness expand and glow,
> And, though the world be faithless, still their truth
> No pause, no change, no soil of time may know!
> They hold communion with the world, in sooth,
> Beyond the stain of sin, the waste of woe,
> And the deep sanctities of well-spent hours
> Crown their fair fame with EDEN'S deathless flowers."

As the sun to the green vales of earth in their gladness,
As the moon to the mountains' lone waste in its sadness,
As the stars to the Poet's rapt bosom revealing
Sweeter treasures of thought—purer transports of feeling;
As the dew to the flowers—as the flowers to the bee,
So art thou, in the pride of thy beauty, to me!

Oh! the sun will decline when his day's task is done,
And the moon veil her light in the beams of the sun;
The stars in their wide-spreading glory decay—
The song of the Bard melt in silence away:
The dew quit the flowers—the flowers pale their store,
And the bee wander far, when their brightness is o'er:

But the beams of thy beauty, unchanging, shall play,
Till they blend with the dawn of Eternity's ray—
Still deathless thy charms, for their bloom is entwined
With the warmth of thy heart, and the light of thy mind:
Whilst thy love, 'mid life's sorrows, more blest shall appear,—
As the rainbow shines brightest, when storm-clouds are near!

MY COTTAGE HOME.

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like *home.*
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere."

I HAVE lingered by the fountains
Of ITALIA'S sunny clime;
I have wandered o'er her mountains
In the merry vintage time:
I have trod ALMAYNE'S bright bowers
And her forests of the pine,
And have gazed from the fair towers
That o'erhang the silver RHINE;
But 'mid all the pride and stateliness
Of mountain, grove, or dome,
There was nought that shared the loveliness
Of my sweet cottage home!

I have dwelt in marble palaces
'Mid crowded cities gay;
I have lived amid the loneliness
Of castles far away;
I have roamed o'er Ocean's azure tide
'Mid isles of beauty fair—
I have gazed o'er proud siennas wide
Oft-blending charms most rare:
But 'mid all the pride and stateliness
Of mountain, grove, or dome,
There was nought that shared the loveliness
Of my sweet cottage home!

Though dark the skies that o'er it spread,
And rude the scenes around,
A hallowed charm seems o'er it shed,
Which makes it fairy ground!

—'Tis not the pomp of gilded halls
That makes the palace fair,
But the stately mirth of festivals
That pour their splendour there;—
Thus doth my home its charms impart,
Where smiles of love abound:
It is the sunshine of the heart
That makes it fairy ground!

LOVE OF NATURE.

"I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Heaven! with mind serene,
And guileless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, no servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravished, and the soul is blest."

I SIGH not for glory, I ask not for fame,
Contentment my dowry, and virtue my aim:
Fair pleasure's soft wiles with contempt I disown,
And I scorn the world's smiles, even more than her frown!
To the bright, sunny skies with fresh rapture I turn;
While sweet Nature supplies each new transport I learn.

The glow of the eve on the wide-spreading river,
Or the morn-beams, that weave their gay magic, deliver
My soul from its cares, should brief sadness intrude,
Or mild pleasure it shares from the moon-silvered wood:
Each garb of loved Nature delighted I view,
Her Spring's varied feature—her Winter's dark hue.

Then fill your proud halls with their lustre of yore,
While soft minstrelsie falls on each heart's thrilling store;
Be the lamps I survey the fair stars in their pride,
And the nightingale's lay my sweet rapture divide:

Or, if storm-clouds engender, still dearer shall be,
The lightning's bold splendour—the thunder's wild glee!

Hence, Pomp! with your minions—to cities repair,
There spread your broad pinions o'er smoke-tainted air!
But leave me the skies of soft saffron or blue,
With the green woods I prize, and the cottage seen through;
The wealth of my orchard—the stores of my spring:
And, by envy untortured, new pleasures I'll sing.

SONG.—THE VICTOR.

"Mown down like swathes of Summer flowers,
Yes! on the cold earth there they lie,
The lords of SCOTLAND's bannered towers,
The chosen of her chivalry!"

DELTA.

He turned him from his bannered hall,
Where the minstrel-strain was soaring,
And woman's lip, more sweet than all,
Its fondest praise was pouring.
The proffered cup he thrust aside—
His brow grew dark with scorn,
As he thought him of the crimson strife
That clouded the fair morn.

Bold hearts and true now slumbered
Upon that battle-plain;
The bravest he had numbered
Among his warrior-train!
And many a gallant foe beside,
Long famed in border-fight,
Lay stretched beneath the Autumn moon
Upon that dreary night!

That minstrel-strain no mirth revealed—
He heard the battle cry!
And waving swords, like a harvest-field,
Flashed ever on his eye!
While woman's soul-subduing voice
The *trumpet-peal* withstood:
And when they pressed the ruby wine,
Pale Fancy whispered—"Blood!"

SONG.—THE CONQUERED.

"He counted them, at break of day;
But when the sun set—where were they?"

In the golden shine of the Summer morn,
When the white clouds laughed for joy,
And the lark was soaring above the corn,
With notes that thrilled the sky;
While the red rose sparkled with dewy gleam,
As the breeze swept lightly by,—
My banner mocked the sun's broad beam,
And my bugle the eagle's cry!

Rode forth to the fight my trusty band,
All gleaming in purple steel,
And I felt, when I gave each proud command,
As a leader alone may feel!
And I marked the flashing eye rejoice
Through each frowning helm's barred sight,
While I cried with a loud, exulting voice—
"To the bravest be the fight!"

—I rallied them thrice with my bugle-call,
But as oft was our force o'erthrown:
And my banner now rests in my foeman's hall,
And my castle and lands are gone!

The red rose sparkles with dewy gleam,
As the evening breeze sweeps by,
And the eagle soars with a piercing scream—
But *my bugle hath no reply!*

SONG.—THE FLAGS OF EUROPE.

To God alone the glory be,
Whether for Peace or Victory!

Oh, bright is the banner that floats o'er the main
Where the blue wave rejoices in Britain's glad reign,
That spreads the fair glory, by conquest long won,
O'er an empire as wide as the track of her sun!
And still bids the rich triumphs of war but to cease,
That her sons may exult in the trophies of peace.

And fair is the banner of Heaven's own blue,
With its "lilies" that boast of the sun's golden hue;
And proud the lorn "eagle" that tells of his name,
Who shook the wide earth with the blast of his fame;
Till the star of ambition but lured to betray—
And he sank to the nations' leagued vengeance a prey!

And fair, too, thy banner, once chivalric Spain!
With its "castle" that vied with the moon's full-orbed reign:
Fall'n land of the hero and minstrel of yore!
Whom the light of thy triumphs may gladden no more;—
Oh, dark is the fast-fading scene of thy joy,
Whom the rebel and brigand seem linked to destroy!

And proud was the ensign—the badge of the brave,—
Which Holland's fair ships to the summer-wind gave,
And bright the glad rays which their light would unrol
From the bold "sword in hand" of the chivalric Pole;—
From the "lion" of Venice long sunk in decay,
And the new-crowned "eagle" of Russia's wide sway.

Lo! the kingdoms of earth are of fortune the prey—
To-day they may flourish—to-morrow decay.
As Rome, or as Athens, so others shall be;
And their glory depart from the land and the sea!
While new states from their ashes, successive, draw birth,
But to perish in turn, as fate's edict goes forth!

And though nations exult in the strength of their arms,
In the trophies of peace, or in Nature's proud charms,
Still weak is each blessing their destinies prove,
If they trace not the sway of a sceptre above,—
If the halls of their rulers but echo the strain
Of their own feeble triumphs—so fleeting and vain!

Then, Christian! where'er by thine homage allied,
Be the banner of CHRIST thy chief glory and guide!
'Neath the standard of One, earth's vain empires above,
Let us meet as firm brethren—joint heirs of his love!
Then the sword and the cannon shall slumber in rust—
Each motto be "*Peace*," and each watchword—"BE JUST!"

And though Glory no more her red legions might lead
O'er the widely-strewn fields of the coffinless dead,
Yet the symbols of happiness Peace should display,
And new blessings arise from Religion's pure sway:
For lo! the blest ensign, all standards above,
Is the "Cross of Redemption"—the badge of CHRIST'S LOVE!

STANZAS.—FROM THE CANTICLES.

WHO is she that as morn looks forth,
Or like the moon doth ride?
Clear as the sun, and terrible
As host in bannered pride?

'Tis thou, O prince's daughter!
With thy glad and stately air:
'Mid all that brightest, fairest is,
Oh! yet most bright and fair!
Rise up, my love, my fair one,
And come away, for, lo!
The Winter's past—the rain is o'er,
And softest breezes blow.

The turtle's pleasant voice is heard
Amid the cedars' shade;
The time of singing-birds is come—
The earth with flowers arrayed:
The fig-tree putteth forth her fruit—
The vines their perfumed glow;
And I would see thy joyous face,
And list thy sweet words flow!
Then turn, beloved, and be thou swift
As is the bounding roe,
That seeks the wildly-soaring cliffs
Of Bether's lofty brow!

THE FAREWELL.

It is our *first*—yet *latest* meeting;
Long, long expected—rudely brief!
Though Hope presaged a dearer greeting—
Ah! when did Hope not mock belief!

We meet—but for one moment only:
That moment yields an age of pain!
It tells me that my heart is lonely,—
That other ties thy soul enchain!

Farewell! yet, though we part for ever,
My love for thee shall changeless flow,
Bright and eternal as yon river,
That sweeps the dusky plain below!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

SONNET.—THE WOODS.

" Ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, *nemusque.*
HOR.

COME, breathe with me the woodland's balmy airs,
Rich with the melody of the free, wild bird;
Where, 'mid the branches by the breeze soft-stirred,
The lonely cushat her meek empire shares:
Cast from thee all life's dull, ungentle cares,
Deep in thy breast be each dark thought interred;
Nor aught save Nature's minstrel-voice be heard
In converse sweet—while the glad heart prepares
To taste the bliss of those loved, halcyon days,
That blessed our sunny youth; ere worldly coil,
Or disappointment's blight, had chilled the rays
Of joyous hope, which round our path would smile:
When Fancy's wand could gild life's thorny maze,
And Passion's glowing light each cloud beguile.

NATURE.

" Oh, may the world these feelings never tame!
If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
It still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to Nature dead!"
J. H. WIFFEN.

LOOK round on Nature's loveliness! the sea,
With its light, sportive, silver-crested waves—
The pale, enamoured rocks, that gracefully
O'erhang the deep—the sparry, moss-grown caves,

And golden sands, where the spent billow laves
Rich beds of coral with soft, farewell sigh;
Like some fond lover that despairing craves,
In token of his heart's vain constancy,
To bathe, with hopeless tears, his mistress' feet—and die!

The deep, lone forest-chase, so freshly fair,
Where roam the antlered herds in glad repose—
Whose feathered choristers, in strains full rare,
Urge the pale wanderer to forget his woes,
And share the balmy sweets kind Nature strews
Upon her genial board;—the sun-lit glade
That, 'mid the opening woods, its brightness shows,
Bounding the far-drawn vista's chequered shade,
Might seem a glimpse of Heaven, through life's dark dreams conveyed!

The clear, soft-murmuring brook, that winding steals
Through gentlest meads, in many a devious maze,
Where glows the clustered cowslip, and reveals
The tender hyacinth its purple rays;—
The fair and gorgeous flowers, that spread a blaze
Of perfumed wealth o'er many a garden's range—
Where roves the gilded butterfly, or strays
The inconstant bee, 'mid blossoms new and strange,
Sipping, with hurried glee, the bliss of each bright change.

The vast, precipitous rocks, that skyward roam,
Where dwells the eagle, "in his pride of place;"—
The rushing torrent, which, half-veiled in foam,
Hurls its broad thunders to the mountain's base;—
The fertile vale, enriched with softest grace,
Where the fond river glides, meandering slow,
As though it would its happy course retrace,
And curls its dimpled waves, in eddying flow,
Turning full oft again—not caring yet to go!

The tender bloom and hues of opening Spring—
The fervid smiles of Summer's glad domain—
The peaceful charms which Autumn's footsteps fling
O'er the dim earth—stern Winter's cloudy reign—
The rich, nectareous fruits, and golden grain,—
Each varied gift the circling months bestow:
The dewy morn's first blush o'er hill and plain—
The blaze of noon—the sunset's dying glow—
Soft twilight's pensive shade, and night's star-cinctured brow—

All—all, as with one voice harmonious, praise
The guardian might and wisdom throned above;
And bid our hearts unite in fervent lays
Of mingled gratitude, delight, and love!
And oh, how boundless should that homage prove,
If we reflect, that, when these scenes are flown,
The same blest GOD that shall their joys remove,
Hath still prepared, for those who seek His throne,
A world of *perfect bliss*—ETERNALLY *their own!*

LINES ON REVISITING NOTTINGHAM.

" Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

CHARLES LAMB.

ONCE more I tread the hallowed scene
My childhood's earliest feelings knew;
And gentle thoughts of what hath been
Steal o'er my spirit's brightened hue:

Visions of radiant bliss long flown,
Which grief's cold spell may ne'er destroy,
Like those soft dreams that fondly crown
The captive's lonely rest with joy.

I trace each dear, familiar spot
I loved in bygone years to seek,
Ere the stern woes that gloomed my lot
Had spread their shadows o'er my cheek:
When Youth's light, trusting heart foretold
No after-hours of pain and care;
But life's gay future seemed unrolled
In sunnier tints, and hues more fair.

I view the PARK's soft, verdant space,
With its broad hills of swelling pride;
From whose glad brows, with loftiest grace,
Bursts on the eye the prospect wide
Of bowery woods, and sparkling meads,
With many a village-spire between;
Whilst, mid-way, TRENT's bright wave recedes,
And distant CHARNWOOD crowns the scene.*

---

* The situation of Nottingham is thus quaintly described by Drayton, in his "Barons' Wars:"—

"Here all along the flower-befilled vales
On her cleere sands the silver TRENT doth slide,
And to the meadowes telling wanton tales,
Her crystall limbes lasciviouslie, in pride,
(As ravished with the enamoured gales,)
With often turnings casts from side to side;
As she were loth the faire sight to forsake,
And runne herself into the German Lake.

And North from thence, rude SHERWOOD, as she roves,
Casts many a long looke at those loftie towers,
And with the thicknesse of her well-growne groves,
Shelters the towne from stormie Winter's showers;
In pleasant Summer, she, to shew her loves,
Bids it againe to see her shadie bowers;
Courting the castle, which, as turning to her,
Smiles to behold th' enamoured wood-nymph woo her."

Next, stealing on the ravished sight,
In more than TEMPE's charms arrayed,
The MEADOWS' far-stretched bounds invite
My grateful steps—where oft I played
In sunny freedom, when a child,
With those whom death hath long laid low;
Blent with whose memory still hath smiled
That flowery region's perfumed glow!

High on a rock that soaring frowns
With giant scorn o'er all beneath,
The CASTLE's princely pile disowns
Relation to the scenes which wreathe
Their smiling splendours at its feet.
Lo! darkly crowned with feudal gloom,
It mourns, in loneliness of state,
The banished greatness of its doom.

Once more, with bounding step, I tread
The heath-clad hills of old SHERWOOD,
Where first, with school-boy mirth, I read
The sportive feats of ROBIN HOOD.
How did I long, with bended bow,
To range the forest's oaken shade;
Or bid rich monks' broad-pieces flow,
To yield the care-worn timely aid!

To the near West, the eye may mark
Proud WOLLATON's* majestic dome
And radiant towers—its deer-filled park,
With stately woods—pomp's ancient home!
Coldly it seems to scorn the seat
Of anxious commerce busied near,
And, shrinking from approach, retreat
Within its own high-fortuned sphere.

* The seat of Lord Middleton.

I seek fair CLIFTON'S* gentle grove,
Sacred to hapless WHITE'S† fond Muse;
Where oft, of yore, I loved to rove,
When gleamed the sunset's dying hues

---

* The seat of Sir Juckes Clifton, Bart., a descendant of one of the four Nottinghamshire Knights alluded to in the distich of Queen Elizabeth:—

"*Gervase* the gentle; STANHOPE the stoute;
MARKHAME the lyon; and SUTTON the loute."

Sir *Gervase* Clifton, above mentioned, had SEVEN wives; and the heralds who, at that period, were in the habit of marshalling the coat-armour of as many wives or husbands as the party might have had, were somewhat puzzled where to place the arms of the seventh claimant for admission into the already crowded shield of the "gentle" Sir Gervase; but at length, after much deliberation, they decided to portion out the base, and share it between her and the last preceding candidate.

† Henry Kirke White, a native of Nottingham; who, although the fact be unrecorded in the excellent biographical account of him by Dr. Southey, probably derived some slight share of his poetical inspiration from the sympathetic stores of my father's library, of which, during his clerkship with Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, solicitors, he was a frequent visiter, with a general permission to borrow such volumes as he might wish to peruse at his leisure. It is almost needless to observe that these were principally, if not entirely, *the works of the English Poets*. This circumstance reminds me of another. My father, going to his library one day to inspect some volumes about to be sent to the bookbinder, was surprised on approaching the apartment, to overhear a passage from Oroonoko read or recited by some stranger within, in a manner the most impressive and affecting. His surprise, however, was further increased, when, on entering, he found no one there but the party in waiting for the books, an apprentice, or journeyman, from Burbage's, in the Long-Row. This young man, who had probably no intention to be overheard, but who might have unconsciously recited the passage from habit, acknowledged that he had practised recitation for some time, with a view of indulging a long and ardent desire of becoming a tragedian. On being requested to give further specimens of his talent, he with much diffidence, and apparent distrust of his powers, complied, and the result satisfied the hearer that his capabilities for the stage were of a high order. Under this impression he at once encouraged his views, lent him various dramatic treatises and plays, and promised to use whatever influence he might possess, to effect an early and favourable opportunity for the public development of his genius. I need merely add that this humble aspirant for the fame of an actor became well known throughout the dramatic circles of Europe, as GEORGE COOKE, one of the noblest representatives of the characters of the immortal Shakspeare!

O'er TRENT's lone wave; whilst on the ear,
  Soft-streaming through those cloistered dells,
Came, as from spirits' unseen sphere,
  The dream-like sound of distant bells!

And, oft beneath thy kindred shade,
  Dear COLWICK! * have I loved to stray,
When the pale moonbeams softly played
  In chequered radiance, and the lay
Of the sad nightingale awoke
  With gushing trills of tenderest power;
While not a rival footstep broke
  The hallowed stillness of the hour.

'Mid scenes like these my spirit sought,
  In lengthened trains of self-discourse,
To rouse its inmost powers of thought—
  To bare each feeling's hidden source.
And oft, in my thus teeming breast,
  Arose the Poet's thirst of fame,
Whose fervid impulse, unrepressed,
  Soon spurned each humbler, meaner aim.

Then rapt Imagination drew
  Her airy schemes of blissful pride;
Clothing in charms of dazzling hue
  The pictured hopes her spell supplied:
While Reason's warning coldly given,
  And urged with many a threatened sigh
For banished ease, and prospects riven,
  Opposed its darker augury.

* The seat of John Musters, Esq., who married Miss Chaworth, of Annesley, in Nottinghamshire, a descendant of the Viscounts Chaworth, of Ireland. This lady has received immortality from the pen of the illustrious poet, Byron; who has spread all the fascinations of his Muse in a rich halo around the sole and cherished object of his youthful adoration.

Alas! that e'er the world's cold frown
  Should destine for its early prey
Those cherished hopes which still have thrown
  O'er Youth's glad morn its sunniest ray;—
Which—like the faith by flatterers vowed,
  Ere gathering ills obscure our fate—
Will vanish 'neath each threatening cloud,
  And leave the bosom desolate!

O, yes! *my* heart may truly tell
  How, one by one, those dreams have flown,
Which woke at Fancy's magic spell,
  And formed *an Eden of their own!*
The flowers that young Affection loved
  To twine around each idol fair,
Too soon the prey of sorrow proved,
  And closed their blossoms in despair.

For Death, the arch-despoiler, came,—
  Ah, need I vainly speak the rest?
Since ever hath it been his aim
  To challenge those we love the best!
Each dearest friend—each cherished flower,
  Is still the earliest doomed to die;
As but to clothe with darker power
  The chastening voice of memory!

I gaze upon yon old church-tower,*
  Its shining clock—its gilded vane,
Where first I learned to note the hour,
  And trace the light winds' varied reign:

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* St. Peter's, Nottingham; of which, and of Mundasley, in Norfolk, my late uncle, Jeremiah Bigsby, A.M., was for a long term of years Rector. It is worthy of mention, as a singular coincidence, that he was *baptized*, *married*, *registered* as *incumbent*, and *buried*, in the same church.

How crowded seems that churchyard now,
  Though brief the space since last I strayed
Amidst its tombs, with pensive brow,
  And marked where those I loved were laid!

Where are the hearts, I fondly ask,
  Whose tender joys would still entwine
Their radiance with my own, or task
  Their gentlest tears to flow with mine?
Alas! grim Death alone may speak—
  "Ne'er to thine arms shall they return:
Would'st thou their mortal ashes seek,
  Go—view each pale, funereal urn!"

Vain act, to sorrow for the dead
  Whom we so soon shall meet again!
Oh, rather should our thoughts be led
  To realms remote from grief and pain,
Where—by His blessed will on high,
  Which governs all below—above,—
Our souls shall greet, with kindred joy,
  United in A SAVIOUR'S *love!*

SEPARATION.

"And hope's sweet whisperings shall tell,
  These heavy hours of absence past,
That joy's bright star again will smile,
  And our first parting be our last!"

ONE little month hath glided by
  With viewless speed to join the past,
Yielding to Memory's latent stores
  Its sum of joy, with grief o'ercast,
Since first thy radiant form I met—
  First drank the lustre of thine eyes,
And thy fair spirit o'er my heart
  First poured its gentle sympathies.

Not in the hour of sunny pride,
  When Pleasure's spell all brightly shone,
And o'er Time's gaily fleeting wings
  A mantle of delight was thrown,
Did thy soft bosom yield its balm
  To gild with brighter ray the hour:
Ah, no!—'mid clouds of deepening gloom,
  My soul confessed its genial power!

As o'er the dark, uncertain main
  Some beacon's welcome light extends,
Cheering the toil-worn seaman's breast,
  When towards his long-lost home he bends,
So did the magic of thine eye
  O'er my lorn heart its radiance fling,
Chasing, beneath its beamy glance,
  Each thought that breathed of suffering.

And though, by Fate's unblest decree,
  Far from thy side my steps must rove,
Yet o'er my blighted destiny
  Shall steal the fragrance of thy love!
Thus, 'mid the desert's wild expanse,
  Uninjured by the tempest's scath,
Some lonely flower's rich loveliness
  Charms the worn pilgrim's rugged path.

Whate'er of bliss my soul attains—
  Whate'er of woe 'tis doomed to share,
Still shall thine image grace each thought—
  Thy name be blended with each prayer!
Yes!—as the needle to the Pole
  Through storm and calm doth faithful prove;
So, through each hour of light and gloom,
  My hopes shall centre in thy love!

Farewell!—I would those tears restrain,
Though dear their parting tribute be;—
Oh! fairer than the gems of Ind,
Those *diamonds* of the *heart* to me!
—The lay must cease!—yet ah! ne'er deem,
Though mute the lyre's fond echoes be,
That time can fail to nurse the theme
Which tells my heart of love and thee!

FRIENDSHIP.

"When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching breasts a sovereign cure,
Not soft nepenthe half so sure!
And, when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies."

Not when Life's ocean gleams with smiles,
And gentle breezes fan the sail,
Whilst festive mirth each hour beguiles,
And dreams of bliss alone prevail,
Is Friendship's worth securely tried,
Its hallowed feelings all made known:
Ah, no!—the vows by Flattery plied,
Oft wear the sweetest, fondest tone.

But when the world's dark waves run high,
And adverse rocks our bark confound,
While sternly frowns the o'erclouded sky,
Whose lightnings soon shall sweep around:
When hope's soft-whispered accents fail
To lull despair's invading sighs;
Then, louder than the threatening gale,
Doth Friendship's cheering voice arise!

Yet though dark clouds the sky deform,
And stoops our helm beneath the wave,
There is a power above the storm,
The trusting bark will timely save.
Then grieve not, though each human breast
Desert thee, 'neath affliction's rod;
Thou hast a haven of sweet rest,—
A *friend*—a FATHER, in thy GOD!

HOME.

"So human families must part:
And many a worn and aching heart
Pines for its early home,—
Its cheerful hearth and board,
And all its treasured hoard
Of hopes in bloom.

And one may smile, while others weep,—
But still one precious hope they keep
Through all life's changing years;—
To pass through joy and pain,
And mingle once again
Their smiles and tears."

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

To him, who long in distant climes
Hath roved, by dangerous toils oppressed,
Sweet is the hour whose destined beam
Guides to a home of peaceful rest:
Cheered by affection's grateful smiles,
By friendship's soothing cares sustained,
His spirit owns a loftier joy,
Than even hope's soft visions feigned.

Forgotten is each anxious fear—
Each peril of life's opening doom;
Or, but remembered to enhance
The lustre which dispelled their gloom:

So, when the tempest's rage hath fled,
And clouds dispersing quit the skies,
The exiled sun's reviving beams
Call forth the rainbow's brilliant dyes.

The paths he trod, in early youth,
Now glow with hues more purely bright;
And e'en the skies, that spread above,
Shine with a clearer, softer light:
Thus doth the mind, in joy or woe,
The colour of its thoughts reveal;
And robe in sunshine, or in shade,
The scenes which o'er our senses steal.

Yet let Religion's hallowed spell
Illume our souls with guiding ray,
The clouds which darken o'er life's path
Shall flee—like night before the day;—
And, as the morn-star wakes the dawn,
Soft-heralding the glorious sun;
So shall Faith's cheering light but yield
To brighter beams, when Time is done!

Then, though in grief thy lot be cast,—
Thy term of exile long and lone,—
Though dangers hourly round thee press,
And hopes of human aid are flown,—
Lift up thy heart in fervent trust,
Nor fortune's gathering ills deplore;
So shall that God, who shields the just,
Thy sorrows heal—thy peace restore.

And when the world's dark woes are past,
The bonds of exile loosed for aye,
Thy soul its promised meed shall gain—
A home of rest beyond the sky!

—Brief is the bliss of mortal birth—
Endless Eternity's decree:
Lord! what are all the joys of earth
To *one short moment* spent with THEE!

IN MEMORY OF RACHEL ANN SWIFT.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

"What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart."

TICKELL.

VAIN were the pomp which gilded shrines bestow,
To tell whose cherished dust reclines below!
Could blazoned shields with all their splendour trace
The lustre of her worth's ennobling grace:
Or storied verse embalm, in well-taught flow,
The mourner's tribute of impassioned woe!
Ah! need that form the sculptor's aid impart,
Whose beauty still is graven in each heart;
Or might his skill portray, with art refined,
The kindred virtues of her spotless mind!
That dove-like innocence, and native truth,
Which shed their fragrance o'er her opening youth;
The soul-fraught meekness, with soft grace allied,
The modest worth, that sought each charm to hide;
That pure, impassioned fervour which betrayed
Each lofty feeling that her mind displayed?
Alas! our blended tears may fondly show
How vain Art's trophies to record our woe!
Yet though in death thy tender form recline,
And must each breast thy gentle smiles resign,*

* "Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming used to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine."

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

In Memory's stores thy treasured worth shall dwell,
And bind our hearts in love's undying spell:
While Hope exulting paints thee throned above,
No brighter seraph in that world of love!
Oh, then farewell, till Time's dark reign is o'er,
And Heaven's indulgent bliss thy charms restore!

LOVE.

"Love! on this earth the only meane thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heaven,
And it is thou who only dost impart
The good that to mortalitie is given.
O sacred bond, by time that art not broken!
O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!"

DRAYTON.

WHILE wealth and honour lend their dower,
And pleasure rules each festive hour,
How bright is Friendship's ray!
But when misfortune's tempest comes,
And howls around our tottering homes,
Friends—where, alas! are they?

Yet, though the strain of mirth is fled,
And o'er our desert path are shed
The thorns of care and woe:
One gentle spirit still remains,
To share our lot—relieve its pains,
And halcyon bliss bestow!

'Tis Love! by gracious Heaven assigned,
In pity to distrest mankind,
When adverse fates subdue;
Then farewell friendship—fortune—fame!
Henceforth I'll consecrate my name
To *love*, and *Heaven*, and You!

DEATH.

SUGGESTED BY AN EMBLEMATICAL PICTURE OF MORTALITY, BY PIETRO DE CASTRO.

> "Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
> To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
> The sun himself by thy permission shines,
> And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere!"
>
> YOUNG.

As, gazing on the treasured works
Of genius' hand sublime,
That spread their gorgeous lustre forth
To mock corroding time,
I paced the gallery's vista through,
And each bright relic pondered o'er,
One picture caught my studious eye,
And drew it from the varied store.
It was a piece (but oh! how vain
These humble lines to note its power!)
Wherein the painter's skill essayed
To trace mortality's dread hour:
Not by the couch of lingering pain,
Not by the death-vault's gloom;
But by strange emblems, quaintly grouped,
Did it image forth the tomb!
And stern indeed must be that breast,
And closed to feeling's source,
Which could dwell upon each sad device,
Nor own its thrilling force.

Upon a tablet, as by chance
In rude disorder strewn,
'Mid bones and jewels intermixed,
A human skull was thrown:

Its *look* was on you—searching—fixed,
A look of blended grief and pride;
Whilst its dark scowl, and rigid smile,
Seemed half to pity—half deride!
And close beside it—as if placed
In like confusion—was there laid
A walnut cracked, whose brief decay
(Thus, in connection, marked) conveyed
A simple warning to the mind,
That claimed a prompt, accordant sigh;
Showing, 'neath homely type, how soon
The objects of creation die!

There was, besides, a taper's wick
Sunk in its stand—the expiring spark
Raised a low column of thin smoke—
One moment more, and all were dark!
A law-deed with its seals torn off—
Cancelled—a DEED no longer! and
A costly drinking-glass thrown down—
Ne'er to be raised by wonted hand!
And near it, proudly pedestal'd,
A tall, capacious beaker stood,
With allegories chased, that spoke
Of Pleasure in each reckless mood:
On its huge handle Death was seen,
With arm upraised, and weapon buoyed;
The brim, a shark's expanded jaws,
Portrayed Eternity's dread void!

There was a volume lying open,
Which told of bliss in other spheres,
For those whose earthly life confessed
A Saviour's love,—with contrite tears,
Their sins—their weaknesses, who mourned,
And in the great Atonement knew
A brighter joy—a bliss more proud—
Than earth's best, brightest hopes e'er drew!

A place of terror for the bad—
Of torment raging evermore:
—That bade us "purge our sinful souls,"
And wax in virtue's priceless store!

Say, art thou fond of worldly riches?
The cancelled law-deed shows their date:
Or vain of ostentatious splendour?
Those scattered jewels mock the great.
Does pleasure seek to rule each season?
View yon dark beaker's sculptured lore;
And give to God and sober reason
The few short hours ere life be o'er!

EPITAPH

ON

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH,*

G.C.B., K.S., K.F.M., K.C., D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S.,

REGENT AND PRINCE MAGISTRAL OF THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE,

&c. &c. &c.

"Mors omnibus ex naturâ æqualis est: oblivione apud posteros, vel gloriâ distinguitur."—TACITUS.

He who from Acre's feeble towers defied
The dread Napoleon in his legioned pride,

---

* Sir Sidney is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, in the Introduction to the third Canto of "Marmion:"—

"Or of the Red Cross Hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon, as on breach:
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar;
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shattered walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmeared with blood,
Against the Invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the Polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warped wave their death-game played;

Who many a wreath of varied triumph bore,
From FINLAND'S storm-wave—EGYPT'S burning shore,—
Victor alike in fortress—field—or fleet—
And e'en by vanquished foes acknowledged great,—
Obedient, now, to Fate's all-ruling word,
Resigns, in trophied peace, his conquering sword.
—But though, alas! that "lion-heart" no more
Shall feel the life-blood mantle at its core,—
Though death's cold shadows o'er that brow recline,
And must that ear the victor's trump resign;
Still shall BRITANNIA seek, with grateful sigh,
The hallowed spot, where SIDNEY'S ashes lie;
While smiling Fame her brightest wreath shall twine,
And point, exulting, to this honoured shrine!

THE QUEEN.

"And on that cheek, and on that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent."

—OH! never may my pen restore
The spell of loveliness and grace,*
Which spread its soft enchantment o'er
That peerless form—that seraph face!

Or that, where vengeance and affright
Howled round the father of the fight,
Who snatched on ALEXANDRIA'S sand
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand."

I preserve, with much interest, a very characteristic letter received from Sir Sidney Smith a few days only before his death, subscribed with his official signature as Regent of the Temple, (*your affectionate Brother in Christ*, WILLIAM SIDNEY, R.,) wherein he speaks, in a very kind and flattering manner, of the humble degree of ability with which I had endeavoured to promote the interests of the Order, by collecting materials for an original and extensive work relating to its History. It was accompanied by an important historical document, in elucidation of a portion of my labours.

* Written on returning from the Levee, after the honour of presentation to Her Majesty.

'Twas not alone Her fair, high brow
  Might dim Mount-Alpine's cloud-capt snows;
But that the clear mind's spotless glow
  Was mirrored in its glad repose.

'Twas not alone Her tender cheek
  The rose's fragrant bloom outvied,
But that its beaming smile would speak
  Of worth that claimed the heart's warm tide:
—Nor only, that the diamond's light
  Less lustrous than Her blue eye shone;
For from its depths, so purely bright,
  Flashed rays that spoke of Heaven alone!

Lo! as the sun awakes the earth
  From its cold dream of cheerless shade,
And pours its flood of golden mirth
  O'er the lone hills, in gloom arrayed,
So did the form, whose brightness now
  Burst thrilling on the dazzled sight,
Fling o'er the gazer's heart and brow
  Its gladdening and refreshing light!

TO

CAPT. JAMES CLARK ROSS, R. N.

PRIOR TO THE DEPARTURE OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

"Ye carry not the cannon's roar
  To echo o'er the silent seas;
Ye bid not on the peaceful shore
  Loud wailings rise before the breeze;
Not yours the sounds of war and strife,
Ye go to bless our social life."

On—on, to the giant-steep
  Of the fierce Atlantic wave!
On—on, where its foaming thunders sleep
  In their dark and ice-bound grave!

On—on, where no nation's flag
E'er flung its light before,—
'Mid the dread wild dash of the storm-cleft crag,
And the rifted iceberg's roar!

A heart of steel is thine—
A soul no dread may share;
A spirit born, like the eagle's wing,
To conquer—as to dare!
A mind whose oft-tried powers
Might fortune's threats outbrave—
Firm as thy SCOTLAND'S sea-girt towers,
That scorn both wind and wave!

Yet thy hopes are not in these—
A nobler trust is thine:
A spell no adverse chance may seize,
Though fate's worst ills combine.
Yes! HE whose matchless power
Alone can save, or guide,
Shall nerve thy breast, in danger's hour,—
A loftier strength confide.

—Take thou my heart's deep prayer,
Ere our parting hands forego
The lengthened grasp they yet would share *—
The last our hearts may know!
GOD speed thy glorious track!
Till—like DRAKE of ocean-fame—
Thou comest in thy *triumph* back
A kindred wreath to claim!

---

* These lines were suggested on board the Erebus, on a visit to Captain Ross, a few days before he sailed from England.

ON THE ASTROLABE OF DRAKE,

AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

" High memories are thine, things that no show
Of gaudier neighbourhood can wrench from thee."

—" Is there one
Where admiration does more readily
Turn into thought, or deepen into worship ?"

HAIL ! bright memento of the storied past !
That, with a guardian spell of hallowed power,
Dost rend the opposing clouds by Time o'ercast,
And spread thy sunshine o'er each trophied hour,
That long in Memory's night hath dimly slept !
Fair record of that glad, illustrious day,
When DRAKE's triumphant fleets old Ocean swept,
And trembling nations owned ELIZA's sway !

Proud is thy boast ! we claim no wreaths like those
Which spread their halo o'er our sires' renown :
Oh, ne'er again can History's page disclose
Deeds of such lofty worth as thou hast known !
Witness the lone and feeble bark that dared
Round earth's vast orb its unknown course sustain,
Mocked each wild peril its dread passage shared,
And trod the vanquished waves in bold disdain !

Nor e'er may Time so rich a triumph show,
As that which graced the small, yet fearless host,
That bade the Great Armada prostrate bow
Her countless banners—spurned her threatening boast !
Then hail ! proud relic of the glorious past !
Guide of the dauntless DRAKE o'er seas unknown ;
Still shall thy warning voice its influence cast,
And future heroes learn from thee renown !

ON THE

REMAINS OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE

OF

WILLIAM DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,*

AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

" To NOTTINGHAM, the North's imperious Eye,
Which as a Pharos doth survey the soyle,
Armed by Nature, danger to defie." DRAYTON.

" In that proud castle,† which so far commands;
From whence they seemed as they like those would rise,
Who once threw rocks at the imperiall skies." *Ibid.*

HIGH on thy warrior steed
Thou sat'st in stern command,
Girt with thy mail and battle-sword—
Thy truncheon in thine hand.

---

* William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, K.G., generalissimo of the Royalist Forces (north of Trent) during the Grand Rebellion. He is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of " Rokeby: "—

" There's Derby and *Cavendish*, dread of their foes,
And Erin's high Ormonde, and Scotland's Montrose.
Would ye match the base Skipton, and Massy, and Brown,
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown!"

Nottingham Castle was destroyed in the Reform Riots of 1831, with the exception of its external walls, which remain in a dilapidated state, threatening to add their ponderous overthrow to the ruin of the interior. Its demolition was the work of a few hours—the torch of the incendiary meeting with no opposition. " The whole of this magnificent edifice was built of freestone, with a rustic front, adorned with pilasters of the Corinthian order; and in the centre was a noble statue of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. The whole precipice upon which this stately statue was erected, was surrounded by a fine balustrade faced with stone."—Attached to the effigy of the horse was a military bridle-bit, constructed after the invention of his Grace, on a principle still in use, and designated by his name. This characteristic memorial of the Great Duke, falling accidentally into my possession in the following year, was presented by me as an appropriate addition to the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from which town he deduced his title, in commemoration of its defence by him in the Civil Wars. A brief memoir, combining an account of the Castle with an outline of his genealogical descent and actions, and accompanied by an engraved equestrian portrait, after Diepenbeck, from his well-known *Treatise on Horsemanship*, was comprised in my presentation of the relic.

† In allusion to a preceding edifice on the same site.

Curving his pampered neck,
  Thy big-veined charger trod;
His stately hoof uplifting high,
  As if he spurned the sod!

A frown was on thy brow,
  And thy lip seemed curled with scorn,
As though thy thoughts glanced proudly back
  To that red victor-morn,
When Atherton's wild moor
  Saw, crushed, the rebels' boast;
And Fairfax' routed squadrons sink
  Beneath thy whelming host!

Nor yet from cannoned fields
  Alone, thy wreaths were won:
Lo! Fame thy pen's rich trophies hailed,
  The Muses' favoured son!
A noble heart was thine
  As e'er drew princely birth!
By learning, wit, and taste refined—
  The seat of generous worth!

Oh, could thy spirit have waked
  On that fell, dastard night,
How hadst thou called on "Atherton,"
  And bathed thy sword of might!
—Strange! that thy form so long
  Rebellion's suffering prey,
Should perish 'mid the *civil strife*
  Of this far-distant day!

Sunk is thy truncheon's pride—
  Thy mailed pomp is o'er;
And thine haughty charger licks the dust
  He scarcely trod before!
Farewell! though years roll by,
  Whate'er Time's changes bring,
Our hearts shall fondly turn to thee,
  And thy loved, martyred King!

TRUE NOBILITY.

" What boots it, O ye titled great, to show
The noble ancestor of regal line,
Whose valour bound an enemy in chains,
Or patriotic wisdom saved a state,—
To be allied to men of worth and wit—
The glory of the world*—if in yourselves
No spark of virtue live? "

HURDIS.

How vain is their boast, who from lineage alone
Draw a claim to desert, and a station o'er those,
Who, by virtue and merit ennobled, have shone
With a lustre that shade o'er their littleness throws!
Say, what is nobility, honour, or worth,
If it be not that greatness which springs from the heart;†
Shedding light, like the sun, o'er the new-wakened earth,
Leaving darkness, like him, when its splendours depart!

Was thine ancestor great, or renowned in high story?
Though his wealth, or his titles, be justly your due,
Yet think not ye sit in the light of his glory,
If his mantle have fallen on the stranger—not you!
For the fame of high worth is a legacy given
To all who in merit's fair path would succeed;
Shining purely and bright, like the day-star of heaven,
To guide each bold heart to adventurous deed!

---

* " Kings and princes can indeed create nobles, professors, and privy-councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make GREAT MEN—spirits that rise above the *world's rubbish!* These they must not attempt to create; and, therefore, must these be held in honour."—*Correspondence of Beethoven.*

† " Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name."

YOUNG.

" 'Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unless this herald speak him great,
What shall avail the glare of state? "

COTTON.

Was thine ancestor noble? his spirit be thine!
Or away with the boast of degenerate blood:
Though thou reckon up monarchs and chiefs in thy line
To the days that preceded old NOAH's dark flood!
If no tie, save of lineage, connect thee with them,
Still base I account thee, though princely thy sire;*
Then shake off each boast of thy kindred's proud stem,
Forget them—or else, *to their virtues aspire!*

ENGLAND.

"Thou gorgeous queen, who, on thy silvery coast,
Sittest encircled by a filial host,
And seest thy sons, the jewels of thy crown,
Blaze with each varying ray of rich renown."

HAYLEY.

ROAM where thou wilt, young Englishman! thy name
Is blent with thoughts of conquest and of pride;
Each nation's annals own that country's fame,
Which no leagued foes can conquer or divide:
Long may her archives nurse the patriot's flame,
Her matchless glory be acknowledged wide:
Though small her limits on the world's broad space,
Her sons the mightiest of the human race!

Methinks I feel a new prophetic fire,
Illume my spirit, and with bolder hand
I wake the swelling echoes of the lyre,
While visions fraught with unknown truth expand

---

* "You that but boast your ancestors' proud style,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness grew,
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things;
Base I proclaim you, though derived from kings!"

DRAYTON.

Before my soul, and loftiest hopes inspire,
  Tracing the destinies of this famed land:
Though empires fall, BRITANNIA e'er shall be
Nature's chief boast—the birthplace of the free!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE FUNERAL OF HEGESIPPE NOREAU, AN UNFORTUNATE FRENCH POET.*

"Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
  To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
  Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise."

SHENSTONE.

YES—Genius! thy path is still shrouded in gloom;
  Dark and steep is the height thy lone footstep must tread:
All unheeded thy worth, till a guest for the tomb,
  Then how bright are the laurels that shine for the dead!

---

* The "Post" records the death of a French Chatterton:—"In the hospital, where, melancholy to relate, die one-third of the population of the Parisian Babylon, a few days since expired one of the most remarkable poets of France. Hegesippe Noreau, a young and obscure journeyman printer, astonished the literary world of Paris by publishing a poem, called *Mysotis*, replete with that intensity of feeling and warmth of imagination which can alone soar above a dark destiny. His admirers were numerous, and many an empty-handed Mecænas smiled upon him his hollow patronage. But if the praise of his contemporaries yielded to him that 'feast of the soul,' which most of all he prized, it was barren of that sustenance of the body, which most he needed. For more than two years he proudly and silently struggled with that devouring domestic wolf, want, until at last he fell a prey to disease. Then were opened to him the doors of the hospital—that last refuge of the poor of all classes in France, the chosen land of human vicissitude. The literary world of Paris heard of his last trials and of his death with surprise, not unmingled with shame and remorse. National vanity took alarm, and the poet who could not obtain in his lifetime the rations of a common soldier, after death received the honours of a prince. His body, saved from the scalpel of the anatomist, has been embalmed, and his features, resting at last in death, moulded by the statuary for the sculptor." He was interred with great funeral pomp at Père la Chaise.

How gather the princes and nobles to mourn
O'er the shelterless victim of Famine's dark stroke,
Who, but for their cruel desertion and scorn,
Had yet basked in the light his own genius awoke!

Oh, scourge me the false-hearted minions of pomp,
That can leave the lorn outcast to sicken and die,
Then raise the loud wail of the funeral trump
For him who in sorrow had needed their sigh!

That, to swell the proud boast of their hypocrite train,
With torches unnumbered can gild his dark hearse,
Who living, alas! had petitioned in vain
For a taper's lone aid to inscribe his last verse!

Oh! feel they no pang from within that betrays
The meanness and guilt of each treacherous heart?
Which might yet the late sigh of repentance upraise,
Still bid one poor tear-drop in sympathy start?

Ah, no!—as the mine, whence their riches are sprung,
So dark are the depths of each pitiless soul;
As shining, yet cold, the mean praise of each tongue,
As the wave that encircles the storm-clouded Pole!

Yet *one* mourner still looks on that far spreading train,
Whilst a tear and a smile speak the strife of his breast—
A tear of cold scorn for the hearts that remain,
And a smile for the spirit that hath passed to its rest!

NEGLECT OF MERIT.

" Oh! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!"

SHAKSPEARE.

YES! Fortune might blush, when she looks on the fools,
That are thrust o'er the heads of the good and the wise,—
When she marks how low cunning, or dulness, o'errules
Each scene that life's varied employment supplies.

How the coxcomb on pomp's soaring pinion is borne,
And the dunce is bedecked with the gown of the sage,
While merit unheeded is pining forlorn,
The drudge or the outcast of life's weary stage!

Oh! had I the power to reverse the base rule
Which preferment extends to fraud, folly, and pride,
How soon would I banish each arrogant fool
To the post of contempt with his meanness allied!

How soon would I give "modest worth" the high station,
Her native distinction should claim as its due:
Then how bright the examples that burst on the nation,
How great were the times future annalists drew!*

But vain the fond wish: though not lost its expression,
If it bid but one patron with justice decide,
Should ignorance, sloth, pride, or knavish oppression,
Seek a gift that to merit were basely denied!

---

* " How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."

COLERIDGE.

ADVERSITY.

" Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi—"

Oh! a weary thing is life
To him who pines forlorn,
Oppressed with hourly care and strife,
By thronging ills o'erborne:
With a mind whose lofty spring
Disdains the bonds of care,
And that throbs, like the prisoned eagle's wing,
For the heights it may not share!

And this hath been the Poet's fate,
Through years of deepening gloom,
While prosperous worldlings' sordid hate
Made darker still his doom.
Minds that imbibe no ray from Heaven
May cling to the cold dark earth;
But oh! to the Poet's soul 'tis given
To feel its godlike birth!

He too may smile at their littleness,
Their coarse and grovelling spite—
Their baffled envy's swoln excess—
Its harsh, but woundless bite;—
For though the laurelled shrine he miss
His hopes could not forego;
Still many a glorious hour is his,
Such hearts can never know!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

AN ODE.

" Now droops fond Hope, by Disappointment crossed,
Chilled by neglect, each sanguine wish is lost."

HALLER. (Tr.)

ALAS! for him, whose weary heart
Still spurns the cold, dissembling part
Of life's dark, selfish scheme:
Who, turning from the fevered strife,
Sighs for those days, with pleasure rife,
When Fancy's spell-fraught dream
O'er his young, artless bosom threw
Its varying tints of magic hue,
With Hope's sweet light enwreathed;
And o'er the world's wide, desert scene,
The bloom of EDEN'S charms serene
Its Summer odours breathed
Still pining, entwining,
Dark shadows with his fate,
He saddens, he maddens
With grief's distempered hate!

What boots it that, in Learning's race,
He still hath held a foremost place,
Still basked in genius' rays?
Though proud diplomas speak his fame,
And knightly honours gild his name,
And courtly patrons praise?
Though loved by splendid friends?—not they
Who swell the tide of fashion's sway,
For worth nor parts revered:
But those who, in their country's right,
Have bathed a laurelled sword in fight,
Or peace-won trophies reared.
Still wearied, uncheered,
He treads the halls of pride,
Oft-sighing, yet trying
His heart-felt grief to hide!

Oh, happy is the peasant swain,
That yields to wiser heads the pain
  Of thinking for the morrow;
Who blithely sows his spring-tide grain,
And leaves it to the sun and rain
  To ripen o'er each furrow:
But oh! how dark the Poet's fate,
Who, bending 'neath misfortune's weight,
  Reaps no reward from toil,
Save but to see his honoured lays
The theme of universal praise,
  Himself forgot the while.
    Still hoping, though drooping
      Beneath life's cheerless gloom;
    Unshrinking—yet sinking,
      He fills an early tomb!

"SPRING IS COMING!"

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
  The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
  Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl it soothes my soul,
  My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
  Their fate resembles mine!"

BURNS.

GLEAMS on each roof the lingering snow,
  The naked fields look sad and dreary;
O'er the wide heath the storm-winds blow,
  The hill-side road is rough and weary:
Wild foams the river's swollen track,
  With angry waves its barrier scorning;
The leafless woods, in funeral black,
  For Nature's death-like trance seem mourning!

But though the lark's sweet strain is fled,
  And mute the woodland-choir at even;

While flowers no more their beauty shed,
  Nor streams reflect the clear blue heaven:
And though no more the wanderer bee
  O'er "thymy downs" her note is humming;
There wakes a voice of wide-spread glee,
  That softly whispers—"Spring is Coming!"

Yet not for *me* the vernal beams
  May tell their tale of joy and gladness;
Too long have pleasure's golden themes
  Been exiled from my heart's lorn sadness!
And sweeter far, than hours of bloom,
  Dull Winter's shades, dark tokens wreathing;
Fairer the churchyard's frowning gloom,
  Than lawns, with woodland-strains o'er-breathing!

Yet are there hopes of loftiest trust
  Within my spirit's shrine entreasured;
Scorning the bonds of time and dust,
  By life's brief, fleeting span unmeasured:
Hopes that no wintry blight may know,
  When earth's vain joys cold Death shall sever;
But that with brighter hue shall glow,
  Where Spring unfading blooms for ever!

ETERNITY.

"And why are we so careful to humour and uphold a mouldering piece of clay, a frail and mortal body, which cannot stand above an age, perhaps not above a day, and yet neglect our precious souls, that must endure for ever?"

"Why deck the flesh—the sensual slave of sin,
  And leave in rags the immortal guest within?"

Bring robes, bring gems, for the unclad soul,
  Bring viands of costliest cheer;
For too long hath the body a reveller been,
  While the soul was fasting near!

Ye bade the purple wine stream forth
To pleasure the lip's fond sin,
But little ye thought of the worthier guest,
In darkness and want *within!*

Oh! the body must lie in the churchyard cold,
To fester in dull decay;
While the worm, and his revel-mate, shall hold
Their feast o'er the noisome clay:

But the soul was born, on glorious wings,
To rise from the earth's dark sway;
And to drink pure bliss from Heaven's bright springs,
In the Halls of perfect Day!

Then why should we pamper this worthless frame,
So soon but vile dust to be!
Lord! henceforth let those charms our homage claim,
Which shall bloom in ETERNITY!

THE SHIPWRECKED KNIGHT AND THE FAIR FALCONER.

A NARRATIVE OF 1603.

TRANSLATED FROM AN ORIGINAL LATIN VERSION OF THE SAME, BY THE AUTHOR.

[The incidents upon which the following little Poem is founded, are extracted from the genealogical papers of a family of eminence, and refer to the first arrival of one of their continental ancestors in this country, from Germany, in the first year of the reign of JAMES I.]

"In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven."
The Lord of the Isles, Can. i. stan. xx.

FIERCE rush contending winds round ESSEX' shore,
And torrent rains in eddying volleys pour,
A stranger vessel seeks her friendly coast,
By mountain-waves, in dire confusion tossed,

While the swift lightning, with its forky gleam,
Involves the deck in one continuous stream;
And bursting thunders hurtle through the sky,
Peal above peal tumultuous—yet more nigh.
Wild rocks the ship, loud shriek the affrighted crew,
As mightier billows, whelming, o'er them flew;
Now near the strand the labouring frigate rides,
Now wildering waves restrain with adverse tides:
The timbers crack—the foaming waters roar
O'er her torn deck—she sinks!—not yet—once more,
With awful bound, she mounts the opposing wave;
But lo! the next abyss presents a grave!
On dash the impetuous billows, and the gale
Shrieks as in mockery of the shrill death-wail
Of the lorn mariners, whilst a vivid gleam
Of lightning shows them struggling in the stream:
Soon their dread conflict with grim death is o'er,
And the proud tempest shakes their souls no more!
One—only ONE—by Fate's severe decree,
Escapes the wreck, and braves the threatening sea;
On buoyant mast upborne, he nears the strand,
And, once again, ascends the welcome land.
But, ah! a much-loved brother's loss deprives
His mind of joy that he that hour survives:
With straining eyes he views the fatal deep,
In frantic hope that yet his form may leap
From its dire surface! vain his rash despair,
He looks above, and doubts if God be there—
One moment only—pity his wrung soul,
That, fired to madness, raged beyond control!
Long, long he watched beside the tempest flood
With prayers and tears—light waned—yet there he stood,
Reckless of food or shelter, till the storm
Was o'er, and Ocean changed her faithless form:
Then, with a pang which only those can rate,
Who've wept a bosom-friend's untimely fate,
He fled the beach, nor whither knew to turn
His weary steps—the while his feelings spurn

The dismal scene that glooms before his eye—
Nor friends, nor gold, to cheer his destiny!
All lost—in the rude deep *for ever* lost!—
" Why was I saved to curse that safety's cost?
My brother! oh, my brother! would that I
Were in thy grave—'twere transport now to die!"
Thus mused he, as, with breathless haste, he strode
O'er the adjacent heath's unbeaten road;
Soon devious woods attract his wandering gaze,
And now he threads their deepest, darkest maze,
His stern resolve to seek that lonely spot,
And bid gaunt Famine close his wretched lot!
He sunk upon the turf, with toil o'erworn—
Yet more with grief—again to muse and mourn.
At length, fair Sleep his languid eyes weighs down,
And soothing dreams his bosom's anguish drown:—
Again he stands within his father's hall,
And Fancy leads him, with her magic thrall,
Through well-remembered scenes of past delight,
Ere youth's frail joys had ta'en their sombre flight.
Once more that brother with the sparkling brow
Of mirth and innocence prepares his bow!
Anon, the sprightly chase his watch detains,
'Mid the proud forests of his sire's domains;
On bounding steeds they course the subtle boar;—
Too soon, alas! the fleeting pastime's o'er!
He wakes—oh, madness, once again to see
The frowning aspect of dull misery!
Yet hold! what radiant vision meets his gaze?
Doubting, he shields his eyes from the bright rays
That met his dazzled sight! A female face,
Fair as some nymph's of Iracagem's race—
A form, the loveliest of Earth's happiest mould,
Decked for the chase—his startled eyes behold!
Around, her hawking train dismounted wait,
While she demands the hapless sufferer's fate.
A few brief words told all! her tears impart
A grateful balm to his deep-stricken heart:

With converse sweet she bids his woes subside,
As through the forest's leafy range they ride.
Full soon, in sculptured pomp, her native towers
Enrich the glade, 'mid lake-reflected bowers:
In HORTYARD'S stately hall, beside that maid,
Whose tears oft steal as his deep griefs are laid
With simple eloquence before her sire,
He feels new life his drooping heart inspire:
Again to Heaven he lifts a tranquil eye,
And thanks its guardian care he did not die!
Soon varied sports and festive scenes arise,
To chase his gloom, and his sad thoughts surprise;
His gentle birth once more awakens pride,
As Hope depicts fair CATHERINE as his bride;
Albeit not wealth supports his lofty aim,
The dreams of youth his sanguine spirit inflame:
Nor were they doomed to Disappointment bleak!
Since Love illumed the maiden's tender cheek,—
Spoke in her downcast eyes and tremulous voice,
While a fond parent blessed her generous choice!

The arms of the above heiress are still quartered with those of the family alluded to, but the extensive estates have been for some time alienated. The venerable mansion was completely destroyed, by incendiaries, during the civil wars. It may not be uninteresting to mention that a picture, representing the romantic meeting of the lovers, has been recently executed for the family, by a celebrated artist.

TO AN EMINENT ANTIQUARY AND CURIOSO.

"Retinens vestigia famæ."

Rememberynge the daies of olde.

PROUD lover of the glorious past!
Of scenes that were too bright to last;
O'er which dull time hath rudely cast
A cold, oblivious veil:

'Tis thine with kindling eye to pore
O'er rarest tomes of legend lore,
Where dwells the strange, heart-stirring store
That graced each minstrel-tale,

And, as the varying record paints
The lives of heroes, or of saints,
Thou hear'st the expiring martyr's plaints—
Thou seest the warrior bleed;
Thine ardent spirit enraptured glows,
As courts or camps their scenes disclose;
Forgotten are life's cares and woes,
And thine the Victor's meed!

And oft, 'mid ruins drear and damp,
Slow-guided by thy flickering lamp,
Whose feeble rays the darkness stamp
With shades of sadder gloom;
Thou lov'st to trace thy venturous route,
Whilst owls in dirge-like chorus hoot,
And prisoned winds electric shoot
Through each lone vault's deep womb!

Or in yon dim cathedral pile,
When the pale moonbeams faintly smile
O'er antique tomb, and pillared aisle,
And midnight's chimes are near;
To watch the mouldering pomp around,
Whilst silence reigns with awe profound,
Save when the ivy's creaking sound
Invades the startled ear.

Yet not alone with Fancy's eye
Dost thou survey the panoply—
The buried forms of chivalry,—
The sights our fathers saw:

Lo! in thy "good old hall" appears
A countless range of shields and spears—
Swords—maces—firelocks—bandeliers—
Records of iron law!

Here suits of gleaming armour stand,
With buckler braced, and axe in hand,
Their tall plumes by the breezes fanned,
The vizors closed for fight:
There the war-steed's rich housings shine,
And banners float in lengthened line,
Which on the plains of PALESTINE
Chilled the red Paynim's sight!

Nor yet forgot the greenwood-chase
So loved by hearts of gentle race,
Wherein our sires were wont to brace
Their sinews for the fray:
Each implement of forest-craft,
The tough yew bow—the cloth-yard shaft—
The horns whose cheering tones would waft,
Extend that bright array.

—Long may'st thou count the dreamy flight
Of hours, so pregnant with delight,—
With fancy's hues of magic bright,
Long weave thy visioned spell;
And when thy fleeting days are o'er,
May he, who claims thy charmed store,
Inherit too that wizard-lore,
Which thou hast loved so well!

LINES,

WRITTEN BENEATH A SKETCH OF THE TURRET ROOM AT W— F—, SURREY.

" Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturbed as some old tomb
That, built within a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And sheltered by its black pine trees
From sound of rivers, locks, and seas,
Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times to some great funeral !"

PROFESSOR WILSON.

It was a chamber where the light of day
Through proudly-heraldried windows dimly stole,
As its soft rays were fearful to disturb
The shadowy, fading glories of the past.
No sound arose to chase the silence deep,
Save the lone raven's hoarse, foreboding cry,
That oft upon the gusty night-wind rode.
From the rich, sculptured ceiling's low-browed space
Were hung the ponderous lamps of other days,
Whose radiant office had for ever ceased !
And carvings quaint, and gorgeous tapestry,
Armour and arms, banners of faded pride,
And martial pictures, blackening in decay,
Around the walls with saddening pomp appeared:
Whilst, on the floor, in wild confusion spread,
Huge drinking-vessels o'er each other piled,
Mid antlers vast—the trophies of the chase,—
And mutilated busts, and sculptures rare;
With many an object of rude, antique form,
Speaking the silent language of the tomb,
Impressed the curious eye with pleasing awe,
And claimed from Sensibility a tear !

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE LOAN OF A MS. COLLECTION OF ANCIENT LEGENDARY TALES AND BALLADS.

> How long the nights seem, as one musing sits
> Beside the fire, and hears the wind by fits
> Roar down the chimney, and the hurtling sleet
> In wilder volleys 'gainst the casement beat:
> I would we had, to while the hours away,
> Some mystic legend, or quaint minstrel-lay.

Say, would'st thou search for scenes of dread,
Where heroes 'mid enchantments tread,
Or ghosts and goblin elves affright
The lonely watcher of the night?
Where prowling fiends, in varied guise,
The lated wayfarer surprise;
Or dragons, from their cavern-holds,
Rush on the hapless midnight folds:
Where hideous giants, seeking prey,
Through woods, o'er mountains grimly stray;
Or fierce banditti, deadlier still,
Work many a piteous deed of ill?
—Or love ye tale of battle-host—
Of camps o'erthrown, and kingdoms lost:
Of princely tournaments, where eyes
With love illumined deal the prize:
Of lofty daring—hair-breadth 'scapes
From danger in ten thousand shapes:
Of their dark fate who sank betrayed
By poisoned bowl, or midnight blade:
Of love, with all its hopes and fears—
Its rapturous smiles—its soul-wrung tears?
Here may'st thou, lady, find such store
As charmed the knightly ear of yore,
And in fair Beauty's pensive bower
Whiled away many a sunny hour.

THE INCANTATION.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF MARTIN HEEMSKERCKE.

> " And he hath reached the wizard's den
> Accursed by GOD, and shunned by men,
> And never had a ban been laid
> Upon a more unwholesome shade.
> There grew dank alders, and the yew
> Its thick sepulchral shadow threw,
> And brooded there each bird most foul,
> The gloomy bat and sullen owl."
>
> L. E. L.

DARK frown the wild, impending woods
  Of STERNSDORF'S caverned glen,
Where the forest-sorcerer holds his seat,
  Far from the haunts of men!
Ranged on the beetling cliffs above,
  A line of wheels and gibbets high
Give sterner horror to the glade,
  And paint with gloom the mid-day sky.
Loud echoing forth its tempest-cry,
  A furious torrent crowns the steep;
While 'mid the yawning depths below
  Its prisoned waters blackly sleep.
Oh! ne'er might sullen nature yield
  A scene of fiercer, sadder gloom,—
A spot that marked with fitter sign
  The fiend or outlaw's home!

And now within a charmed ring
  Of skulls fresh plucked from churchyard lone,
The Wizard, and his midnight guest,
  Amid the gathering tempest's groan,
Their dark, unhallowed rite prepare;—
Wide through the forest-shades the glare
Of the red furnace fitful streams,
Blent with the lightning's paler gleams:

" Now stand ye fast !" the enchanter cries,
" What sounds soe'er, or sights surprise–
One inch beyond the circle move,
And death of wildest torture prove !
Seven strokes upon this magic key
The charm secure, that gives to thee,
Despite of seven-fold gates close-barred,
Of monkish ban, or warrior guard,
The brightest rose of ALMAYNE's bowers,
With all the wealth of STERNFELD's towers."

Quick through the startled glen, with sudden burst,
Rings the long-echoing peal of stroke the first !
And now, without a breeze,
The groaning forest-trees
Tossed wildly their broad arms athwart the sky ;
The trembling torrent near
Flung its foam-wreaths in fear,
With a shrilly-murmuring sound, that seemed
Some spirit's wailing cry !
Once more that swarthy arm with speed descends,
And rocks and woods the deafening tumult rends !
Wild, fiercely-circling lightnings reeled
In giddy splendour, blinding-bright ;
And a thousand crashing thunders shook
The tomb-black veil of night !

Again the uplifted hammer boldly falls,
And sterner echoes wake those caverned walls !
Floated wildly round
Many a dismal, mystic sound ;
And voices, as of fiends, in loud-toned laughter gushed :
Red gleamed the bursting flame,
And the black smoke stifling came
In many a sudden gust, oft-eddying as it rushed.
And now to stroke the fourth the hills reply,
When lo ! what sights distract the shrinking eye !

Strange monsters threatening came,
Some with huge horns, and tongues of flame;
Others, of mountain-size,
Whose half-seen legs alone o'er rocks and trees did rise:
One wildest monster fixed their baffled gaze,
As round, in wondering awe, they breathless turned—
A black, and hunch-backed stag, with saucer eyes,
And goat-like beard; while from each tine did rise
A light that greenly burned!
Anon, the Wizard's hammer shrill descends,
And lo! what novel sight the past transcends!
—Now slowly on the rapt, enamoured ear
Arose a lengthened strain, so softly sweet,
It seemed as if from some angelic sphere
Those airy numbers did their homage greet:
And soon a lovely band of nymph-like forms,
Adorned with blushing smiles, and timid grace,
In light, aërial vesture loose-arrayed,
Approached with downcast eyes, and half-averted face;
And many a covert wile, and modest feint,
That might have e'en decoyed some hermit-saint,
They used, to draw them from the enchanted space!
But soon his arm's free use the Sorcerer found,
And peal the sixth loud broke that strain's sweet sound!
Owls with red, fiery eyes,
And bats of eagle size,
Whirled flickering through the air,
While hissing serpents, huge and dread,
Swung their long, coiling forms o'erhead,
With gaping jaws, stretched fangs, and eyes that threatening glare!
And now hills, woods, and skies, red lightnings flame,
As stroke THE LAST descends with crowning aim!
The furnace-fire burned blue,
And flung a ghastlier light o'er all
The whirling, creeping, hideous crew,
That held their fears in thrall:

Huge, venomed toads of tortoise bulk,
Hoarse-croaking, round the ring did skulk:
With sudden rush, and startling yell,
Wild beasts, in countless numbers, thronged the dell.
And now—oh, loathsome sight!—a band
Of skeletons linked hand in hand,
Formed a dread circle round the ring,
And danced with outcries deafening.
The lightnings gleamed—the thunders groaned—
The winds in answering eddies moaned:
But soon those spectral forms decay,
The rolling tempest dies away;
And now, from wildly-broken clouds,
The moon her pallid disk unshrouds.
The fading embers' light is done;
The rite is o'er—THE SPELL IS WON!

THE WIZARDS' GATHERING.

"Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may!"

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was a calm Spring night—the moon
Her gentle lustre softly threw
O'er hill and dale, o'er wood and stream,
And not a star its ray withdrew;
But ne'er on moon, or star-lit sky,
Did those two wanderers cast an eye—
Their gaze was turned within—each breast
Glowed with its own wild hope of rest,
When time should aid their cherished plan
Of freedom from life's darkening ban:
Over the dewy fields they flew,
Scarce touching the deep meadow-grass
That in its rich luxuriance lay,
Sparkling like gems to tempt their pass;

Nor bending the green-bladed corn
  That waved in vernal beauty o'er
Each upland slope: straight keep they on,
  And o'er the hedge-rows lightly soar.
Fair orchards, decked with silvery blossom,
  Now spread their pale and perfumed shade,
As the young breeze, with languid bosom,
  Amid their clustering branches strayed.
And away and away—*away*—away,
  With magic swiftness speeds their course—
The moon rode high in the cloudless sky,
  And on they flew with an arrow's force!

Now o'er a wide and foaming river
  They rushed, by their strange wings sustained,
Then, wending o'er a rude sienna,
  At length a sea-girt mountain gained.
"Behold," cried ZURIEL, pausing now,
  And stretching forth his pointed hand,
"Behold the main, whose broad expanse
  Shall bear us to that distant land,
Where, 'mid wild woods, and forests drear,
  On lake-girt cliff sublimely placed,
Our Sovereign's lonely towers appear,
  Dark-frowning o'er the trackless waste.
Now strip we off these sandalled wings,
  And let us gain afoot the strand,
Where, screened by hanging rocks, there lies
  A vessel, waiting my command."
RODOLPHO his grim mate obeyed,
  And quick the enchanted plumes restored,
The other placed them in his vest,
  While each with cautious steps explored
A dark and subterranean path
  Deep-winding to the caverned spot;
Where lay the galley close ashore,
  Beneath a rudely pillared grot.

It was a strange, unearthly bark,
That awaited their ocean ride,
And gleaming eyes peered wildly forth
From the port-holes at her side!
Black were the rigging, masts, and hull,
And black the topsail flag,
That bore for its ensign a fiery snake
Encoiled round a bleeding stag!
Then entered they that galley drear,
And bounded across the main
With the speed of an Arab courser o'er
The desert's trackless plain.

"Speed we—the moon's last ray hath shone,
Dark clouds have veiled her silvery spell;
And hark—yon thunder's nearer groan
Of the tempest's coming wrath may tell.
To-night, at twelve, is our dread Lord coming
To his castle on Ulfra's lake;
Already the storm its fierce strength is summing,
At his proud command, to wake!
Vast clouds their sable bonds are linking,
To chain the moon at that fearful hour;
The stars all lurid pale are sinking,
And darkness reigns o'er the Fiend-king's tower!
Soon shall be viewed the lightning's gleam,
As it speeds o'er the valley wide,
And the black swoll'n waves of Ulfra's stream
Shall mirror its glowing pride.
Then shall the deep-toned thunders scale
The mountain's lofty brow,
And a furious breeze swift-rising wail
Through the forest-depths below.
Oh! the wild myriad of bursting wings,
That shall rush through yon startled sky,
When their sovereign into his red car springs,
And his banners quick flash on high!

Nature shall tremble—the earth recoil
  From his dire approach in vain:
In fiery pomp, 'mid the tempest's broil,
  He'll descend with his demon-train!
Yes! we shall hold high festival—
  But I may not inform thine ear
Of the rites that are ours, in that castle-hall,
  Till the morn's first beams appear!
Speed we—the storm is rising fast—
  Our ocean-ride is o'er;
But the mountain heights are yet to be passed,
  That surround dark ULFRA's shore!"

THE WATER SPIRIT.

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon.
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl;
Inestimable stores, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

SHAKSPEARE.

Now, beneath the ocean,
  Glides my fairy bark;
Sailing on 'mid coral groves,
  And mountain-sponges dark:
Corals—some like forest-trees
Stript by Winter's groaning breeze;
  Some like fans displayed:
Others, plants with leaves and flowers,
That deck some Eastern harem's bowers—
Or like the stag's wild crest that towers
  In Afric's sunny glade.
Sponges—some like flower-pots high,
Upsoaring in quaint majesty,
  With buds colossal teeming:
Others stately fonts appearing,
Or mitres, their twin peaks uprearing;
  And some vast *fungi* seeming.

There doth the ravenous fire-flare
  His venomed spell prepare,
While the torpedo's dreaded charm
  Exerts its rival snare.
And lo! the timid cuttil-fish
  So skilled in strange deceit,
That spouteth floods of inky hue
  To hide its quaint retreat.
There, too, in many a streamy tress,
  The polypus hangs darkling wild;
While death woos in each stern caress
  The hapless prey beguiled.
And there, the wildly-grinning shark
  His watchful eye rolls back,
Lest his dire foe, the sucking-fish,
  Should lurk upon his track!

Oh! there are wonders in the deep,
  Man's eye, nor thought, e'er told:
Grim-visaged, shapeless monsters coiled
  In many a sunless fold!
Some, spotted with a myriad eyes,
  That like pine-torches gleam—
Dim-lighting up those cold, wild depths
  With redly flickering beam!
Some one vast dark unfathomed mouth,
  With countless teeth set round;
That many a giant foe engulph
  Within its space profound!
Others with steely spikes arrayed,
  Huge, snake-like forms, that dash
Through the vexed ocean's foaming waste,
  With speed of meteor-flash!

And now my shell-like bark I steer
  Upon the water's brim;
And a thousand leagues, in a Summer day,
  Its fairy-keel doth swim:

And still the same wild sport goes on,
  That fills the depths below:
The same dark strife, and warfare stern,
  Where each still finds a foe.
The shark upon the dolphin preys,
  The dolphin on the flying-fish;
The flying-fish oft seeks the air
In vain escape—the gull is there;
  Yet, ere the captor hath his wish,
Oft-stoops the stately albatross,
  And robs him of his spoil;
While sparkite, frigot, alcatrass,
  Enjoy their meed of toil.

And, mortal! thus it is in life;
  The world is one wide scene
Of persecution, hatred, strife,
  Or 'mid the great, or mean.
Still preys the larger on the less;
  And nations rise withal
To sign a thousand murderous deaths,
  At Glory's boasted call!
Then sigh not for the ceaseless strife,
That mars the bliss of ocean-life,
  Which Nature's laws renew:
But blush for those who, *'gainst* that law,
Unmoved by heavenly love or awe,
  Their brethren's ill pursue!

THE MERMAID.

" I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
'Who is it loves me? Who loves not me?'"

TENNYSON.

I COME from the Sea-King's sparry halls,
Where softly the spell of earth's moonlight falls,
Blent with the gleam of each silvery spire
That springs from the cressets' streamy fire:
Bright halls of the deep! blue miles adown!
Won from the mountain's marble frown:
Where sun-bright treasures of ocean-gold
Lie mixed with gems, and stores untold!

I have fled the charms of feast and mirth
For the lonely shores of the sleeping earth:
Where I love to watch night's starry zone,
And to trace the jet-black shadows thrown
On the white sea-beach by the caverned height,
As it deepens the snows of the pale moonlight;—
While, wrapt in dream-like thought, I hear
The liquid notes of the sea-choir near.

Mingles the magic of Ocean's strain
With the foamy dance of her tempest-train;
With the azure lull of her noon-tide sleep,
When the winds are chained in their caverns deep:
—But ye may not hear the sweet wild tones
Of those spirit-harps, which my ear now owns
With a throb of bliss—oh! vain to tell—
Bidding the heart like yon billows swell!

Oh! bright are the revels of ocean-joy!
New scenes of mirth each fair hour employ:
Feast, dance, and song, and rosy wine,
Blend the rich hues of their spell divine:

And wildly sweet are the joys beside,
That deck the Sea-King's halls of pride!
—But—hark—I am called! a sweet voice is near,
That tells me I must not linger here.

The *Great White Shark*, as I sink below,
Darts gleaming round, with his mates of snow:
And the huge sea-snake, from his coil unrolled,
Spreads wide the terrors of each dark fold:
But *one* glance from my mirror's charmed spell
Glows with a force they obey full well;
And plunging swift through the dim wild sea,
Far from the MERMAID'S course they flee.

DREAMS.

"To sleep—perchance, to DREAM!"
SHAKSPEARE.

WHENCE are ye, spirit wanderers, say!
Do ye come from the light of the halls of day?
Or is your home in the black wild gloom
That spreads its veil o'er the sinner's doom?
Dark, caverned night! where reigns below
Horror, encouched in the lap of Woe!
—Oh, tell us with your own strange voice
The mysteries of your fate or choice!

Say, hold ye a purpose of settled will,
That ye lingering watch around us still?
Now whispering sad thoughts to the joyous soul—
Then laughing at sorrow's dark control;
And twining your gladness with gravest things,—
As the festive ivy her wild arms flings
Round the prostrate sire of the hoary wood,
By the lightning's crimson shaft subdued.

Now are ye bright as the meteor-bow,
That smiles on the clouds which the storm-winds strew

In the sweet blue lap of the sunny Heaven—
A sign to man by his Maker given!
And anon, ye are dark as the ocean-cave,
Where sleep the dead in their shroudless grave;
Where coral, and shells, and sparry sheen,
Lie blent with gold, and gems unseen!

Now rising beneath your potent spell,
Lo! the fair Dead, whom we loved so well!
Each eye still beams with its laughing ray,
And those cherished locks are clustering gay,
As in early youth, ere the brow grew dim,
And the heart sank low as a funeral hymn
That tells of some bright, loved being gone
From its kindred breasts—now dark and lone!

—Oh! a thousand radiant charms divine
Blend in your varied, mystic sign:
Ye tell of the lover's distant track,
And ye bring the toil-worn wanderer back
To the sunny rest of his native home,
Where kinsmen and friends with their greeting come;
And laughter and song, and dance and glee,
Spread far the tide of festivity!

Then, changing the hues of your magic strain,
Ye awake the tears of grief and pain—
Showing the chamber, or scene of death,
The prison-vault, or the murderer's heath;
Fires—inundations—tempest-seas—
Nay,—sights and sounds more dread than these:
Calling up fiends from their ebon sphere,
And peopling with spectres the churchyard drear!

Then say—ye winged, airy crew!
Ye sylph-like choir! "What is't ye do?"
Why paint ye the curtained vault of night
With scenes that melt in the morning's light?

High o'er the broad, encircling main
  Which sweeps each victor coast doth rise
The incense of that rolling strain,
  And mingle with the azure skies!
Lo! sparkling Ocean spreads around
  Its varied notes of tuneful pleasure;
While ALMAYNE's kindred shores resound
  With echoing mirth, in rival measure.

Hail thou, whose throne from heaven-taught duty
  Its loftiest pride sustained serene;
Dowered with the soul's commanding beauty,
  What charms enriched thy sceptred mien!
The lustre of thy noble mind
  O'er ALBION's weal its influence threw,
And with her laurelled wreath entwined
  A sunny rose of deathless hue!

Soft-borne on health's returning tide,
  With wonted smile benignly fraught,
Oh! may each future hour divide
  A lot with Heaven's best blessings wrought:
And when, at length, from earth's dark sphere,
  Thy soul is called to realms on high,
May Faith's blest hope, through life most dear,
  Then teach thee nobly how to die!

FINIS.

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND ESSAYS

OF

ROBERT BIGSBY, K.T.F., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.

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Dedicated, by express Permission, to H. R. H. Prince Albert.

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Miscellaneous Pieces.
Copious illustrative Notes, embodying a great variety of original matter, are appended to the several portions of the Volume.

"It is not possible to convey to the reader by any general statement, or any samples for which we can find space, an adequate notion of these Poems and Essays; for, unlike almost every collection that has fallen under our notice, we are bound to declare that there is not one piece in this stately volume that is not beautiful, graceful, and rich, and therefore deserving of being pondered and preserved. And yet Dr. Bigsby has given them birth and to the world, as mere relaxations, in the intervals of grave and severe pursuits. Still, the poetry presents all that can be sought for under the general laudatory terms which have now been used,—a fine perception of the lovely and impressive in nature, a warm sympathy with all that is touching and noble, an abounding soul of thought, and a taste chastened in the purest school of classicism, characterizing the pieces. The language and modes of expression have the coy winningness, the

apt ease, the swelling wealth, that meet and most welcomely surpass expectation,—for our poet is master of great variety. If these indeed be his pastimes and sportings, what must be the offspring of his utmost and long-cogitated efforts? It is, in short, manifest to us that all his scientific pursuits must be not only softened and gladdened by a poetic sentiment, but based on the throne of poesy.

"We had intended to have devoted considerable room to these Poems and Essays; but having had too many of our pages occupied by Mr. Macaulay's Ballads, and being too much pressed for room for a variety of works which have arrived towards the close of the month, to do more than speak of them in vague terms, while others of mark have to stand over for a future opportunity, we trust that what we have said will be sufficient to attract attention to the enviable volume before us. Indeed, the moment that it is opened, or that our short specimens are seen, the competent reader will pronounce that the mint is full of invaluable treasure which has issued such sterling and excellent coin.

"We have already alluded to Dr. Bigsby's fine perceptions of the natural,—and whether internal or external, they are exquisite as well as intense; nor can the reader who is desirous of testing his qualities do better than turn to the poem entitled 'Repton; or Hours of Rural Solitude;' having for its origin, its matter, and its emotions, the author's visit to scenes endeared to him in childhood, most fondly cherished by memory, and lovingly decked with all the resources of a teeming and cultivated imagination.

"Our attention has been called to one of the most becoming features and attributes that can belong to the poetic temperament, as exemplified in these pieces,—we mean their charmful gladfulness; and we quote an illustration,—being an address to the Sun:—"

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"He who wrote these verses must walk in joy and sunshine. Akin to, and indeed inseparable from, such a white and smiling soul, is his earnestness for humanity's sake, for the exaltation of man's nature and pursuits, and for the enlargement of the aspirations and sympathies of the entire people. Take as a proof and illustration, his suggestion of a national museum, as characterized and so far furnished with specimens, by the prose passage from one of the essays, which we conclude with:—"

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From the Monthly Review for December, 1842. Article 14, p. 545—547.

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